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# CHAMBERS'S

# POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XIX.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1858.

270. g. 557.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

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# CHAMBERS'S

# POCKET MISCELLANY.

## ASCENT OF THE PIC DU MIDI.

Some years ago, when residing at Bagnères-en-Bigorre, a watering-place in the south of France, I thought of ascending the famed Pic du Midi, one of the highest mountains of the Pyrenees. Imparting my intention to the Countess of C—— and the Count de V——, they agreed to join me in this adventurous excursion, which I shall now describe. We left Bagnères at eight o'clock in the evening, and reached the village of Grippe at eleven. The windows of the small inn command an interesting view of the Valley of the Adour, and the mountains overhanging it, and which we had made a previous excursion to visit. At midnight, we mounted our horses to commence the ascent of the celebrated Pic du Midi, which is between 11,000 and 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. There was not a cloud in the heavens, and the stars shone so brilliantly in this pure atmosphere, that we had sufficient light to guide us over the narrow and precipitous path, though not more than to enable us to distinguish the outlines of the mountains which surrounded us. I am not sure, however, if this uncertain light, aided by

the dashing of the three cataracts, did not rather enhance the effect of the scene, by leaving so much to the imagination. The waterfalls are formed by the river Adour, which rises in the Pic du Midi, and after passing through Bagnères, Jarbes, and Pau, empties itself into the sea at Bayonne. The sound of these immense masses of water was very imposing in the stillness of the night. After a rapid ascent of an hour, we reached a small plain, on which were scattered a few miserable shepherds' *huts*, which they dignify by the name of the village of Tremesaïgue. On leaving this, we entered upon a gorge, through which the ascent was so steep, and the path so rugged, that we were compelled to dismount, and scramble up as well as we could; and this was difficult enough, as the mountains on each side cast their shadows over the path, and prevented our seeing where we were about to place our feet—water, rolling stones, and boggy ground alternately receiving them. This difficulty surmounted, we again took to the saddle, and in half an hour reached another plain, on which there was one solitary hut. This place rejoices in the name of Areze, so called from a giant said once to have inhabited these regions. The sound of our horses' feet attracted the attention of the shepherds' dogs, which, fourteen in number, saluted us with their deep-toned mouths, which with the noise of the cascades falling in every direction, and the hollow sounding bells round the necks of the cattle, disturbed the silence of the night, and broke in upon the solitude of the place in an impressive manner. These dogs, the faithful guardians of their masters and their masters' property, are of immense size, and perfectly white; the manner in which they extract the sheep from the snow is quite marvellous. The barking of the dogs soon brought out one of the shepherds, who, knowing our errand, presented us with poles with iron points, so indispensable upon these expeditions as to merit the name of a *third leg*. Having taken the bridles off our horses, and turned them loose on the plain, we collected our forces, which *consisted of two* guides and Madame de C—— and

servant, and set forth at two o'clock in the morning on our hazardous ascent. Our reasons for setting out in the middle of the night were, to avoid the heat of the day, and to see the sun rise. This, however, we soon found impossible, as Madame de C—— was obliged to stop every two or three minutes, in consequence of the steepness of the path. Seeing that our great object was likely to be defeated by the slowness of her progress, she begged us to leave her with the guides, and to go forward. I was most unwilling, in the first place, to leave her, and also I did not relish the idea of going without a guide. My companion, however, laughed at the idea of danger, and the guides said we could not miss the way; and so on we went. The young are apt to think the old fools, whilst the old *know* the young to be so. Accordingly, we had not proceeded very far, before we had to choose between two paths—one along the glaciers, which we had now fairly reached; and the other between two mountains, which had evidently been torn asunder by some sudden effort of nature. The intermediate space was this dubious way, so precipitous and difficult to ascend, that I was relieved when our guides answered our call from beneath, by saying 'All right,' though the alternative was a glacier. The light of the stars now yielded to that of the moon, which, though shorn of its fair proportions, rose majestically above the tops of the hills we had left. Its light was most acceptable. No sooner had we surmounted the difficulty of this glacier—and how small and insignificant does it now appear, when compared with those we afterwards encountered!—than a choice of roads was again offered us, and our voices could now no longer reach the guides.

We differed about these roads. I was for continuing along the glacier; my friend, with the activity of the chamois which inhabit these mountains, was disposed to climb the ravine. His reasons appeared good, and we chose the latter, which proved wrong, though the mistake did not involve us in any natural difficulty beyond unnecessary *additional fatigue*. We now reached a plain

of 300 or 400 yards square, and found the level ground a great relief to those muscles which had been kept so long on the stretch by the rapidity of the ascent. This plain was covered with snow, whereon we saw the recent footmarks of a bear. It was here where Plantade perished, surrounded by his philosophical instruments, with which he had been making observations. At half-past three, we began to perceive the approach of day. The effect of the gradual increase of light was interesting; the lofty summits of the mountains first receiving its influence, threw the valleys into still deeper shade. On this plain I perceived blocks of granite and gneiss: whence they came I cannot tell, as the mountain, as far as I could judge, is entirely composed of schist. Their angles were rounded by attrition, so that the adjoining mountains, which, from their pointed summits, seemed granitic, may have once owned them. The side of the glacier being laid bare, proved to me the immense depth of the snow over which we had been walking: it was at least thirty feet in thickness. We now began to look out with anxiety for the Lake Ouchet, which is only 2500 feet below the Pic. In a few minutes we perceived it entirely frozen over, though the snow upon it was partially melted. The basin in which it is situated is circular, its circumference about a quarter of a mile, and it has all the appearance of the crater of an extinct volcano. From hence the mountain rises so abruptly, that our hearts almost failed us, and we now felt the difficulty of our position, and the folly we had committed in undertaking such an ascent without a guide. We were now 9000 feet above the level of the sea, and the keen air began to penetrate through our thin clothes; but we know well the exhilarating effects of mountain air, particularly at high elevations.

We now commenced the ascent of the cone, and though we saw the summit illuminated by the rays of the sun, we were sorely embarrassed to know which direction to take. We first attempted to ascend in a straight line *to the top, but were soon* obliged to abandon this

zigzag. An opening in the valley gave us a view of the sun, which shed its purple light over the whole range of the mountains; we saluted it with all the enthusiasm of its ancient adorers. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. After gazing for a few minutes upon this glorious sight, we resumed our dangerous journey over the glaciers, between which and the lake there was not a projecting rock, not an obstacle in the way of the unfortunate man who should make a false step, so difficult to avoid on the frozen snow. Now, indeed, we felt the danger of our situation, when to retreat were as dangerous as to advance; in short, the very act of turning round might have proved fatal. My head began to fail me, and I no longer dared to look down to the lake beneath; it was not, however, till afterwards that I was aware of the full extent of our danger. We had, unfortunately, no crampoons, or spiked shoes; and as we traversed the side of the glaciers, inclined like the roof of a house, we had to make a hole in the snow with our sticks before we could advance. Luckily, this side of the mountain being exposed to the south, there were considerable intervals from which the snow had disappeared; here the danger was less, but still so great, that at every step, after seeing where to put my foot, I closed my eyes, and laid hold of the rocks, for the precipice of 1000 feet was too appalling for an unaccustomed eye to look upon without emotion. My companion was considerably above me on the face of the hill, and, ignorant or regardless of danger, was singing with all the gaiety of a French heart, when his attention was attracted by a voice (and no one who has not heard it can tell how striking is the sound of the human voice in such solitudes): the voice was that of a guide who had nearly gained the summit, warning M. de V—— of his danger, and telling him to pass below the glacier. He prudently listened to the voice of experience, and joining me, we passed the last of the glaciers in safety. We had now a most painful, though not dangerous ascent to gain the summit. *The path lay over* a bed of schist, which,

being reduced to small fragments by the operation of those causes always in activity at such a height, gave way so under our feet as to double the fatigue, and to render the ascent as tedious as it is over the cinders of Vesuvius.

My chamois-footed companion was up before me, and had taken my Macintosh, of which I had now great need; for although in the most profuse perspiration, the piercing wind of these elevated regions appeared to go through me. I seemed as if I could now lay hold of the Pic itself; but how fallacious are distances in this rare atmosphere! I soon, however, touched the goal I had so long in sight. It was now five o'clock. I will not add to this already too long letter by giving a description of the view from the Pic du Midi; suffice it to say, that the whole chain of the Pyrenees, from east to west, was visible under the most favourable circumstances; the course of the Garonne as far as Toulouse, and the Adour as far as the sea. Such scenes fill the mind with a thousand agitating and overwhelming feelings: the omnipotence of the hand that formed, and the insignificance of the creature that contemplated these magnificent works of the creation, were painfully brought to the mind. Placing our backs against a rock to shelter us from the wind, and with the sun full upon us, we gazed for nearly an hour upon all the wonders by which we were surrounded.

An incident happened which proved the courage and insensibility to danger of these intrepid mountaineers. M. de V—— let fall his drinking-cup, which rolled down the glacier out of sight, and, as we thought, into some unfathomable abyss. The guide, however, starting up, said he would soon fetch it. We did all we could to dissuade him, by pointing out the great risk, and the utter insignificance of the thing lost; but he hesitated not a moment, and was soon suspended from the rocks on the side of the glacier. I closed my eyes, not daring to look *upon what* I deemed inevitable destruction. He disappeared; *was absent* about five minutes, during which we

imagined all sorts of horrors, but at length returned with the cup in his hand. While seated on the summit, four vultures came close to us, continuing to fly for awhile over our heads, increasing the circle at each revolution, and ascending still higher, till they were apparently the size of swallows. M. de V—— discharged a pocket-pistol, for the sake of the echo, but it was but very faintly answered, and that at an interval of several seconds, probably by some higher Pic. We now thought of returning, but a ceremony, deemed indispensable upon such occasions, was first to be performed—namely, that of engraving our names upon the rock. We found a considerable variety of flowers on the very top, and the blue iris amongst the number. The summit is entirely composed of talcose schist, and bears evident marks of having been struck by lightning. Having inscribed our names (as monuments of our folly perhaps), we began to descend, preceded by the guide, who reached the bottom of the schistous path before described almost at a bound. We descended with more measured steps, but faster than was agreeable. Each person detaching fragments of rock, which, collecting others in their course, and acquiring fresh impetus as they descended, produced a singular effect, and as they tumbled into the ravine, sounded like distant thunder. We now reached the first glacier, where an accident happened to one of the party, which must have proved fatal but for the intrepidity and presence of mind of the guide, who had first descended to the foot of the glacier. I went down next, and by forcing my heels into the snow, arrived safely, though I had acquired such an impetus, that had not the guide arrested my progress, I never could have stopped myself. Next came one of the strangers, who, contrary to the advice of the guide, seated himself on the snow, and in this manner began to slide down the smooth surface of the glacier. He had not, however, proceeded far, before he had acquired such a velocity that he became terrified; his head took the place of his heels, and he came *towards us with an appalling* rapidity, uttering the

most piercing cries of 'I am lost! I am lost!' Nothing can ever efface from my remembrance this awful sight. At this moment, between him and the lake, 2000 feet below, there was nothing but fragments of rocks to arrest his progress. The guide, with a promptitude and courage beyond all praise, ran from the spot where he was standing, to place himself between a fellow-creature and inevitable death, and this at the imminent peril of his own life, for the impetus the man had gained in falling through a space of 300 or 400 yards, was likely enough to hurry them into the abyss beneath. Regardless, however, of himself, he rushed to the spot, placed his staff firmly in the ground, held it with his left hand, and was prepared to receive the terrified man with the right. Fortunately for both, at the bottom of the glacier there was a large stone, which broke the fall against the guide, though it covered the poor fellow with wounds and blood. For a second, I thought the guide had lost his balance; it was one of the most painful moments I ever remember to have passed. The poor man bled from several parts of his body; his hands were cut, his nose and eyes dreadfully swelled, but fortunately no bone was broken, and he was enabled to continue his descent. This event impressed us all with the greatest alarm, particularly M. de V—— and myself, as this was the very glacier we had crossed in our way up. The guide was in a state of great agitation, and his trembling hand, as he took hold of my arm, by no means gave firmness to my feet. However, we reached the lake once more. To our great surprise, we found Madame de C——; but great, indeed, was our astonishment on hearing that she had gained another of the summits of the mountain. The keenness of the air, however, caused her to spit blood. After taking a hasty view of the scene, she descended to a more genial atmosphere.

After sitting some time contemplating this dreary scene, and listening to the personal adventures of the *guides*, in whom the *ars narrandi* had not suffered by *their libations of* brandy, we thought it time to continue

our descent. One of the guides mentioned a singular position in which he was once placed on the summit of the mountain, with a bright sun overhead, and a storm of thunder and lightning raging below. The gentle shepherd was at once transformed into a Jupiter, and the Pic du Midi into an Olympus. The effect must, however, have been singular. We here saw a chamois, which had much the appearance of a roe-buck. Nothing material occurred in our descent, excepting my falling on a glacier, and going from the top to the bottom with such a velocity that I lost my breath; I, however, preserved my presence of mind so far as to guide myself with my hands, and to keep my feet foremost. The only damage done was to my nails, which were broken by my rapid motion over the snow. We reached the peasant's hut at nine, the ascent and descent having each occupied three hours. Madame de C——, whose courage I never saw equalled in any woman, was a good deal exhausted after a walk on glaciers of seven hours. We left the kind-hearted shepherds, thirty of whom inhabit the same small hut, and mounting our horses, reached Grippe at half-past eleven, and Bagnères at one, under the most scorching sun possible..

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## THE CURIOUS CASE OF A—— R——:

### A FEMALE IMPOSTOR.

THE skill with which some persons will feign diseases, and the firmness with which they will submit to painful surgical operations, in the hope of gaining some slight personal benefit—as, for instance, exemption from work, or charitable support in idleness—are strongly exemplified in the following remarkable case, which occurred in the Richmond Hospital, Dublin, about thirty years ago, and is reported *to the College of Physicians* of that city by

Mr R. Carmichael, surgeon. We quote it, with Mr Carmichael's additional account of the case, from a volume of the *Phrenological Journal* for 1825.

'A young woman, named A—— R——, was admitted into the Richmond Hospital on the 23d July 1818, on account of a painful swelling of the left hand and arm, extending considerably above the elbow. The appearance of the limb resembled that which occurs in phlegmasia dolens: the fingers were bent; no fluctuation or symptoms of matter could anywhere be discovered; the pain was excessive, so as altogether to prevent rest, unless strong anodynes were employed; the symptomatic fever was considerable.

'The patient ascribed the complaint to a needle, which, she averred, had broken in the palm of her hand about six weeks before, and stated that at present she felt the point of it at the back of her hand. Upon this part I immediately cut down, but was not so fortunate as to light on the needle. Warm fomentations and poultices were ordered, together with frequent mercurial cathartics, but the pain and tension gradually increased. Some time afterwards, the skin and fascia covering the muscles a little above the wrist, on the forepart of the arm, where the tension was greatest, were divided to the extent of three inches, so as to lay bare the muscles; but this was not attended with any relief, although the incision was afterwards extended towards the palm of the hand, the original seat of the disease, by dividing the annular ligament of the wrist. A dark-coloured fungus in a few days sprang up from the divided parts, which considerably projected beyond the surface of the skin.

'The swelling of the arm extended to within three inches or less from the top of the shoulder, where it terminated abruptly. Diarrhœa set in, and her constitution was evidently sinking under the constant pain and irritation of the disease. Amputation was therefore *recommended, and performed* on the 21st of September, *close to the shoulder*-joint at the termination of the *swelling. The circulation* was completely commanded

by pressure on the artery above the clavicle, for there was not sufficient room for the application of a tourniquet.

'On examining the limb after amputation, the thickening and enlargement was found to arise altogether from the deposition of lymph and serum, nor were there anywhere the slightest signs of suppuration. The bones of the carpus and extreme ends of the radius and ulna were observed to be so far softened as to yield, and be easily broken down by the pressure of the nail, probably owing to the absorption of the earthy principle.

'In searching for the broken needle, we not only discovered what we sought, but, to our surprise, half-a-dozen others, each about half an inch in length, embedded in the pronator quadratus muscle, under the site of the incision; some of them lying between the radius and ulna, and others fixed in the periosteum of the bones. Similar fragments of needles were afterwards found by the pupils —one in the palm of the hand, and others in the forearm above the quadratus, but none of them had entered either tendon or nerve.

'The muscle in which they lay was almost changed to a firm gelatinous structure, and they were everywhere surrounded by firm lymph, almost of the consistence of softened cartilage, which seems to be the process employed by nature to insulate such extraneous bodies from the surrounding parts as do not excite suppuration. These fragments, ten in number, I send for the inspection of the association.

'It is obvious that so many needles could never have pierced the arm without the knowledge of the patient, who has every appearance of intelligence and shrewdness —indeed, rather too much of the latter; yet, on being presented with these needles the day after amputation, she solemnly declared she knew nothing of having been wounded by more than one. The superintendants of the Dublin Female Penitentiary, an asylum for reclaimed females, in which she is an inmate, and which is admirably well conducted, have *no hesitation* in attributing the inflic-

tion of these evils to herself; though it is to be presumed the extent of the punishment was little in her contemplation. She had, however, a taste for this kind of deception; for on another occasion she complained, during an entire year, of excruciating pain in her chest, attended with paroxysms of difficult breathing, that seemed often to approach the last gasp; but after enduring such a sufficiency of blisters and issues, and bleeding both local and general, as Dr Mills, and Dr Edward Percival, and myself, thought it prudent to prescribe, she suddenly recovered, and with great candour acknowledged that all her complaints had been dissembled; yet to account for all this *finesse*, which cost her so much bodily pain, she could give no reason more satisfactory, than that she had suffered herself to be seduced by the instigations of the devil; but this explication involves a still stranger incongruity, for she has the character of being remarkably devout, and is seldom without a prayer-book in her hand, and a jargon of religious cant in her mouth. I conjecture that she is not much inclined to bodily exertion, and would rather undergo any torment than work; and possibly she may have derived some little advantages, by exciting the commiseration of the benevolent ladies who superintend the institution: she, however, when too late, became sensible of her folly, and before the operation I have described, I heard her remark, that she well deserved the punishment she was about to suffer.'

Mr Carmichael proceeds to state, that, being anxious to learn some further traits of the disposition of this extraordinary individual, he made some inquiries concerning her conduct at the Dublin Female Penitentiary, where she was an inmate both before and after the amputation of her arm. 'Here I was informed, that on her first admission into the institution she appeared so repentant of her former mode of life, as to interest in her favour not only *the immediate superintendants, but those benevolent ladies who form the committee* of management of this excellent *establishment. She never* appeared without the Bible, *or at least some religious* tract, in her hand, and at

night-time the Bible was regularly laid under her pillow. Finding that her hypocrisy succeeded so well in exciting the attention and indulgence of the matron and governess, she was encouraged to a further trial of her talent at deception. Her second grand step was to feign madness; her ravings were all of a religious character, and, to use the expression of one upon whom she played with great success her battery of tricks, "her ejaculations appeared to have so much of meekness and devotion, and she seemed to possess so *sweet a frame of mind*," that the witnesses of this young arch-hypocrite's impostures were often affected even to tears, wrung from them by her well-feigned repentance for the false step she had taken.

'In these ravings, she constantly murmured out the praises of the matron, and such persons of the institution as had the power of indulging her with the enjoyment of temporal comforts. This "method in her madness" unfortunately excited suspicions about the reality of her lunacy in the mind of Jane, an intelligent upper-servant of the institution. She, accordingly, watched her narrowly, and discovered that the dissembler never raved when she thought herself alone or unobserved; but if even a footstep was heard in the passage, then the wandering mind of the maniac became apparent.

'The consequence was, that Jane upbraided her sharply for her hypocrisy and imposture. Prince Hohenloe himself could not have evinced more miraculous powers; for, lo! the madness of the maniac suddenly ceased; but unfortunately for Jane's celebrity in this line, this marvellous cure proved but a metastasis; epileptic fits intervened, during which she foamed at the mouth, and the convulsions appalled the beholder. The indefatigable and wonder-working Jane rescued her again from the pressure of disease, by ascertaining, beyond contradiction, that the foam which flowed from her mouth in such abundance during the paroxysms, *was simply* owing to her churning *a piece of soap, which she had* previously introduced.

'*To the fits succeeded the* pain in the side and difficulty *of breathing, alluded to in* the former part of this paper

which were so severe, that bleedings and blisters without number were insufficient to remove the malady; which, however, at length yielded to low diet, and a large issue, capable of containing two or three beans, which was opened in her side over the seat of the supposed pain. The penetrating Jane herself was deceived this time, or was too modest to interfere where regular practitioners were consulted.

'After this, the catastrophe of her arm, already detailed, took place, by which she received so severe but just a punishment.

'The extraordinary individual who is the subject of this paper, is small in stature, her features are regular, but display such an expression of determination, and of wily fox-like cunning, as to render her disposition obvious to the most careless observer. She never ventures to look the person in the face with whom she is conversing. I lately inquired, in an earnest manner, as one interested in her conduct, what were the motives which induced her to insert the needles in her arm. Keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, she endeavoured to evade this question by entering into a history of her life, and other irrelevant matters. On being pressed for a direct reply, none more satisfactory could be obtained, than that she was tempted by the devil; but on perceiving that I was but little pleased with her evasions, she added, that she was weary of life, and took this (likely) method of putting a period to her existence.

'I understand that her grandmother, by whom she was reared, and afterwards consigned to the Dublin Female Penitentiary for her misconduct, stated to the governess of that institution, that from the time she was capable of speaking, she was so incorrigible a liar, that no person could place the slightest reliance upon her veracity.

'After her recovery from the amputation of her arm, *she was called before* the governess of the penitentiary, *and formally dismissed* the institution on account of her *misconduct.* *She* appeared very repentant, and with *tears acknowledged the* justice of her sentence; but n

person could believe in her penitence. Since that time I have allowed her to remain in the surgical ward of the House of Industry, as a deputy nurse-tender. I have not since heard of any complaints of misconduct; but it is to be recollected, that her character is so well known, that there is no person who would place the slightest reliance upon a word she says; therefore she probably permits her most preponderating faculties to remain in a state of inactivity.'

A cast of the head of this persevering impostor was examined by the editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, who presents a note of the development of the organs to his readers, in which he describes Secretiveness, Firmness, and Imitation, as very large, drawing of course the inference, that these were the means by which she was enabled to devise and pursue her extraordinary tricks. On this, however, we pronounce no opinion.

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## BATTLE SCENES.

THE following is an account given by Major Bevan, in his work *Thirty Years in India*, of a scene which occurred at the conclusion of a battle in which he was engaged:—

'Near midnight, when about to retire to rest, an order was received from the commander-in-chief, to detach an officer and 100 pioneers for the purpose of collecting the wounded, and also such arms and accoutrements as could be found on the field of battle. This severe duty devolved upon me, as the other officers were all laid up from the fatigue they had undergone throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging to the head-quarters and staff were *kindly sent to bring* in the wounded, as none *of the public dooly-boys* could be procured, they having *dispersed in search of plunder*.

'The scenes of wo and misery I experienced during this dark and dismal night, in my progress over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the day, will never be effaced from my memory.

'The groans and screams of the wounded and dying constantly struck my ear, as also the piteous wailings of the wives, daughters, fathers, or sons, of those who had fallen, or the cries of others in search of their missing relatives. With these heart-rending sounds were often mixed the wild execrations of the dying, who were attempting to repel the marauders who came for the purpose of plunder and rapine.

'We found many bodies of our own soldiers in a perfect state of nudity, which plainly evinced they had not escaped those indignities offered to the dead and dying by the profligate followers of a camp.

'Our enemies were treated in the same manner; the wretches who wandered over the field in search of plunder spared neither friend nor foe when there was a prospect of booty. We rescued a considerable number of the wounded from this lonely death, the most terrible to the imagination; but several of them had fallen victims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemency of the weather before we could afford them rescue or relief. The ground was soft clay, which had been saturated by the heavy rains and trodden into a quagmire by the passing and repassing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, drizzling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstances rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and tedious. We had to wait a considerable time for the return of the palanquins from the field-hospital, whither our wounded were conveyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task was completed.

'The scenes which I witnessed in the hospital were scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than those in the field. Dr A—— and the rest of the medical staff employed all that skill and energy could suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw them perform several very difficult operations and amputations, and especially one on Lieutenant *H*——, whose knee was severely shattered. He

sustained the operation with unflinching courage, but expired soon after it had been completed. Few, indeed, of those who had received gunshot wounds survived, for the fractures they had suffered were generally so extensive as to bring on locked-jaw. Many young aspirants for military fame, dazzled by "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," would have their ardour sadly damped by witnessing the scenes on the field and in the hospital of Maheidpoor.'

Captain Patterson of the 50th, or Queen's Own Regiment, presents in his Adventures a description of what came under his observation during the war in the Peninsula, which is equally affecting. As the narration of such incidents may be of use in creating a just horror of war, we here offer it for the perusal of the reader:—

'Soon after nightfall, and when the clash of arms was no longer heard, an interment of the dead took place, and many a poor fellow, who had a few hours before been full of life and strength, was now deposited in his narrow bed. The remains of Major Stanhope were lowered to the grave by his brother-officers and comrades with their sashes. He had worn this day a suit of new uniform, and a pair of bright silver epaulets; in which, with his military cloak around him, upon the same hour as his lamented chief, he was consigned to an honourable tomb.

'While we were engaged in the performance of this melancholy duty, the Honourable Captain Stanhope, of the Guards, aid-de-camp to Sir John Moore, rode up, directed by the torch-light, to the mournful group. It was the first intimation which he received of his brave relation's fate. Dismounting, and overcome with grief, he took a last farewell; and having obtained his ring, together with a lock of hair, he tore himself hastily away from the heart-rending scene.

'On our march across this ground, an incident occurred which made a deep impression on the minds of those who happened to be present at the time. Across the pathway, and on either side, men and officers were lying; and one of the latter was *extended on his* face among the heath

and brushwood, so close to where we passed, that Major Malcolm Mackenzie of the 70th, prompted as it were by intuition, suddenly dismounted to ascertain who was the individual. Stooping to observe the features, that were partly concealed by the long broom, he started back with grief and consternation, on perceiving that the young soldier, who had thus fallen an early victim, was his brother, Lieutenant Colin Mackenzie, of the same regiment.

'A party of the officers of the 50th, who were collected in a knot discussing the affairs of the eventful day, were quickly seen by those marksmen, who, from behind the rocks, despatched with deadly aim a few rifle missiles, each with its billet; and the balls were so faithful to their errand, that the congress was soon dissolved, some of the members being sent to "that bourne from which no traveller returns," and the remainder wounded. Among those who fell on this occasion, was Lieutenant Hugh Birchall, of the fourth battalion company, which he had commanded for some time. Having fallen ill, he was in his bed at Elizondo when the battle commenced; and hearing the noise of musketry, he thought that something was going forward in the lines in which he ought to bear a part. With a mind indued with strength superior to that of his weakly frame, he arose from the couch of sickness, and calling all the vigour that he could muster to his aid, tottered with feeble pace to the field of action, arriving at a late hour upon the hill. Exhausted, pale, and like one risen from the dead, he resumed his former place; and scarcely had he joined the group assembled in the front, when, by a fatal bullet, this spirited young man was numbered with the slain.'

## TALE OF REAL LIFE.

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago, at the time when Britain and the United States of North America had engaged in war, a respectable merchant in Glasgow sustained such pecuniary inconvenience from that event, that he was under the necessity of calling a meeting of his creditors, and declaring his incapacity to meet his engagements. Having always borne a fair character, he met with very lenient treatment from those to whom he stood indebted; and the more so, as the cause of his commercial embarrassments was well known to be one over which he had no control. Besides, there was some hope or chance of ultimate indemnification to all parties. In the meantime, however, Mr Hamilton was subjected to all the ordinary consequences of insolvency. He gave up all he possessed to his creditors, reduced his domestic establishment, and attempted to recommence business on a small scale, with a sum which his creditors were liberal enough to allow him to retain. But being far advanced in years, the evil was in a great measure an irretrievable one to the poor merchant.

Happily, the family dependent on Mr Hamilton was a small one. He had been twice married, and his second partner was still living; but she had brought him no children, and his only offspring was a girl whom his first wife had presented him with. Elizabeth Hamilton, or Betsy, as she was almost uniformly called, was about sixteen years of age when her father's misfortunes occurred. An eye uncommonly clear, and of the deepest blue, hair almost of the 'lint-white' of the poet, and curling naturally round her well-shaped and finely-set head, and a figure light and graceful, made her an object of general admiration. Betsy Hamilton, as has been said, had lost her mother, but she had found a recompense for the loss in the *individual who had* become her mother's

successor. Mrs Hamilton was a prudent, sensible woman, and set the common by-word at nought, by loving her stepdaughter dearly, and watching over her happiness unceasingly.

Mrs Hamilton did her best to comfort her husband under his distresses. She submitted cheerfully to the dismissal of her servants, and to all the other retrenchments which his altered circumstances demanded. She was even the first to suggest many alterations of this nature in their household economy; and among other plans, she suggested that they should endeavour to eke out their income by letting their best room to a lodger. In execution of this proposal, a ticket was hung out at the window, and it had not been there long until it produced the desired effect. A gentleman called, attended by a servant-boy, and inquired the price of the lodgings. Mrs Hamilton thought the lodger not precisely of the proper description: she would have preferred a quiet elderly gentleman, likely to keep no company, or give much trouble, whereas her present visitor was young, not more, to appearance, than twenty-seven or twenty-eight. She therefore asked a high price, thinking the inquirer might thus be deterred from taking the lodgings. But although he remarked that the price was high, the gentleman said: 'As the room is neat, and the situation suits me, we shan't part about the money. To-morrow, at ten, I will be here. My servant will be about me during the day, but he sleeps elsewhere.' Mrs Hamilton could now make no further objections, and accordingly the gentleman came at the appointed time, and was duly installed in his new apartments.

Mr Salkeld, for so was the lodger named, proved to be a person of uncommonly quiet habits, and of frank open manners and disposition. He was only a visitor to Glasgow, or at least but a temporary resident in it. This much the Hamiltons soon learned, but their lodger did not communicate any further particulars about himself, although he nightly spent an hour or two in chatting *with Mr Hamilton*, and in listening patiently to the

honest man's irrepressible grumblings at the Americans, whose hot-headed obstinacy he arraigned as the cause of all his personal troubles. By and by, seeing the inconvenience to which Mrs Hamilton was often put, in consequence of her having no other assistance in the house than that of an old woman who came now and then, Mr Salkeld proposed to take his meals along with the family, and this was agreed to. The lodger thus became in a measure one of the family; and his manly open bearing, and prepossessing appearance, soon led Mrs Hamilton to forget that he was not the elderly gentleman whom she had desired as an inmate of her house. Mr Salkeld's boy was also of great use to her, though he was sometimes sent away by his master, and remained absent for a day or two. At these times, Betsy, who assisted her stepmother in the house as much as the latter would permit, had frequently to attend to Mr Salkeld's wants and requests. But then he was so plain and unassuming, that it was 'more like waiting on a brother than on a stranger,' as Mrs Hamilton used to remark.

After Mr Salkeld had passed between two and three months in Mrs Hamilton's lodgings, it chanced that Betsy's grandmother, by the mother's side, paid the debt of nature. She had resided at a place in the country, about five miles from the city, and at her death a considerable legacy fell to Betsy Hamilton, consisting partly of personal property or movables of various kinds, which it was necessary for her to look after in person. It was arranged that she should do this some days after the funeral. When the morning for the visit came, she dressed herself, intending, as the distance was short, to proceed on foot to her late grandmother's residence.

'Betsy, my dear,' said her stepmother, when the young girl came down from her room—'Betsy, surely you are not going *thus* to your grandmother's relations? Where is your black gown? Why have you not put it on?'

'You know, mother, it is not really necessary that I should *put on mourning,' said Betsy.* 'A white dress,

arranged as mine is, is more used now; and I know you think white always becomes me best. Besides, my black gown does not fit me, mother, you know; and so I'——

'Yes, Betsy, my dear, I know all this; but I really wonder to hear you attending to such things on such an occasion. You cannot feel much for the loss of a relative of whom you have seen so little, but I would have expected you to think less about how your gown looks when going where you are.' Betsy coloured at the reproof, and hung down her head. 'Well, my love,' continued Mrs Hamilton kindly, 'I believe it is no great matter after all, and you have not time to change your dress again. It is now full twelve; you must away to be home in good time.'

At the close of the same day, when night had begun to set in, Mrs Hamilton sat in her little parlour wondering what could be detaining Betsy so long. Time ran on; eight, nine, ten o'clock came, and she made not her appearance. Mrs Hamilton fretted much about the circumstance, although her husband, whose temper was more phlegmatic, assured her again and again that Betsy would be staying all night at her aunt's house, and that nothing could be wrong. Mr Salkeld, too, when he came home for the night, endeavoured to back Mr Hamilton's assurances; but the good lady spent on the whole a very miserable evening, followed by an almost sleepless night. She had a presentiment of evil upon her mind, and, as is very common in such cases, could not tell what it was that alarmed her, or from what quarter she feared it. Unfortunately, her forebodings proved correct. Betsy Hamilton did not return in the morning, and her father immediately walked off, to inquire for her. In about three hours he returned, pale and anxious, and sank into a chair before his wife. 'Mr Hamilton,' said she, 'for God's sake tell me where is Betsy? Is she ill—is she dead?'

The poor woman had to repeat her questions before her husband spoke. 'No, my dear,' said he; 'no, I hope *she is not dead; but* where she is, God knows. She has *not been seen at her aunt's.*'

Mrs Hamilton was in greater distress than ever at this information. But she had more activity of mind than her husband, and she soon roused herself to a sense of the propriety and necessity of taking steps for discovering whether any accident had happened to Betsy on her walk to the country, or if she had stopped at the house of any friend. All this was done. Inquiries were made along the whole road, but nobody had seen or heard of such a person as Betsy Hamilton. Mrs Hamilton herself called at the houses of all the acquaintances of the family, but learned nothing from any but one party, who had seen Betsy on the day of her disappearance. Strange to say, she had then been going in a direction quite opposite to that of her aunt's residence. The person who told this could not be in a mistake, as Betsy had spoken a few words to her in passing. Mrs Hamilton was astonished and alarmed more and more by this communication. On getting home, she urged her husband to insert an advertisement in the newspapers, entreating any person who had seen a young girl of Betsy's appearance within the time in question, to communicate what they knew. Mr Hamilton did as his wife advised, only omitting the name of the parties concerned. This appeared in the newspapers on the second morning after the poor girl's disappearance, but no information resulted from the step.

Mr Salkeld participated strongly in the distress of Mr and Mrs Hamilton, and often endeavoured to speak words of consolation to them, though it was difficult to find any reasonable grounds whereon to build hope. He offered to do anything that Mrs Hamilton could think likely to be of use. But after two days passed away, the stepmother, remembering the circumstance of the white dress, became convinced that Betsy had gone away of her own freewill, and that, whenever they heard of her again, it must be through herself. So she merely thanked Mr Salkeld, but did not put his offered services in requisition. *Besides, he was* called away from home, *and was absent for two days.* It was on the fourth day

of Betsy's absence that he again returned to his lodgings, and still nothing had been heard of her. Mrs Hamilton was found by him in a state bordering on distraction. She could do nothing but move restlessly about the house, wringing her hands, and exclaiming: 'My poor Betsy! my poor motherless bairn! Villainous hands must they be that can keep you away from your hame! My poor misguided lassie!' These, and such-like exclamations, shewed that a suspicion had sprung up in her mind of Betsy having been induced to leave home by some one, who, notwithstanding her quiet, and indeed remarkably secluded life, had found means to address her, and gain her affections—whether for foul or fair purposes, none could say.

A simple accident gave a totally new turn to Mrs Hamilton's thoughts on this affair. Passing by the door of Mr Salkeld's room, about two hours after that gentleman's return home, Mrs Hamilton heard her lodger speaking in a low voice to his servant-lad. But three or four words of the conversation reached her ear. These words were: '*Say to her*, I will be with her in two hours —pointedly.'

At first, Mrs Hamilton took little notice of what she had thus heard. It was only when, in spite of her distress, a natural feeling of womanly curiosity led her to reflect on the words, and to conjecture who the *her* could refer to, that a suspicion for the first time flashed across her mind, that Mr Salkeld might be the actor in Betsy's abduction. 'O no,' thought she again; 'he is so good, so sedate, so honourable; and there never seemed anything between him and Betsy—never. They took little notice of each other, and were never for any length of time together, except in going to church. No, no—he cannot, he would not harm her.' But, again, the fact of his two days' absence came forcibly on the mind of Mrs Hamilton, and she remembered his having frequently said that he knew no one in the city, not a single family but their own. Reflections of this order gained the sway finally, *and the stepmother* of the lost girl resolved, at least, to

set a close watch on Mr Salkeld's motions. But the poor lady's impatience to be at the truth overpowered her more temperate resolve, and before her lodger left his room, after she had heard the words just mentioned, Mrs Hamilton stood in his presence. As soon as she came into the apartment, he exclaimed: 'Oh, Mrs Hamilton, I am glad I have seen you just now. I will be obliged to leave home again for a short time—indeed, only till some time to-morrow.'

These words determined the wavering mind of the lady. 'Never!' she answered, turning at the same time, and locking the door behind her—'never, Mr Salkeld, shall you quit this house—this room—till you have satisfied me where you have taken Betsy Hamilton! I am convinced you know where she is; I am convinced it is you who have taken her away! Your looks admit it; you cannot—you dare not deny it!'

Mr Salkeld did, indeed, evince confusion and discomposure, but he said: 'You wrong me, Mrs Hamilton; you do indeed—and must not think to stop me on such a charge as this.'

'Stop you!' cried Mrs Hamilton, whose feelings were strongly roused—'stop you! If I had my poor deluded motherless child again, whatever you may have *now* made her, I would drive you from my doors! But till I know what has become of her, you shall *not* go, or, if you go by force, I will follow you—everywhere—to the world's end, but I will have her from you!'

'My dear Mrs Hamilton, for the love of goodness be quiet,' said the gentleman; but his hearer was not in a mood to be thus checked.

'Quiet!' she reiterated; 'you will tell me to be quiet, and almost confess to what you have done! Oh, man, man! can you hope for mercy at the last day with such a sin upon your head, as that of destroying a creature so young and so innocent?'

An overpowering flood of tears here came to the relief of the poor woman, and she sank into a chair, and gave way to her *grief.*

Mr Salkeld thus got an opportunity to speak. He sa
'You wrong me, Mrs Hamilton—cruelly wrong me. I
not the man to do what you accuse me of, and least
all to one whom I would give up my own life to s
from harm. Yes, I confess that Betsy has gone with n
that it is I who have induced her to go from home; I
it was to become *my wife*.'

These words aroused Mrs Hamilton, but her suspici
were not allayed. 'And why has she not become y
wife, if this be true?' said she.

'Unforeseen difficulties came in the way, but she *is*
wife now,' said Mr Salkeld; 'and in a few hours she n
be here herself to prove it.'

'Where is she?' returned Mrs Hamilton, whom
frank and truthful tone of her lodger began to insp
with a joyful hope—'where is she? Oh, if this be tr
why such mystery, Mr Salkeld? You see the misery
has caused.'

'I have seen it with the utmost distress,' was the repl
'but you will find that it was not intended. All will
explained, and Mr Hamilton, I hope, will forgive
Shall I go for Betsy now?'

'Yes; but I must go with you,' said the lady hurried

'Well, I will get a carriage, and you, too, shall go
you will,' replied Mr Salkeld with a smile.

Mrs Hamilton felt ashamed of her lingering sus
cion, and said: 'No; I am wronging you. I v
stay, and prepare Mr Hamilton for again seeing
daughter.'

Within two hours afterwards, a carriage drove up
the door, and Betsy Hamilton was handed out of it, ha
somely, or rather richly, dressed, and as became a bri
She had another lady with her, a person with wh
daughter she had been formerly at a boarding-sch
When Betsy came into the house of her father again,
besought his pardon on her knees.

'*I am too happy* to see you to be angry, Betsy,' s
*he; 'I am more* pleased than if I had my fortune a
*from these Americans*.'

words made Betsy look a little blank, and she
d a glance with her husband.
lkeld knelt beside his young wife, and said:
ll forgive me too, sir, even if I should be an
a myself!'
merican!' said Mr Hamilton.
ny dear father,' said Betsy; 'that has been the
all our distress. Mr Salkeld was afraid you
t consent on that account.'
sir,' said Mr Salkeld, 'I am captain and owner
chantman now detained in the Clyde. I saw
ng prejudices against us, and persuaded your
to become my wife in private. But when told
a an American, no clergyman here would marry
e were ultimately obliged to go to Gretna-Green,
ere absent four days instead of one. Betsy was
igued with the journey, besides being so much
during the days of her absence, on your account,
was unable to come directly back to you along
, and remained with this lady, who was kind
o give her a refuge during all our unexpected

dy alluded to corroborated Mr Salkeld's words,
ribed so forcibly the sufferings experienced by
account of her parents, that the latter were more
) pardon her, as her imprudence had already cost
ı. As for the marriage, it was a happy one for
ss. Mr Hamilton ultimately recovered all his
through his son-in-law's influence. Betsy is now
ıe most respected matrons of the Union. Such
y of real life, told as it occurred. By telling it,
ot record any approval of some features in it,
rly the conduct of the heroine, which was not
ecorous, but might have had the most fatal
nces to those interested in her welfare. With
ark, we leave the tale in other respects to the
; of the reader.

## MALINGERING.

Soldiers, as is well known, sometimes feign labouring under certain diseases, in order to procure discharge from the army. Tricks of this kind are *malingering*, and are the subject of a work of consid interest by the late Henry Marshall, Deputy-insp general of Military Hospitals. The practice of mal ing appears to have long prevailed in the army. I the late war, or to speak more correctly, betwee years 1806 and 1829, a soldier had two prizes in if he could successfully feign a disability for ser namely, his discharge, and an annuity for life. A t temptation was thus held out to malingering. But regulation or warrant of 1829, although a discharge be obtained, there is no chance of a pension for life granted without long previous service. The induc being thus diminished, the practice has naturally b less common, and happily so for the military sur who occasionally suffered an incredible degree of t and annoyance from this cause. With such a r before them as a life of pensioned ease, the malin to gain their end, resorted to the most ingenious tri times, bore with unflinching fortitude whatever they were subjected to, and often mutilated them in such a manner as to render limbs or eyes u for life.

Diseases of the eyes were very frequently co feited by malingerers, and for good reasons. ' great number of years,' says Mr Marshall, 'partial o loss of sight was in an especial manner held to a claim to a large pension for life. The bounty of g ment was followed by a great increase in the n of men disabled by impaired vision; and factitious i mation of the eyes was carried to a very great *in the British army.* The alleged means emplo

factitious ophthalmia are lime, corrosive-sublimate, tobacco, ashes, &c. As soon as a regiment was ordered to the West Indies, or any other unpopular station, disease of the eyes became common among the men, and continued so till the corps had embarked. The number of cases then decreased, and no more was heard of it until the period when a detachment was ordered to embark for the service-companies.' The following cases will give an idea of the means resorted to by the soldiery to produce inflammation of the eye:—'In 1809, three hundred of the men of two regiments which were on duty at Chelmsford became affected with ophthalmia; the healthy men of both corps were transferred to another station, while the sick remained in hospital, but under strict military control. Information reached the commanding-officer, that one of the nurses was in the practice of going to a druggist's shop for the purpose of purchasing drugs, by which means his suspicions were excited, and, in conjunction with the medical officer, a successful attempt was made to discover whether the men had any articles in their possession which might be employed to excite inflammation of the eyes. The commanding-officer entered one of the wards, which contained twenty-four men, about midnight, and ordered them to form rank entire in a state of nudity, and they were in that condition marched into an adjoining empty ward, which had been prepared for their reception. The old ward was secured for the night, and next day the beds were examined, when a number of parcels of corrosive-sublimate were found concealed under the clothes. Means were taken to prevent a fresh supply of this drug, and in a very short time 250 of the men recovered, and were transferred to their respective corps.' Another common way of producing this disease, was by anointing the organ of sight with the noxious matter of ulcers. But malingerers would often go the length of destroying one eye utterly. 'The late Mr C——, surgeon to the —— Regiment, brought two men before a court-martial; one for submitting to have an eye *destroyed*, and the other for

actively abetting him—in fact, for performing the wor of destruction. The instrument employed was a comm table-fork. Mr C—— saw the operation performe through the keyhole of the ward in which the me were accommodated.' The men were found guilty, a punished. Under the old system, the loss of vision one eye, provided the party could make out a plausib story of accidental injury, would have gained a dischar and pension for life; but, by a new regulation, t possession of perfect vision in one eye is held sufficie for the purposes of the service, and, accordingly, t crime alluded to is now unknown.

Deafness is another favourite pretence of malingerer and as the defect may really exist without the slighte vestige of outward affection, there is great difficulty f the most part in detecting the imposture. Sometime after all ordinary means have been tried in vain—aft pistols have been fired close to the patient's ear witho seeming to startle him from his slumbers—a little *fines* will throw the impostor off his guard, and lay bare h deception. 'A recruit from Cork, who joined the dep of the East India Company at Chatham, alleged that h had almost totally lost the sense of hearing. Dr Davi surgeon to the depôt, admitted him into hospital, and p him upon spoon-diet. For nine days Dr Davies pass his bed, during his daily visit to the hospital, witho seeming to notice him. On the tenth day, he felt h pulse, and made signs to him to put out his tongu he then asked the hospital-sergeant what diet he ga the man. "Spoon-diet," replied the sergeant. T doctor affected to be displeased, and in a *low voice* sai "Are you not ashamed of yourself! The poor fello is almost starved to death. Let him instantly have beefsteak and a pint of porter!" The recruit cou contain himself no longer. With a countenance expr sive of gladness and gratitude, he addressed Dr Davi by saying: "God Almighty bless your honour; you a the best gentleman I have seen for many a day!' *Thus by playing* on the poor rogue's better feelings, h

as led to forget his cue, and regained that sense which he harshest treatment might never have restored. As ese deaf impostors are apt to be troubled by puzzling uestions, some among them have found it convenient to se the faculty of speech also. A trooper, named M'Keon, ationed at Piershill Barracks, pretended one morning have become both deaf and dumb. Every possible heme was tried to discover whether the loss was real or herwise, but no noise, however loud, sudden, or artfully nployed, seemed to have the slightest impression on s organs of hearing. He was sent to the Edinburgh firmary, and after a time was dismissed as incurable. t the end of a year, his defects were fully believed to be al, and he was so much commiserated, that an order for s discharge was procured. The regiment was then at ndalk, and M'Keon was sent off to Dublin, to pass ally at the Invaliding Board. On the first day's march om Dundalk, however, M'Keon allowed his joy to get e better of his prudence. He got intoxicated, and covered suddenly the use both of *tongue and ears*. His tonished escort carried him back to Dundalk, but, on riving there, M'Keon became as deaf and as dumb as er. He was now sentenced to receive 800 lashes, but s astonishing perseverance once more staggered his edical attendants, and in place of being lashed, he was rown into solitary confinement on bread and water, eing and hearing no one. For three months longer he eld out, and then pretended all at once that his faculties ad been restored to him in a dream. He returned to is duty, but ultimately deserted, and was not again heard f. The self-command displayed by this man was some-hing altogether extraordinary.

Hæmoptysis, or spitting of blood, is a disease which oldiers sometimes contrive to simulate, by getting pos-ession of bullock's blood, or the blood of some other nimal. The detection is not difficult, however, unless ome agent assists the man habitually in keeping up the rick. Ulcers are another fruitful source of deception. By applying various *substances to* sores, malingerers are

in the habit of preventing them from healing, and causing them, in fact, to spread or increase in size at will. In the knapsack of one malingerer recipes were found, giving instructions for injuring an eye and exciting an ulcer. 'Factitious blindness was to be effected by "the prog of a needle in the sight (pupil) of the eye," and after a pension had been procured, soft soap was to be applied to the eye, by which means it was stated that vision would be restored. To excite or irritate an ulcer, yellow arsenic was to be employed.' Swellings and ulcerations on the limbs are also kept up occasionally in the way described in the following case:—'Mr Jones, Inspector-general of Hospitals, had a sergeant under his care on account of swelling and inflammation of the right leg, and the means usually adopted in the like cases were employed without success. Mr Jones at one time thought there was an abscess in the leg, and had a lancet in his hand for the purpose of opening it, but desisted. From the anomalous character of the symptoms, Mr Jones suspected that some means were employed to excite and prolong the affection, and with the view of discovering whether his suspicions had a good foundation, he visited the hospital one evening when he was not expected, and, promptly proceeding to the sergeant's bed, turned off the bed-clothes, and discovered the *trace* of a *ligature* round the thigh; for, notwithstanding his expedition, the cord had been removed and concealed. The swelling had almost completely disappeared by the *following morning*. It is worthy of observation—as a proof how much they will unflinchingly endure to gain their end—that the sergeant did not show the slightest reluctance to the insertion of the lancet when Mr Jones had it in his hand for the purpose.' Swellings in different parts of the body are frequently produced by introducing air below the skin, into the interstices of the cellular membrane. But this is a trick more often resorted to by beggars than by soldiers, as military medical men can too easily detect such proceedings.

*Being a* disease seldom marked by any exterior

, rheumatism, as might be anticipated, is a
omplaint with malingerers. But those who
his disease do not escape without smarting
r their imposture, as blisters and issues con-
usual remedial means, and, when suspicion
are inflicted most lavishly on the body of the
. It is amazing with what courage and
they will bear the hardest trials of this nature.
all says, that there is, perhaps, no class of dis-
hich requires more care and caution on the
edical officers, than cases of alleged pains,
n, lumbago, &c. The most experienced may
ceived. Mr Marshall advises that no treatment
r be adopted in any suspected case, for which
n would feel regret if the disease proved real.
el is judicious and humane, and applies to every
f asserted disability. In the case of pains, a
se will often disclose the truth. 'The late Dr
rgeon to the East India Company's depôt, had
ldier under his care, who alleged that, in con-
of a severe pain in the back, he was unable to
o be moved from his bed. His alleged pain
d for about a month, and still no indication
that he intended to return to his duty. For
nience of being watched, &c., he was accommo-
ward by himself. Dr Davies, who considered
npostor, saw no prospect of his *giving in*, a
ce which induced him to adopt a very simple
or his detection. He went to the window of
in the dusk of the evening, and after gently
on the glass, he in a low voice called the man
The patient was at the window in an instant,
octor had the pleasure of congratulating him
recovery of his locomotive faculty. This man
with to his duty.' Sometimes, when blistering,
, cupping, and such like painful remedies, fail
shaking the firmness of the impostor, a few
doses, calculated bitterly to offend the senses of
smell, will answer the purpose. Asafœtida is

well known to military-surgeons as having most wonderful sanative powers in this way; and Dr Fallot, a French surgeon, relates that he once cured an inveterate rheumatic malingerer by ordering large draughts of warm water.

Rheumatic affections frequently leave behind them permanent contractions of the limbs and curvatures of various parts of the body. Malingerers are aware of this fact, and nothing in the whole history of imposture is so surprising, as the perseverance with which such contractions have been simulated by individuals at the expense of keeping the body or its members in most unnatural and painful positions for a great length of time. A soldier in India, named Fitzgerald, walked for eighteen months with his body bent forward in such a manner that his fingers nearly touched the ground. He declared himself totally unable to stand upright. At the end of the period mentioned, an order arrived, authorising commanding-officers to re-enlist men whose period of service had expired, and at the same time to give them a bounty of sixteen guineas. Immediately after the arrival of the order, Fitzgerald coolly and impudently presented himself, erect as a church-wall, to be inspected by the very surgeon under whose care he had so long been. A similar case of crooked-back, where the patient had long preserved the rectangular position, was cured by a very ingenious manœuvre. The malingerer, who, like Sir Archy Macsycophant, was disposed to 'boo, and boo, and boo' for ever, was placed in a wide and deep cask, and water gradually poured into it, till he was compelled, in order to avoid drowning, to raise his head inch by inch, until at length he stood bolt upright for the first time during many months. Having no idea that he was put into the cask for any other purpose than to get his limbs pleasurably bathed, the impostor himself was most thoroughly surprised at the issue. Another clever scheme was hit upon by General Ross, to cure a contraction of very long standing in the right-hand fingers of a soldier of the *52d Regiment. The* general 'directed him to be confined in

cell, in which was an elevated shelf; his left
secured to his body, and a loaf of bread and
water were so placed upon the shelf, that he
partake of them without employing the con-
ıd. At the end of the first twenty-four hours,
and water were untouched; but by the termi-
another day, the bread had disappeared, and
was empty. The soldier returned to his duty.'
case, a soldier in India complained of immo-
e right shoulder-joint, and for the extraordinary
teen months, his arm remained in a projected
rming a right angle with the shoulder. As
les and medical attendants declared that the
ued always in this position, he was recom-
r discharge, and was about to be sent accord-
Britain. 'Just on the eve of embarkation,
he man in question was walking with a large
arrack under his *left* arm, when a person
l him unperceived, and seized the bottle.
hat the prize might be lost, the malingerer
ly bent the *right shoulder-joint*, and firmly
e bottle with the right hand. This circumstance
ntally observed by an officer who knew him;
was forthwith tried by a court-martial, and
to receive 1000 lashes.'

other extract, referring to a case of simulated
shall conclude our notice of this agreeable pro-
'The courage and coolness,' says Mr Marshall,
:h some impostors resolve to brave pain, is very
e. A private belonging to the —— Regiment,
d that he had lost the power of his right arm,
the absence of any physical evidence of disease,
l officer considered him a malingerer, and tried
eans to induce him to return to his duty, but
uccess. With the view of intimidating him,
l was made to amputate the arm, and, in prose-
:his object, an unusual degree of solemnity was
on the occasion. All the surgical instruments
d *be collected* were exhibited; but nothing

daunted, he allowed himself to be conducted to the preparatory to the operation. The tourniquet wa on, and the amputating-knife placed under his arm, to make an incision. He sat unmoved; the surgeo puzzled, and made the best excuse he could for def the operation. Being still impressed, however, the opinion that the arm was not disabled, he res to attempt another means of reaching conviction recommended change of air for some of his patient among others the case of alleged palsy. To reac place where the surgeon professed he intended to the sick, it was necessary to cross a river in a boat. party embarked, accompanied by the surgeon, wh a preconcerted signal, directed the boatmen to thro man in question—who, he knew, was a good swim into the river. At first he used his left arm only after a little time seemed to be much exhausted fro exertions necessary to keep himself afloat by mean alone. The surgeon became alarmed, and had resolved to take his patient on board, when the l uttered an exclamation, and struck out vigorously *both arms!* The evidence was conclusive.'

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## SHIPWRECK OF THE MENTOR.

In the year 1831, the whale-ship *Mentor*, of New Be in New England, sailed for the Indian Ocean, to p cute the fishing in the southern hemisphere. The company, officers and men, consisted of twenty-six sons—Edward C. Barnard, master. The *Mentor* do the Cape of Good Hope, and traversed the Indian O in safety, but adverse winds and currents then l to impede its course, and on the 21st of May 1832, *running for* the Ladrones, the vessel, after being t *about at the mercy* of the winds for three days, s

coral-reef, which afterwards proved to lie near
he Pelew Islands. This group lies six or seven
north of the equator, in the middle of the numerous
the south-east of the Asiatic continent.
nishap of the *Mentor* took place in the night. In
impulse of terror, ten men left the wreck in a
d were never again heard of; the continuance
orm renders it but too probable that they speedily
. In attempting to put off in a second boat,
man was drowned. The survivors, eleven in
remained on the wreck till daybreak, when they
d at the distance of twenty or thirty miles.
g a few arms and a small stock of provisions,
the ship in their only remaining boat, and, after
hree or four miles, reached a rock, or islet, about
rods in length, where they rested all that day
ht to refresh themselves with food and sleep,
ory to the attempt to make the land in sight.
the morning, they were visited by twenty-two
in a large canoe, the wreck having been noticed
ore. These savages were entirely naked, and
in aspect, being fantastically tattooed, and having
arse black hair hanging over their shoulders.
ere well armed, besides, with battle-axe, spear,
nahawk. Though not openly unfriendly, these
robbed the sailors of the greater part of their
property, and, finally, made sail for the wreck,
to the shipwrecked band to follow them. The
ns, however, wished to get rid of their visitors,
k this opportunity to launch their boat, and steer
er direction than that of the nearest land. Thirty
came in the way to interrupt them, but after a
irmish they got past, and rowed on during the
emaining part of that day and night. On the
afternoon, they came to another island, on which,
xhausted and dispirited, they resolved to land.
ring a small bay or harbour, they were met by
us canoes, and taken on shore in triumph.
*isle on which they* now were, proved to be

Baubelthouap, the largest of the Pelew group, and
120 miles in length. The inhabitants, supposed
about 2000 in number, held a solemn consultation
case of the poor mariners whom fate had throw
their power. They were brought before the grea
of the island, who were found seated on a p
between two buildings of considerable size, m
bamboo sticks and leaves, and which seemed to
national places of council and carousal. On thi
sion, the deliberation continued for about an h
the midst of a great assemblage, male and female,
and old. The unfortunate captives had an ominous
meanwhile, before their eyes. In front of the p
stood a beheading-block, and the question under c
ation obviously was, whether or not the instrument
now be put to its legitimate use. At length the
began to wail and howl, and this seemed to dec
matter in favour of the strangers. A cup of p
mercy was handed to them, containing sweetened
rendered doubly sweet by the respite from death w
betokened. All this while, the natives behaved
rently, but not cruelly to them, and they were t
the close of the council to a neighbouring village
resided a prophetess, one of the women who ha
chiefly instrumental in causing a verdict of merc
given. On the way to this village, the American
were equally delighted and surprised to meet a s
looking old man, with long gray hair, and unli
other natives except in the tattooing, who ad
them in tolerable English. 'My God!' he exc
'you are Englishmen!' The sound of his voice, t
language so unexpected, excited the most lively e
in the minds of the seamen. 'This person,' s
narrative of the survivors of this expedition, '
birth an Englishman, and had been on the islan
twenty-nine years. He told us that he had been s
by trade, and that his name was Charles Wash
He had been a private in the British naval ser
*board of the Lion* man-of-war.' Some trifling offe

ave the ship in fear of punishment, and take
ode on the island, where he had attained to
ıbrity, and had become the sixth chief in the
He had adopted all their habits, and was quite
ith his situation, having no wish ever to see
ountry again.

:hority of this strangely-placed individual, whose
Britain have probably given him up long since
ıade the situation of the mariners comparatively
comfortable. Indeed, the natives, though a
and primitive race, seem to have been of good
ispositions. They were of a light copper com-
ınd the females only wore a sort of girdle of
hey tattooed their bodies abundantly, and
themselves to excess with cocoa oil. The
re excessively fond of ornament, and one of
:les of this order deserves notice as especially
. ingenious. 'In their noses they wear a stem
ıbooa leaf, which answers the double purpose
ıament and a smelling-bottle.' At last, after
several months with these people, a negotiation
'ed into by the mariners for their release and
. Upon the stipulation of sending to the island
:ets, ten casks of powder, and various other
icles, they got a canoe built, and in this and
ı boat, eight of the shipwrecked crew left the
ree being left behind as hostages. At the same
:e natives, two of them chiefs, accompanied the
the hope of bringing home the reward.

s never did men venture upon a great ocean
niserable vessels as these two boats were, the
ng a crew of five, the other of six men. Their
ıe lay in the chance of speedily finding, in the
some vessel engaged in the China trade. Scarcely,
were they fairly afloat, when bad weather came
boat was dismasted; the rudder of the canoe
ipped; and the same boat sprang a leak, which
kept under by constant baling. At the end
ıys *of fearful toil and* danger, the canoe overset,

and the whole party were driven into the single remaining boat. Their stores of water and provisions, too, were running low, yet they continued to stand out for four days more, when they unexpectedly came in sight of land, as well as of a fleet of canoes, which soon came up to them. A barbarous scene was then commenced by the savages contained in these canoes. 'They attacked us with brutal ferocity, knocking us overboard with their clubs, in the meantime making the most frightful grimaces, and yelling like so many incarnate devils. They fell upon our boat, and immediately destroyed it, breaking it into splinters, and taking the fragments into their canoes. While this was going on, we were swimming from one canoe to another, entreating them by signs to spare our lives, and permit us to get into their canoes. This they for a long time refused, beating us most unmercifully whenever we caught hold of anything to save ourselves from sinking.' They were ultimately taken in, and were stripped naked on the instant, though the sun was shining so vividly that their bodies were almost immediately blistered by exposure to it. On reaching the shore, a crowd of women and children met them yelling like 'Bacchanals or Bedlamites.' Fights an quarrels immediately began for the ownership of th several captives, and in the contest the latter were sad abused. At length, each man got a master, and w taken home by him.

This unpromising beginning was not belied by its e The island upon which the mariners had unfortunat stumbled was a low, barren, miserable rock, scar three-quarters of a mile long by half a one in brea From seamen it has received the names of Lord Nor Nevil's, or Johnston's Island, and has been believed t uninhabited. The natives call it To'bee. They are light copper colour, and the men go almost entirely out clothing. They have high cheek-bones and flat n and are far more wild in appearance than the ] islanders. In character 'they are cowardly and s *yet most barbarous* and cruel, combining in their

d dispositions, the most disgusting and loath-
es that degrade humanity.'
ition of the poor Americans was dreadful
e savages. The only vegetable cultivated on
coral-rock was a species of the well-known
; and for the growth of this, proper soil had
hered from all quarters and mixed up like a
The indolent natives threw the whole labour of
upon the poor captives. Nearly naked, they were
stantly at work, under a broiling sun, at no time
sufficiency of food, and at different times reduced
it the last extremity of famine. To many other
ns they were wantonly subjected. After, indeed,
wo months on the island, two of the party suc-
in getting their release. An English ship came
it, and the captain (Barnard), with Rollins, one
crew, persuaded the islanders to put them on
, promising that iron and various other articles
l be immediately given from the vessel in return.
a small quantity of iron was sent, and the conse-
ice was, that the natives were highly dissatisfied, and
eased their severity towards the remaining prisoners.
rtunately, the English captain was not (as he after-
ls alleged) in circumstances that permitted of further
tions to obtain the release of the rest, and he sailed
, leaving them to a worse fate than before. Among
r incidental cruelties inflicted on them, in addition to
ordinary sufferings, they were compelled to undergo
tattooing process, which is thus described:—'We
in the first place securely bound down to the ground
there held fast by our tormentors. They then pro
ed to draw with a sharp stick the figures designed
nprinted on the skin. This done, the skin was thick
tured with a little instrument, made of sharpen
bones, and somewhat resembling a carpenter's ad
iniature, but having teeth, instead of a smooth sh
. This instrument was held within an inch or
he flesh, and struck into it rapidly with a piece
d, applied to it in such a manner as to cause

rebound at every stroke. In this way our breasts and arms were prepared; and subsequently the ink, which was made of a vegetable found on the island, and called by them the *savvan*, was applied. The operation caused such an inflammation of our bodies, that only a small portion could be done at one time; as soon as the inflammation abated, another portion was done, as fast as we could bear it, till our bodies were covered. It was effectually done; for to this day the figures remain as distinct as they were when first imprinted, and the marks will be carried by us to the grave. They were exceedingly anxious to perform the operation on our faces; but this we would not submit to, telling them, that sooner than have it done, we would die in resisting them.'

But this was comparatively a light item in the incessant sufferings of these poor mariners. Out of the six left after Captain Barnard escaped with Rollins, three sank under their afflictions. One of them died rather suddenly; but the other two, when reduced to the last extremity, and unable to move, were each put into a canoe, and set adrift to meet a horrible living death! A fourth of the band, for some trifling offence, was beaten to death, and it was with difficulty that the remaining two, Holden and Nute, to the former of whom we owe this narrative, escaped the same fate. As for the three poor islanders of Pelew, who, in the simplicity of ignorance, had set sail for an unknown land of promise, one of them was charged with stealing food, and turned adrift in a canoe on the wide ocean with his *hands tied!* A second was literally starved to death. The third was one of the miserable trio of survivors.

Seeing their captives perishing one by one, and getting totally unserviceable, the brutal savages in whose hands these poor men were, began to see that it would be their interest to complete some bargain for their release before the death of the whole made it too late. Accordingly, the captives got a promise that they should be put on board the first passing vessel, on condition of a present of iron being made to them. On the 24th of December 1834,

the British bark *Britannia*, bound for Canton River, came in view, and the captives obtained their release. When Nute came on board the *Britannia*, he was in such a deplorable state, that it was believed two days more would have ended his life. Unhappily, the British captain did not think it consistent with prudence to take the poor Pelew islander on board, though the others, who had got greatly attached to him, prayed earnestly for his reception. The Americans were taken away, and in due time got on board another vessel, which conveyed them to their own land in safety.

It gives us pleasure to add, that the Pelew islander was released after all. The American sloop of war *Vincennes* released him from North's Island, in the course of the year 1835, and took him safely back to his own country. The sloop also brought home the men who were left as hostages at the Pelew Isles. It is said that the captain of the *Vincennes*, whether by orders or otherwise, made a difficulty of paying the full promised ransom to the Pelew natives, a proceeding equally impolitic and ungenerous. The impression that the promises made by the distressed mariners of civilised nations will be scrupulously fulfilled, either in the way of reward or punishment, affords the only security for good treatment at the hands of such savages under the like circumstances. Generous conduct, above all, should ever meet a reward above the stipulation rather than below it. The future should always be kept in view, as shipwrecks will occur, to a greater or less extent, while navigation lasts.

# PREMATURE INTERMENT.

THE possible occurrence of premature interment, and of all the inconceivable agonies that must attend a return to life and consciousness in the 'narrow house appointed for all living,' is an idea more frequently present to the mind of the humble and unenlightened, than to that of the educated man. It is also obvious enough that instances of this dreadful occurrence, as ascertained, or supposed to be ascertained, from appearances in opened graves, are more apt to be talked of by the peasant's fireside than in more philosophical places of assembly. The thing, altogether, has so much the reputation of a vulgar wonder, that it requires some courage to introduce it as a topic of grave discourse. That it has, nevertheless, some real value amongst matters which concern the welfare of human kind, is a point of which we are disposed to have little doubt; and we therefore have no scruple in taking it into consideration in the present place.

That much fallacy attaches to many of the ordinar symptoms of death is, we believe, generally acknow ledged. There are, indeed, certain diseases, whic chiefly consist in a counterfeit of the condition of deat and often defy the most careful attempts that may made for their detection. Ambrose Parée quotes ca where damsels of hysterical propensities have mained whole weeks to all appearance dead; and Schmidt of Paderborn mentions a case of apparent de (*scheintod*) that came under his own eye, where th lasted twenty-one days. In catalepsy, one of these de counterfeiting maladies, there is, moreover, in s instances, a consciousness of life and of surrour circumstances and passing events, while the pa appears to all other persons as undoubtedly dea *that he may actually* know that he is undergoin

cess of inhumation, without possessing the power of making known the horrors of his situation to those around him. From the fallacious nature of these symptoms, it arises that individuals who have been laid out, and in every respect treated as dead, so often (for this is not infrequent) surprise their friends by coming to life again during the interval that precedes interment, or while on the way to the grave. Nor, since revival so often takes place before interment, can we doubt that it must also occasionally take place *after* that event. The illustrious Bacon testifies to the truth of what is here advanced. 'There have been numerous instances,' he says, 'of men laid out for dead—nay, of some actually consigned to earth—who have, notwithstanding, returned to life; a fact which, in the latter case, has been discovered, upon opening their coffins, by wounds or contusions on the skull, occasioned by the struggles of the unhappy man to break from their confinement. Of this we have a recent memorable example in that subtlest of the schoolmen, Joannes Scotus, who having been buried in the absence of his servant, who was aware of his master's tendency to attacks of catalepsy, was exhumed upon his return, and found in this state. The same thing happened in our own day to a player who was buried at Cambridge.'*

A pamphlet on the deceptive nature of the symptoms of death was published some years ago at Berlin, by Dr Michael Benedict Lessing of that city, and a copy of it has by chance fallen into our hands. The author writes on the subject with great earnestness, his object being to induce the Prussian government to take some measures for more effectually testing the fact of death before interment. We do not know exactly what degree of credit to attach to his opinions as a medical writer, but certainly he has shewn some industry in collecting accounts of cases—perhaps, we should say, more industry in collecting than in verifying them. We shall, nevertheless, venture to

* *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, cap. x. sec. 34.

include a few instances of prematurely presumed death from the volume of the learned German—adding one or two from other sources.

The first case we shall quote, is one which has found its way into the popular fictitious literature of many nations. A rich citizen's daughter of Paris, who was married against her will, took the matter so much to heart, that she died. Her disappointed lover bribed the sexton to admit him to her tomb, carried away her body, and, by the use of certain restoratives, succeeded in recalling her to life. The happy pair retired to England, whence they returned some years afterwards to Paris. The lady was recognised by her original husband, who upon this asserted his right to her property and person, and thereupon, says Dr Lessing, arose the oddest legal process imaginable: the first husband claiming the lady as his, and the second maintaining that death had dissevered any tie that his rival might have had over her, and that, since he had been the means of bringing her back to life, his she ought to be. The first husband seems to have had the best of it with the lawyers; so the lovers took fright, and retreated once more to England, leaving the nice question of right still undecided. 'The steps of this singular process,' says Dr Lessing, 'may still be found in the Parliamentary Register.' We know more certainly that the story is, with some differences, in Boccaccio; that Turberville has it in his *Tragical Tales*, published in 1587; and that one of our early dramatists has used the incident with great beauty in a play published in 1602, entitled, *How to know a Good Wife from a Bad.*

Another of the instances adduced by Dr Lessing, is of a nature so much more painful in its details than what we are willing to put into these pages, that we must take leave to soften it a little. Herr Hildebrand was the proprietor of the ironwork of Bystadt, in Sweden, at which place there is a church for the use of the people connected with the establishment. One evening, in 1785, the sexton, *in passing this church*, heard sounds as of groans and

ious cries, issuing from the building, or rather from the and beneath it. Unable, from superstitious fear, to ect calmly on the probable cause of these sounds, he ted off in great haste to inform his neighbours of the umstance. Some of these, gathering a little courage, iously approached the church; but when they heard oice distinctly utter exclamations of the greatest ess, and repeatedly calling on the name of the Deity, the interjection 'Mercy! mercy!' they turned, like sexton, and fled. Next morning, when the church entered, a female form was found stretched lifeless, covered with blood on the cold pavement. It was arried daughter of the Herr Hildebrand, who had atly appeared to die in childbirth, and had been ed the day before with her unborn child in the family t near the altar. The babe, also dead, was now d in the arms of the unhappy mother, whose history ig the past night it were too painful to speculate

similar occurrence was strangely enough brought to at Rodach, in the year 1797. A burgomaster's wife, ng through the church, had the misfortune to fall a burial-vault, in consequence of the stone that red it giving way. In extricating the citizen's dame, rful scene disclosed itself to the bystanders. Twenty s previous, the wife of the then Deacon Kiesewitter died, as was thought, in giving birth to a still-born l, and four days afterwards was laid in the grave, and child placed, according to custom, upon her coffin. coffin of the child was now, however, found lying at siderable distance, and the lid of the mother's coffin wn aside. Her right arm was lying under her head, the entire body turned upon its right side.

ne familiar story of the sexton and the lady's ring is lised by Dr Lessing at Leipsic, the heroine being the of Matthew Harnisch, a bookseller. Dr Lessing is perhaps aware that the same occurrence is said to e taken place at Cologne, in the year 1547. There n account of *it, said to have* been written by the

celebrated Oehlenschlager, of which we find the following translation in a fugitive work of past date :—

'Adocht, the reigning burgomaster of Cologne, on the Rhine, had buried his young and handsome wife: she had been subject to frequent fits, and never recovered from the last. The funeral had been magnificent; and a vault in the majestic cathedral was to hold the body, which had been put by in a coffin with glass-panes and iron wire on the top, and, according to the manners of the time, and the rank of the family, clad in costly robes, the head adorned with a rich garland, and the fingers with precious rings.

'Peter Bold, the sexton, had locked the door, and made towards home, where a scene of a very different nature awaited him: his own wife had been prematurely brought to bed of a very fine boy, but he was totally unprovided with any kind of comfort requisite on such occasions: his marriage had taken place against the wish of his employers, and he had no assistance to expect from that quarter. Isaac, the Jew, came in his mind, but he would require a pledge: a pledge, murmured Bold within himself, and why not borrow from the dead, when nothing is to be obtained from the living? I have known this self-same lady that lies now yonder; she would not have refused a poor man in the days of her bloom, and why should her manes now begrudge what will do me good without harming any one?

'Under reflections such as these, he returned to the place which he had but just left, but where he now trod in a very different mood; he had been before in his duty, and now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls, and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him when passing the altar; he had there to encounter the image of St Peter himself, who was his own patron as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and on he went through the long choir towards the vault.

'The countenance of this lovely woman had nothing to renew his terror, and fearlessly he removed the lid and seized her hand. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! He made an effort to get loose, and left not only his mantle, but his lantern. Running away in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor; but as soon as he recovered, he hastened towards the house of the senator, partly to unburden his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly incapable of returning again to make examination.

'In the meantime, the lady had entirely recovered her senses; she overturned, indeed, the lantern with the first motion of her arms, and was therefore for awhile in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and by degrees she began to recognise the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head, and the rustling thin silk in which she was dressed. Oh, agony! oh, despair! she was buried alive. She uttered a cry; but she knew too well that it would not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches? The little airhole opened into a private part of the churchyard, which was separated from the rest by an iron railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time. Her dead ancestors were, then, to be her last companions! and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death!

'Chilled with horror, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped: the warmth which it communicated revived her a little; she recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin, and to throw herself on her knees, imploring the mercy of Heaven; she then attempted to get to the door, and to move its rusty latch. But who can paint her joy when she found it open! She crept mechanically through the dark and narrow passage, and perceiving the

influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thereby enabled to drag herself up stairs. Here she was, however, so faint, that a deadly cold seized her, and would most likely have made her sink down for ever, had she not fortunately recollected that some little wine might have been left from the last mass; she made, therefore, one effort more to reach the altar, and met with just as much as was sufficient for her exhausted frame.

'No true believer had ever set the cup to his lips with more sincere devotion and gratitude towards his Creator than she did thus administer the cheering draught to herself. Her husband and servants found her in that very act, and used such further means for her complete restoration, that in a few weeks afterwards she could appear again in the same place, to stand godmother for the sexton's child.'

A Stuttgart newspaper for 1828, mentions a case of revival at the point of interment, which terminated fatally, in consequence of the stupidity of the persons present. While the grave-digger was shovelling the earth upon the coffin, his attention was arrested by a continued knocking from below. He called several other people to the spot, and their impression was, that the sounds came from the head and foot of the coffin. They were exactly like some one knocking at a door with the fists, or kicking with the feet against some hollow vessel, and they came every moment with redoubled force. The blows were frequently repeated at brief intervals. Within half an hour afterwards, the coffin was disinterred; but by this time the knocking had ceased. The body was found to have changed its position, and gave various other indications that life had only recently become extinct.

One of the most extraordinary cases of apparent death we have met with, in extent of duration at least, is the following, mentioned by the late Dr Macnish in his *Philosophy of Sleep*:—A young lady, in the suite of the Princess of N—— N——, had been long confined to bed by *a violent nervous* ailment, and ultimately, to all appear-

ınce, died. Her lips were quite pale, her face assumed a leathlike hue, her body was icy cold. She was carried ɪom the chamber where she lay, laid in a coffin, and a lay appointed for her funeral. It came, and, according o the practice of the country, several dirges and spiritual ongs were chanted before the house. Just as the eople in attendance were about to nail down the coffin-id, they remarked a sort of sweat upon the body, which very moment increased, and at last a convulsive motion n the hands and feet became perceptible. Some minutes fterwards, during which fresh signs of returning ani-nation were apparent, she opened her eyes, and gave tterance to a loud and most piteous wail. In a few days, he had entirely recovered. The account which she gave f her state of mind during the continuance of this ethargy is extremely curious. It seemed to her as hough she dreamed that she was really dead, only she vas perfectly conscious of everything that was passing round her. She heard distinctly the whispers and amentations of her friends beside her. She felt them obing her in her shroud, and laying her out in the offin. The feeling occasioned her an agony beyond escription. She strove to scream out, but had not the ower to do so. The will had lost its control over the orporeal functions. She had the excruciating feeling f being in the body and out of it at one and the same ime. To stir hand or foot, or to open her eyes, was alike impossible. Her torture reached its height when the dirge commenced, and the coffin-lid was on the point of being nailed down. The thought of being interred alive at length brought back the nervous system to activity, and enabled it to operate upon the muscular powers.

Dr Lessing, if possible, increases the horror we naturally feel in thinking of a revival in an intombed coffin, by stating that life would not, in such cases, be so quickly extinguished as we are apt to suppose. He calculates that the vacant space in *most coffins* contains air sufficient *to support life for a space* of between forty

minutes and an hour. He further remarks that, from the nature of the circumstances, the fact of revival is probably detected in but a very small proportion of the whole number of instances. He points very earnestly to means for preventing this dreadful occurrence. He proposes that houses should be set apart in all considerable seats of population for the disposal of the dead, or the presumed dead, there to lie for a certain time under proper medical superintendence, and interment not to take place till a proper certificate has been obtained that all hope of recovery is past. Such houses are kept up in various large cities throughout the world: that at Munich is thus described by a visitor:—'The bodies of all persons, of whatever rank (the court excepted), who die at Munich, are conveyed to the Dead-house, where they remain exposed for a period of twenty-four hours, previous to interment, with the view of guarding against the chances of living inhumation. A constant watch is kept in each apartment; and I had understood that an alarm apparatus was attached to each body, so constructed that the slightest movement consequent on resuscitation should cause the violent ringing of a bell. I could, however, discover no traces of such an apparatus. There were ten bodies exposed on the occasion of my visit—seven children and three adults. The public are not allowed to enter the apartments of the dead, but a clear view of each inmate is easily had through glass doors.'—*Notes of a Wanderer, by W. F. Cumming, M.D.*, 1839. It would be curious to calculate how many awful cases of authenticated living inhumation it would take to rouse the British people to the establishment of houses for the ascertainment of death. Though this decisive means of prevention is not to be hoped for, it might be well that individuals exercised greater caution in burying the dead—not only perhaps keeping them a little longer *than is customary*, but making either slight incisions for *the purpose of rousing* any latent spark of life, or such *greater lesions as* would put death beyond all question. *A Lady Dryden*, widow of an English baronet, was so

much impressed with the propriety of the latter precaution, that at her death, in 1789, she was found to have left L.20 in her will to her surgeon, as payment for his cutting her carotid artery previous to her interment. We have ourselves been witness to two cases, in which, from the appearance of colour on the cheeks of the presumed corpse, and the absence of all disagreeable effluvium, we could not help wishing that the funeral had been postponed, being greatly disposed to fear that life was not altogether extinct. In such cases, except for the slight inconvenience of perhaps countermanding a few invitations, it would be easy, as it would unquestionably be proper, to delay the funeral, if not to take some more active measure.

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## THE FEMALE CONVICT TO HER INFANT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

Oh, sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to-morrow
Shall soothe me to slumber more tranquil than thine;
The dark grave shall shield me from shame and from sorrow,
Though the deeds and the gloom of the guilty are mine.
Not long shall the arm of affection infold thee;
Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast;
And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee,
And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest?

And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,
The pangs of *thy desolate mother* to see;
*Thou wilt weep when the clank* of my cold chain thou *hearest,*
*And none but the guilty* should mourn over me.

And yet I *must* wake thee—for while thou art weeping
To calm thee, I stifle my tears for awhile;
But thou smilest in thy dreams, while thus placid sleeping,
And oh! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile!

Alas! my sweet babe, with what pride had I pressed th
To the bosom that now throbs with terror and sham
If the pure tie of virtuous affection had blessed thee,
And hailed thee the heir of thy father's high name!
But now—with remorse that avails not—I mourn thee,
Forsaken and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,
In a world if it cannot betray, that will scorn thee—
Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee!

And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken
The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;
When by all, but the God of the Orphan, forsaken,
A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek;
I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguiled
Yet lost and degraded—to whom can I leave thee?
O God of the Fatherless! pity my child!

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## ANÈCDOTES OF MONKEYS.

THE largest of the monkey tribe of animals, and th
which approach nearest to the human figure, are,
is well known, the orang-outangs. These remarkal
creatures inhabit two small and widely separated pa
of the world—a red species being proper to the islan
of Borneo and Sumatra, and a dark one to the Guin
coast, in Africa. The limbs and body of this creatu
*greatly* resemble those of man; but his countenance a
*the shape of his* head are considerably different, wh

the double set of hands forms a feature sufficient, if all others were wanting, to mark the distinctness of the two races. Specimens have been found not less than five feet and a half high; and in their native countries, troops of them become formidable foes to man. A black orang-outang has sufficient strength to lift a full-grown human being. One brought from Africa in a trading-vessel was fond of wrapping itself in a blanket when it got into temperate latitudes. It shook hands with some of the sailors, but refused to do so with others, whom it disliked. It liked to join a mess, and was much pleased when sweetmeats were given to it. It stole a bottle of wine, which it uncorked with its teeth, and began to drink. It learned to feed itself with a spoon, to drink out of a glass, and shewed a general disposition to imitate human actions. It was attracted by bright metals, seemed to take a pride in clothing, and often put a cocked-hat on its head. On arriving at Liverpool, it took ill and died.

When the British embassy was on its return from China, in 1817, a specimen of the red orang was obtained at Borneo and brought to Britain. A description of it is given by Dr Abel, a physician attending the embassy, which is considered the most accurate and faithful account of any specimen of the monkey tribes that has ever been written. The animal stood two feet seven inches high. The colour of its skin was a bluish-gray, while the hue of the hair was a brownish-red. The head, viewed in front, was pear-shaped, expanding from the chin upwards. The nose was scarcely elevated above the level of the face, the mouth was prominent, and the ears as small and delicate as those of a man. He moved, by throwing forward his body between his fore-limbs, in the manner of certain cripples among the human species. After some vain attempts being made to keep him confined, he was allowed the range of the ship, and began to make himself familiar with the sailors. To pursue the narrative of Dr Abel: 'They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his

adroitness in managing an escape. On first starting, he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed, but when much pressed, elude them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times, he would patiently wait on the shrouds, or at the mast-head, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the main-stay from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung, with so much violence, as to make me fear his falling; but I soon found that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humour, he would often swing within arm's-length of his pursuer, and having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him.

'He commonly slept at the mast-head, after wrapping himself in a sail. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove everything out of his way that might render the surface on which he intended to lie uneven; and having satisfied himself with this part of his arrangement, spread out the sail, and lying down upon it on his back, drew it over his body. Sometimes I preoccupied his bed, and teased him by refusing to give it up. On these occasions, he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest till I had resigned it. If it was large enough for both, he would quietly lie by my side. If all the sails happened to be set, he would hunt about for some other covering, and either steal one of the sailors' jackets or shirts that happened to be drying, or empty a hammock of its blankets. Off the Cape of Good Hope, he suffered much from a low temperature, especially early in the morning, when he would descend from the mast shuddering with cold, and running up to any one of his friends, climb into their arms, and clasping them closely, derive warmth from their persons, screaming violently at any attempt to remove him.

'*His food in Java* was chiefly fruit, especially mangos.

ıs, of which he was excessively fond. He also sucked gs with voracity, and often employed himself in seeking em. On board ship, his diet was of no definite kind. ı ate readily of all kinds of meat, and especially raw eat; was very fond of bread, but always preferred uits when he could obtain them.

'His beverage in Java was water; on board ship, it us as diversified as his food. He preferred coffee and ı, but would readily take wine, and exemplified his tachment to spirits by stealing the captain's brandy-ttle: since his arrival in London, he has preferred beer d milk to anything else, but drinks wine and other quors. . . . .

'This animal neither practises the grimace and antics other monkeys, nor possesses their perpetual proneness mischief. Gravity approaching to melancholy, and ildness, were sometimes strongly expressed in his coun-nance, and seem to be the characteristics of his disposi-on. When he first came amongst strangers, he would sit r hours with his hand upon his head, looking pensively all around him; or when much incommoded by their :amination, would hide himself beneath any covering at was at hand. His mildness was evinced by his for-:arance under injuries, which were grievous before he as excited to revenge; but he always avoided those ho often teased him. He soon became strongly attached ı those who kindly used him. By their side he was nd of sitting; and getting as close as possible to their :rsons, would take their hands between his lips, and y to them for protection. From the boatswain of the *lceste*, who shared his meals with him, and was his chief vourite, although he sometimes purloined the grog nd the biscuit of his benefactor, he learned to eat with spoon; and might be often seen sitting at his cabin oor enjoying his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those ho observed him, and with a grotesque and sober air iat seemed a burlesque on human nature.

'Next to the boatswain, I was perhaps his most inti-iate acquaintance. *He would* always follow me to the

mast-head, whither I often went for the sake of reading, apart from the noise of the ship; and having satisfied himself that my pockets contained no eatables, would lie down by my side, and pulling a topsail entirely over him, peep from it occasionally to watch my movements.

'His favourite amusement in Java was in swinging from the branches of trees, in passing from one tree to another, and in climbing over the roofs of houses; on board, in hanging by his arms from the ropes, and in romping with the boys of the ship. He would entice them into play by striking them with his hand as they passed; and bounding from them, but allowing them to overtake him, and engage in a mock-scuffle, in which he used his hands, feet, and mouth. If any conjecture could be formed, from these frolics, of his mode of attacking an adversary, it would appear to be his first object to throw him down, then to secure him with his hands and feet, and then wound him with his teeth.....

'But although so gentle when not exceedingly irritated, the orang-outang could be excited to violent rage, which he expressed by opening his mouth, shewing his teeth, seizing and biting those who were near him. I have seen him exhibit violent alarm on two occasions only, when he appeared to seek for safety in gaining as high an elevation as possible. On seeing eight large turtle brought on board, whilst the *Cæsar* was off the Island of Ascension, he climbed with all possible speed to a higher part of the ship than he had ever before reached; and looking down upon them, projected his long lips into the form of a hog's snout, uttering, at the same time, a sound which might be described as between the croaking of a frog and the grunting of a pig. After some time, he ventured to descend, but with great caution, peeping continually at the turtle, but could not be induced to approach within many yards of them. He ran to the same height, and uttered the same sounds, on seeing some men bathing and splashing in the sea; and since his arrival in England, has shewn nearly the same degree of fear at the sight of *a live tortoise.*

which were the actions of this animal, as far as they fell under my notice, during our voyage from Java; and they seem to include most of those which have been related of the orang-outang by other observers.'

Some curious details are given in the *Magasine of Natural History*, of the habits of the orang-outangs exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, London, in 1831. They were male and female—the former the Chimpansee, and the latter the Borneo. In some respects they presented a marked contrast, and did not shew the least tenderness of attachment to each other. The social habits of the Chimpansee far exceeded those of the female. On first approaching in a morning, or after being absent from him for a short time, he would utter a loud cry of recognition to the person whom he knew, and running towards him, would stand perfectly erect, spreading his arms like a child to be taken up, when he would wind them round the neck of the individual in the manner of the fondest embrace; nor was it an easy task for those to whom he was attached to leave the room except by stealth. The instinct of providing and placing warm materials for her bed was most marked in the female, who would be for two hours dragging blankets from various parts of the room, smoothing and changing their position, and beating any raised part down with her knuckles, assuming at the same time a look of gravity and an appearance of wisdom. The hearing of both animals was remarkably acute, and the knowledge of sounds was accurately shewn. They were in the daily habit of riding in a coach; and on being seated, before the vehicle moved, they would secure themselves by getting a firm grasp of the hold-straps attached to the side of the coach. They also seemed to have a pretty good idea of time, for as the hour approached at which they were removed to their nightly residence, they would of their own accord get the blankets, and infold themselves in readiness to depart; and if their removal was protracted beyond the usual time, it required force to prevent them from going to the door. The Chimpansee *having caught a cold*, which ultimately

caused his death, he had a violent cough that in sound was remarkably human; and as when a fit of coughing came on, he was usually given some sweetmeat or cordial to stop it, he soon adopted the cough as a means of obtaining these luxuries.

The physiologist Blumenbach had one of the monkey tribe, whose movements and conduct he carefully watched for more than a year together. It came to manage the wood for the stove with great dexterity, and would put it in with as much judgment and economy as a cook-maid or a parsimonious spinster. This animal was very partial to the fire, like all other apes, and would occasionally singe himself, when he would sally forth and roll round about in the snow with all the ecstacy of a Russian after taking a warm vapour-bath at 180 degrees of heat. After enjoying this luxury for a time, he would return to his old quarters by the fire. He was often at the college, where he used to turn over and examine the specimens with a gravity and grimace which was quite irresistible. He once swallowed a lump of arsenic, large enough to have done the business of ten Kalmucks; but in him it produced only a trifling indisposition, and in a short while he was quite well again. A work on insects happened to lie for some time upon the table, and which our philosopher contemplated with solemn studiousness for about an hour. The illustrations particularly rivetted his attention: whether they awakened reminiscences of his former haunts, is unknown; but when the book came to be examined, it was discovered that, with consummate address, he had pinched out all the beetles of the large plates, and actually eaten them—it is supposed, mistaking them for real insects in some unknown state of preservation.

In the jungles about the neighbourhood of Tillicherry, in India (says a writer in the *Oriental Annual*), there is a large species of monkey, frequently tamed by the natives; and at a village a short distance from this celebrated seaport, we had an evidence of the remarkable *sagacity of this animal*. A few yards from the house

of the person to whom it belonged, a thick pole, at least thirty feet high, had been fixed into the earth, round which was an iron ring, and to this was attached a strong chain of considerable length, fastened to a collar round the monkey's neck. The ring being loose, it easily slid up the pole, when he ascended or descended. He was in the habit of taking his station upon the top of the bamboo, where he seemed perched as if to enjoy the beauties of the prospect around him; this was really striking. The crows, which in India are very abundant, and singularly audacious, taking advantage of his elevated position, had been in the daily habit of robbing him of his food, which was placed every morning and evening at the foot of the pole. To this he had vainly expressed his dislike, by chattering, and other indications of his displeasure equally ineffectual; nothing that he could do was of any avail to scare away these unwelcome intruders upon his repasts. He tried various modes to banish them, but they continued their periodical depredations. Finding that he was perfectly unheeded, he adopted a plan of retribution as effectual as it was ingenious.

One morning, when his tormentors had been particularly troublesome, he appeared as if seriously indisposed; he closed his eyes, drooped his head, and exhibited various other symptoms of severe suffering. No sooner were his ordinary rations placed at the foot of the bamboo, than the crows, watching their opportunity, descended in great numbers, and, according to their usual practice, began to demolish his provisions. The monkey now began to slide down the pole by slow degrees, as if the effort were painful to him, and as if so overcome by indisposition, that his remaining strength was scarcely equal to such exertion. When he reached the ground, he rolled about for some time, seeming in great agony, until he found himself close by the vessel employed to contain his food, which the crows had by this time well-nigh devoured. There was still, however, some remaining, which a solitary bird, emboldened by the apparent indisposition of the monkey, *advanced to seize.* The wily creature was at

this time lying in a state of apparent insensibility at the foot of the pole, and close by the pan. The moment the crow stretched out its head, and ere it could secure a mouthful of the interdicted food, the watchful avenger seized the depredator by the neck with the rapidity of thought, and secured it from doing further mischief. He now began to chatter and grin with every expression of gratified triumph, while the crows flew around, cawing in boisterous chime, as if deprecating the chastisement about to be inflicted upon their captive companion. The monkey continued for awhile to chatter and grin in triumphant mockery of their distress; he then deliberately placed the captive crow between his knees, and began to pluck it with the most humorous gravity. When he had completely stripped it, except the large feathers in the pinions and tail, he flung it into the air as high as his strength would permit, and, after flapping its wings for a few seconds, it fell on the ground with a stunning shock. The other crows, which had been fortunate enough to escape a similar castigation, now surrounded it, and immediately pecked it to death. The expression of joy on the animal's countenance was altogether indescribable; and he had no sooner seen this ample retribution dealt to the purloiner of his repast, than he ascended the bamboo to enjoy a quiet repose. The next time his food was brought, not a single crow approached it; and I daresay that, thenceforward, he was never again molested by those voracious intruders.

Captain Basil Hall, in his amusing work, *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, relates an anecdote of a monkey which, in the course of a voyage home from St Helena, committed a rather serious practical joke. Having seen the medical officer of the ship making up pills, he watched an opportunity when the doctor's back was turned to dart on the medicine-chest, and seize upon the whole mass of stuff for pills. Stowing all in his mouth, he made off for the rigging of the vessel. 'The doctor's first feeling was that of anger at the abstraction of his medicines; but in the next instant, recollecting that unless

immediate steps were taken, the poor animal must inevitably be poisoned, he rushed on deck, without coat or hat, and knife in hand, to the great surprise and scandal of the officer of the watch.

"Lay hold of the monkey, some of you," roared the doctor to the people. "Jump up in the rigging, and try to get out of his pouch a whole mess of my stuff he has run off with."

'The men only laughed, as they fancied the doctor must be cracked.

"For any sake," cried the good-natured physician, "don't make a joke of this matter. The monkey has now in his jaws more than a hundred grains of calomel; and unless you get it from him, he will die to a certainty."

'This appeal, which was quite intelligible, caused an immediate rush of the men aloft; but the monkey, after gulping down one of the lumps, or twenty-four grains, shot upwards to the top, over the rail of which he displayed his shaven countenance, and, as if in scorn of their impotent efforts to catch him, plucked another lump from his cheek, and swallowed it likewise, making four dozen grains to begin with. The news spread over the ship; and all hands, marines inclusive, most of whom had never been further in the rigging than was necessary to hang up a wet shirt to dry, were seen struggling aloft to rescue the poor monkey from his sad fate. All their exertions were fruitless; for just as the captain of the maintop seized him by the tail, at the starboard royal yard-arm, he was cramming the last batch of calomel down his throat!

'It would give needless pain to describe the effects of swallowing the whole of this enormous prescription. Every art was resorted to within our reach in the shape of antidotes, but all in vain. The stomach-pump was then, unfortunately, not invented. Poor Jacko's sufferings of course were great:—First he lost the use of his limbs, then he became blind, next paralytic; and, in short, he presented, at the end of the week, such a dreadful spectacle of *pain, distortion,* and rigidity of limb, that I

felt absolutely obliged to desire that he might be released from his misery by being thrown into the sea. This was accordingly done when the ship was going along for the British Channel.'

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## PEROUROU, OR THE BELLOWS-MENDER.

I WAS born in one of those little hamlets, situated in the neighbourhood of Montelimar, in the south of France. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth—that of bellows-mending. This, too, was the humble profession which I was destined to follow. Being endowed by nature with quick and lively faculties, both of mind and body, I soon grew skilful in my trade, and, having an ambitious spirit, set off for Lyon, to prosecute my calling there. I was so far successful, that I became a great favourite with the chamber-maids, who were my chief employers, and whom my good-looks and youth interested in my favour.

One evening, however, as I was returning home after my day's rounds, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who threw out a few pleasantries on my profession, which I answered in a style of good-humoured raillery that seemed to surprise and please them. I saw them look significantly at one another, and heard one of them say: 'This is our man.' The words alarmed me, but my fears were speedily dispelled. 'Perourou,'* said one, 'you shall sup with us. We have a scheme which may do you good. If you do not agree to it, we shall not harm you, but only ask you to keep our secret. Do not be afraid, but come with us.' Seeing all of them to be gentlemen in appearance, I did not hesitate to accept the

* *Perourou* is a name familiarly given to bellows-menders in *Lyon, probably from* their mode of crying in the streets.

offer. They conducted me through a number of cross-streets, and at last entered a handsome house, in an apartment of which we found six other young men, who appeared to have been waiting impatiently for my conductors. A few explanatory words passed respecting me, and soon afterwards we sat down to supper. Being young, thoughtless, and light-hearted, I gave way to the enjoyment of the hour, and vented a succession of pleasantries which seemed highly to please my chance-companions. But they all grew silent and thoughtful ere long, and finally one of them addressed me thus: 'The ten persons whom you see before you,' said he, 'are all engravers and citizens of Lyon. We are all in good circumstances, and make a very handsome living by our occupation. We are all attached to one another, and formed a happy society, till love stepped in to disturb us. In the street of St Dominic there lives a picture-merchant, a man of respectable station, but otherwise an ordinary personage. He has, however, a daughter, a creature possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, but all whose amiable qualities are shaded by one defect—pride, insupportable pride. As an example of the way in which this feeling has led her to treat others, I will own that I myself paid my addresses to her, and was approved of by her father, as one by birth and circumstances much their superior. But what was the answer which the insolent girl herself gave to my suit? "Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than to be the wife of an engraver?"

'Her charms and her pride have been equally felt by us all,' continued the speaker; 'and we hold that she has cast a slur both on us and our profession. We therefore have resolved to shew this disdainful girl, that she has not indeed been born to the honour of being the wife of an engraver. Now, will you,' addressing me, 'venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who to attain perfection wants only to have her pride mortified and her vanity punished?' 'Yes,' *answered* I, spurred on by the

excitement of the moment; 'I comprehend what you would have me do, and I will fulfil it in such a manner, that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil.'

The three months that followed this strange scene were wholly occupied with preparations for the part I was to perform. Preserving the strictest possible secrecy, my confederates did their best to transform me from a plain bellows-mender into a fine gentleman. Bathing, hair-dressers, &c., brought my person to a fitting degree of refinement, while every day one or other of the engravers devoted himself to the task of teaching me music, drawing, and other accomplishments; and nature had furnished me with a disposition to study, and a memory so retentive, that my friends were astonished at the progress of their disciple. Thoughtless of all else, I felt the deepest delight in acquiring these new rudiments of education. But the time came when I was to be made sensible, for the first time, of the true nature of the task I had entered upon. The confederates at length thought me perfect, and in the character of the rich Marquis of Rouperon, proprietor of large estates in Dauphiné, I was installed in the first hotel in Lyon. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture-dealer in St Dominic Street. I made a few purchases from him, and seemed anxious to purchase more. After a little intercourse of this kind, he sent me word one morning, that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and begged me to call and see them. I did so, and was received not by him, but by Aurora. This was the first sight I had got of that lovely girl, and, for the first time in my life, my young and palpitating heart felt the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The fair Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny for ever! The intoxi*cation of enjoying* her presence hurried me on, blind to

everything else. For several months I saw her every day, and enjoyed a state of happiness only damped by the self-accusing torments of solitary hours, and by the necessity I was under of regularly meeting my employers, who furnished me with money, jewels, everything I could require. At length Aurora's father gave a little fête in the country, of which I was evidently the hero. A moment occurred, in which, thoughtless of all but my love, I threw myself a suitor at her feet. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only emotion which agitated her heart—yes, I discovered that I was beloved!

I was an impostor, but, Heaven is my witness, I deceived her not without remorse. In her presence, I remembered nothing but herself; but in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable fate which was soon to fall upon her, when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment, I shrunk back with horror, or started up covered with a cold perspiration. But self-love would come to my aid, and I thought, if she truly loved me, she might yet be happy. I would devote my life, I swore, to the task of strewing flowers along her path. But all my hopes, all my fears, cannot be told. Suffice it to say, that her father believed me when I represented my estates as being in Dauphiné, a distant province. I would not allow a farthing of Aurora's portion to be settled otherwise than on herself. So there was one baseness of which I was not guilty. We were married. At the altar, a shivering ran through all my veins—a general trepidation seized my whole frame—and I should infallibly have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not come to my relief. The silly crowd around mistook the last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility.

A fortnight after the marriage, as had been arranged by my employers, *at whose* mercy I was, we started for

Montelimar, my unfortunate bride believing that we were going to a far different place. Several of the engravers were themselves our attendants, disguised, and acting as couriers to our magnificent equipage. The awful moment of exposure arrived; and when it did come, it proved more terrible than even I had anticipated. The engravers made the equipage be drawn up before a mean and miserable cottage, at the door of which sat my humble but venerable father. Now came the awful disclosure. The poor, deceived, and surprised Aurora was handed out. The engravers came up; they pulled off their disguises; and he whom Aurora had so pointedly refused, exclaimed to her: 'No, madam, no—you have not been born or brought up for an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honour to you. A bellows-mender is worthy of you, and such is he whom you have made your husband!' Trembling and boiling with rage, I would have replied; but the engravers entered the coach, and, like the shifting of a scene in a theatre, all our grandeur disappeared with them!

Poor Aurora scarcely heard what had been said. The truth had flashed upon her, and she sank back in a swoon. Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from my late life. At that cruel moment, I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, and of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, yet almost wished that those cares might be unavailing. She recovered at length her senses, but the moment that her frenzied eye met mine, 'Monster!' she exclaimed, and again became insensible. I profited by her condition to remove her from the sight of those who had gathered around, and to place her on a humble straw-couch. Here I remained beside her till she opened her eyes; mine shrunk from her glance. The first use she made of speech was to interrupt the broken exclamations of love, shame, and remorse, which fell from my lips, and to beg to be left alone for a time. The niece of the curate of the parish, *however, who* chanced to be by, remained beside her, and

or young victim of my villainy, for she was but
en, seemed glad of her attentions.
w shall I describe the horrible night which I then
l ? It was not on my own account that I suffered or
. She, she alone was in my thoughts. I dreaded
all—for my love was still predominant—to see that
alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my
nce ; to read coldness in that eye on whose look my
depended. But could it be otherwise ? Had I not
', vilely darkened all the prospects of her life, and
helmed her with intolerable shame and anguish ?
night was a punishment that would almost have
out any lesser sin. Frequently, it may be believed,
; to know how Aurora was. She was calm, I was
and, indeed, to my surprise she entered in the
ng the room where I was. She was pale, but
ted. I fell before her on the ground, and spoke
'You have deceived me,' said she ; 'it is on your
conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. Do not
dvantage of the authority you have usurped. The
of the curate has offered me an asylum. There
remain till this matter can be thought of with
ess.'

s, these were soothing but deceitful words ! Within
or two after this event, the interval of which I spent
ming wild hopes for the future, I received at once
tters. The first was from the engravers, the causes
' exaltation and my fall. They wrote to me that
cquaintance had begot in them a friendship for me ;
hey had each originally subscribed a certain sum
e execution of their plot ; that they wished not to
their revenge too far ; and that they would supply
ith money and everything necessary for entering
ome business, and insuring the creditable support of
lf and Aurora.' The other letter was from Aurora.
e remains of pity,' she said, 'which I feel for you,
ithstanding your conduct, induce me to inform you
I am now in Lyon. It is my intention to enter a
ent, which *will rid me of* your presence ; but you

will do well to hold yourself in readiness to appear bef
every tribunal in France, till I have found one which w
do me justice, and break the chains in which you ha
bound your victim.'

This letter threw me into despair. I hurried to t
curate's, but could learn nothing of Aurora's retre
although I became assured that the curate and his nie
despising my mean condition, had been the urgent advis
of the step Aurora had taken. I then hastened to Ly
where the affair had now created a great sensation.
lived unknown, however, and obscure, and saw only t
engravers, who, notwithstanding the base plot which th
had through me effected, were men of not ungener
dispositions. As they had driven me out of my form
means of livelihood, I conceived myself at liberty
accept a sum which they offered me to enter into tre
with. They advised me how to dispose of it at once, a
I laid it out in a way which speedily, and without troul
to me, augmented it greatly. Meanwhile the father
Aurora had made every preparation for annulling t
marriage. This could only be done by publicly detaili
the treachery which had been practised. Never, perha
was court-house more crowded than that of Lyon
the day on which the case was heard. Aurora herse
appeared, and rivetted the eyes of all present, not
speak of my own. Unknown and unseen, I shrunk in
a corner, like a guilty thing. The counsel for Aur
stated the case, and pleaded the victim's cause with
much eloquence as to draw tears from many eyes.
counsel arose for me, and Aurora, who merely sough
divorce, without desiring to inflict that punishment wh
she might easily have brought down on the offende
would at once have gained her suit, had not one man ari
to speak for me. It was one of the engravers—the
who had been refused, as mentioned, by Aurora.
made a brief pleading for me; he praised my charact
he shewed and confessed how I had been tempted, a
how I fell. At last he concluded by addressing Auro
'*Yes, madam,*' said he, 'the laws may declare that y

are *not* his wife, but you *have been* the wife of his bosom. The contract may be annulled, and no stain may rest upon you. But a stain may be cast on another. Can you, will you throw the blot of illegitimacy upon one even more innocent than yourself?' The appeal was understood, and was not made in vain. The trembling Aurora exclaimed: 'No, no!' and her tears fell fast as she spoke.

The marriage was not annulled—was no longer sought to be annulled. But while the contract (which I had signed with my own name, believed by them to be the family name of the Marquis de Rouperon) was declared valid, it was also determined that Aurora should remain unmolested by the adventurer who had so far deceived her. Every legal precaution was taken that I should have no control over her or her affairs. After this event I did not remain long in Lyon, where I heard my name branded everywhere with infamy. Master, by the means I have related, of a considerable sum, I went to Paris, where I assumed a feigned name. I entered into business, and, more to drown remembrance than from any other cause, pursued it with an ardour which few have evinced in the like circumstances. The wildest speculations were those which attracted me most, and fortune favoured me in a most remarkable way. I became the head of a flourishing commercial house, and ere five years passed away, had amassed considerable wealth. At times, however, the remembrance of my wife threw me into fits of anguish and despair. I dared not think, nevertheless, of attempting to go near her, until it chanced that I had it in my power very materially to serve a banker in Lyon, who pressed me much to pay him a visit. After much uneasiness and anxiety, I resolved to accept the invitation. Once more I entered Lyon, and on this occasion with an equipage which was not borrowed, though as handsome as my former one. My friend the banker on being questioned, told me that Aurora still lived in the convent, and was admired for her reserved propriety of conduct, and for her unremitting attention to her child—her boy; but he told me that her *father* had just died, leaving her

almost dependent on the charity of the abbess. This recital excited in me the most lively emotions. I took an opportunity soon afterwards of visiting one of the engravers, who scarcely knew me, changed as I was, but who received me warmly. I requested him to assemble the creditors of the father of Aurora, and to pay his debts, giving him funds for that purpose. I told him also to purchase some pieces of furniture which I knew to be prized by Aurora.

Every hour of my stay in Lyon strengthened my desire to see my wife, and at least to fold my boy in my arms. The feeling became at length irresistible, and I revealed myself to the banker, beseeching him to find some way of taking me to the convent. His astonishment to find in me the poor much-spoken of bellows-mender, was beyond description. Happily, however, he was acquainted with the abbess, and assured me that it was easy for me at least to obtain a sight of my wife. Ere an hour passed away, my friend had taken me there. I was introduced as a Parisian merchant, and beheld, with emotions unspeakable, my wife seated in the convent-parlour, with a lovely child asleep on her knee, in conversation with her venerable friend. Aurora, now twenty-three years of age, seemed to me more lovely than ever. I had purposely wrapped myself closely up, and she knew me not, though I observed an involuntary start when she first saw me, as if my presence reminded her of some once familiar object. I could not speak; my friend maintained all the conversation. But the boy awoke. He saw strangers present, and descended from his mother's knee. Looking at my friend and myself for a moment, he came forward to me. Oh! what were my feelings when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses, of my child! An emotion which I had no power to subdue, made me rise hastily, and throw myself, with my child in my arms, at the feet of my pale and trembling wife. 'Aurora! Aurora!' I exclaimed, in broken accents, 'your child claims from you *a father!* Oh, pardon! pardon!' The child clasped her

knees, and appeared to plead with me. Aurora seemed ready to faint. Her lips quivered, and her eye was fixed, as if in stupor, upon me; but a flow of tears came to her relief, and she answered my appeal by throwing herself into my arms. 'I know not,' she sobbed, 'whether you again deceive me; but your child pleads too powerfully. Aurora is yours.'

This event closes my history. I found Aurora much improved by adversity, and have tasted a degree of happiness with her such as no penitence for my past offences could ever make me deserving of. One only incident in my history after my reconciliation with Aurora seems to be worthy of mention. I took my son and her with me to Paris, but at the same time, seeing it to be my wife's wish, bought a small country-house for her near Lyon. Sometimes we spent a few weeks there, and on one occasion she invited me to go down with her to be present at a fête for which she had made preparations. Who were our guests? The ten engravers, who were the original cause of all that had passed! It was indeed a day of pride to me, when I heard Aurora thank them for the happiness, which, under the agency of a wonder-working Providence, they had been the means of conferring upon her.

[Our readers, at least many of them, will have detected in this story the foundation of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons*, one of the most popular of our modern dramatic pieces.]

## KATERFELTO.

In that graphic and well-known passage of the *Task* of Cowper, where the poet describes the varied contents of a newspaper of his day, the following lines occur :—

> 'And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
> At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.'

The personage here alluded to was a distinguished juggler and quack-doctor, who flourished in Britain at the close of last century. The name of Katerfelto, it is probable, was merely an assumed one, and certainly, if this was the case, the selection of it did credit to the magical professor's taste, as few names could be found more expressively appropriate to the character he bore. He took the title of Doctor—a German doctor—and combined the profession of legerdemain with that of the art medical. The *Task* was written about the years 1782 and 1783. At that time, Dr Katerfelto was vending his nostrums to the people of London, who had then the misfortune to sustain a severe and very general attack of influenza. The doctor of course knew the full value of mystery, and used it freely to enhance his medical pretensions. If any one got better or got worse on his hands, it is to be suspected that the doctor's remedies were innocent alike of the good and the evil, and that the whole was attributable to the old principle—'Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure.'

Katerfelto was one of the last specimens of a class that now live only in the pages of novelists—the race of travelling mountebanks, half quacks, half jugglers. In his journeys through England he was accompanied by his wife and daughter, two black attendants, and, though last, not least in importance, two or three black *cats*, usually termed Katerfelto's devils. This goodly company were all packed together in a huge old coach or

caravan, which contained, besides, the wizard's stock of apparatus. On reaching any town where it was thought fit to have an exhibition, the two sable (piped) assistants, dressed in antiquated green liveries, with red collars, marched round the streets of the place, blowing trumpets, and expatiating on the wonderful powers and performances of Katerfelto and his cats. A portion of the doctor's exhibitions was really of a rational and creditable nature, consisting of magnetic, electrical, and chemical experiments, which he explained in a lively humorous way. He was a good experimenter, and seldom failed in anything he tried. But amusement was the object of those who went to hear him, and in this they were not disappointed. His appearance was provocative of mirth, his long thin person being commonly enveloped in a tawdry, old-fashioned green gown, while his head was covered by a square velvet cap, making him altogether as like as possible to the pictures of the old stage-doctors, of whom he was the genuine successor and representative.

We have no account of the particular uses to which he turned his feline familiars. One thing is certain, however, that he had brought them to a surprising pitch of docility and apparent intelligence. Katerfelto seems to have flourished through a considerable part of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Sometimes, like the most of his class, he lived in comparative ease and affluence, and, at other times, found himself caged in jail, as a vagrant and impostor. Occasionally, his experiments brought him into awkward scrapes. While stopping at a small town in Yorkshire, on one of his journeys, he set up a fire-balloon, to the great amazement of the rustics around. But, in a few days afterwards, the conjuror was arrested by order of a farmer, upon one of whose hayricks the balloon had alighted, and by which it had been burned to the ground. Poor Katerfelto could not pay the damages demanded, and was obliged to go to prison.

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seemed by his speech to be really a foreigner. Some have asserted him to be a Prussian soldier, who had got his discharge. He is said to have died at Bristol about the beginning of the present century.

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## LAW PROCEEDINGS AGAINST ANIMALS.

It appears to have been by no means unusual in France, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to institute legal proceedings against animals, allowing them an advocate to defend them, and treating them in every respect as *fairly* as if they had been human beings. How far it was done in a serious spirit, and how far in the spirit of drollery, it would now be difficult to say; but certain it is, that such proceedings occasionally took place, and were conducted with all the external gravity desirable in similar cases where human beings are concerned. The following is a notable instance:—

From about the year 1522 to 1530, the rats in the bishopric of Autun had multiplied to a vast extent, insomuch that, from their ravages, serious apprehensions of famine were at length entertained. All human remedies having been tried without any important effect, a resolution was at length formed to petition the ecclesiastical judge of the district to excommunicate them. It was conceived, however, that this remedy was the more likely to be efficacious if all the usual forms of law were observed. A proctor, therefore, lodged a formal complaint against the rats. The judge ordered that they should be summoned to appear before him. The period having expired without their having presented themselves, the proctor obtained a first judgment by default against them, and demanded that the final judgment should be proceeded to. The judge, however, deeming it but fair that *the accused should* be defended, officially named M.

Barthelemi Chassanée, a young advocate, to be their defender.

Chassanée being, like most young barristers, anxious to distinguish himself, readily undertook the task; and knowing the discredit in which his clients were held, he resolved to do all he could to delay proceedings, in order to afford time for prejudices to subside. He at first contended that, the rats being dispersed amongst a great number of villages, a single summons was not sufficient to warn them all. He therefore demanded, and it was ordered, that a second notification should be given to them by the clergyman of each parish at the time of his sermon. This occasioned a considerable delay, at the end of which, the rats still failing to appear, M. Chassanée made a new excuse for the default of his clients, by dwelling on the length and difficulty of the journey; on the danger they were exposed to from the cats, their mortal enemies, who would lie in wait for them in all directions, &c. When these evasive pleas were exhausted, he rested his defence upon considerations of humanity and policy. 'Was there anything more unjust than general proscriptions levelled at whole families, which punished the child for the guilt of the parents, which involved, without distinction, those of tender years, and even those whose incapacity equally renders them incapable of crime,' &c.

We are not informed how the case ended. But De Thou, who relates the circumstances above stated, adds that the ingenuity shewn by M. Chassanée laid the foundation of his reputation, and he rose in time to be first president of the parliament of Provence. A more grave result has been hinted at. While he held this high office, severe proceedings were instituted against the Protestant Vaudois, or Waldenses; and M. Chassanée was called upon to take the part assigned to him by his office in their persecution. The unfortunate people, at this juncture, put to him the severe question—how he could reconcile it to his conscience to dispense with the usual judicial forms towards *them, his* fellow-creatures, when

he had, some years before, insisted on their scrupulous observance towards the rats of Autun? The president was staggered, and he actually seems to have, in consequence, given a silent protection to the Vaudois.

Gui Pope relates, that going to Chalons (this must have been about the middle of the fifteenth century) to present his homage to the king, he saw upon a gibbet a pig which had been hanged for killing a child. On the 22d of September 1543, at an assembly held by the principal council of the city of Grenoble, one of the members represented that the slugs and caterpillars did dreadful mischief. He concluded by demanding 'that they should petition the ecclesiastical judge to excommunicate the said creatures, and to proceed against them by means of restriction, to obviate the damage they daily committed, and would occasion in future;' and the council decreed in conformity to this demand. A similar case, which occurred in 1584, is more particularly related by Chorier in his *History of Dauphiné*. 'This year,' says he, 'was remarkable for continual rains; there was an infinite number of caterpillars: and the same causes of corruption were renewed in 1585. Extraordinary measures were taken against the insects, which became extremely multiplied. The walls, the windows, and the chimneys of the houses were covered with them, even in the towns. It was a lively and hideous representation of the plague of Egypt by locusts. The grand-vicar of Valence caused the caterpillars to be cited to appear before him, and ordered an attorney to defend them. The cause was solemnly pleaded, and he condemned them to depart from the diocese. But they did not obey: human laws have no control over the instruments of divine justice. It was then deliberated and agreed upon, to proceed against these animals by means of anathema and imprecation, and, as it is said, by malediction and excommunication. But two lawyers and two divines having been consulted, the grand-vicar was induced to change his intentions, so that abjuration, prayers, and sprinkling *with holy-water*, were alone had recourse to. The life of

the caterpillar is short; and these devotions, having lasted during several months, were supposed to have had the miraculous effect of exterminating them!'

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## PORT-ROYAL AND ITS SOLITARIES.

THE word 'Port-Royal' must have repeatedly met the eye of general readers in connection with the names of various eminent writers of France, and must have excited a wish to know its meaning, and the object or objects to which it applied. Port-Royal, sometimes called Port-Royal-des-Champs (Port-Royal of the fields or country), was the title originally given to a conventual establishment for females, attached to the order of the Benedictines, and founded so early as the year 1204. Its site was about three leagues to the south of Versailles, and its foundress was Matilda, wife of Matthew de Marly, of the house of Montmorency. For four centuries, the history of the convent was unmarked by any event of particular importance. Towards the close of that period, the establishment partook of the relaxation of discipline which gradually spread through so many of the contemporary religious houses of the continent. A regenerator arose at length in the person of Maria Angelica Arnauld, who was appointed abbess of Port-Royal about the year 1608, and who speedily made the convent a model of order and discipline to all the similar institutions of France. The celebrity which she gave to it induced a number of the noblest ladies of the land, and even some of the princesses of the blood-royal, to take up successively their residence near Port-Royal, that they might participate in its religious exercises, and profit by the example and counsels there brought within their sight and reach.

Succeeding events *elevated* Port-Royal into still greater

notice. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, Antoine Arnauld, doctor of the Sorbonne, and one who left a standard name in French literature, was led to fix his abode at Port-Royal, where, besides his sister the abbess, his mother and five others of her daughters, with no less than six of his nieces, had their permanent residence. Arnauld was accompanied in his retreat from the stir of the world by his brother Arnauld d'Andilly, Antoine Lemaistre, an advocate famous for his eloquence, and by Simon Lemaistre and Isaac Louis Lemaistre, brothers of Antoine, and the latter of them well known for his translation of the Bible. Five or six other individuals, all of them men of talent and virtue, sought at the same period the seclusion of Port-Royal, disgusted with the follies of an age on which their lessons could make no impression. Their labours were more productive of good in the solitude to which they retired. Fixing their joint habitation near to the convent, they divided their time between the cultivation of their little lands, the instruction of the boarders of the convent, the education of young people confided to their care, and the composition of those learned works which have given immortality both to themselves and to Port-Royal. The *Logic* of Arnauld, the *Rudimentary Greek and Latin Treatises* of Lancelot, the *Ethics* of Nicole, and the *Ecclesiastical History* of Le Nain de Tillemont, are instances of the able and useful works which had their origin here.

Port-Royal, in fact, became a famous school, where many statesmen as well as men of letters of great subsequent celebrity received their training. It was here that the distinguished poet, the elder Racine, was educated, and here were those seeds of virtue sown in his mind which, repressed for a time by the seductive flatteries of the world, burst forth into light and vigour at a more advanced period of his career. Racine shewed his sense of the benefits he had derived from Port-Royal, not only by devoting various poems to the celebration of its many *local beauties—its* gardens, fields, waters, and woods—but

by writing a history of the convent itself, and also a memoir vindicating the name and fame of its inhabitants. The virtuous Pascal, also, who had a sister and a niece in the establishment, enrolled himself in the band of the solitaries of Port-Royal; and although he had his permanent dwelling elsewhere, remained in intimate relations with them up to the period of his death. Thus it was that, in an age of gaudy show and glitter, these poor conventual sisters, who could boast of no attractive renown apart from that derived from their sanctity of life, became, as it were, a common bond of union—a tie to gather and bind together in one spot, all that was most eminent for rank, virtue, and learning, in the capital and country of France.

From the year 1648 to 1679, Port-Royal enjoyed its greatest celebrity, and stood at its highest point of utility. But its very renown gradually led to its fall, by exciting an envious and hostile spirit in other sections of the religious establishment of the country. Moreover, its friends and supporters, Pascal and Arnauld, had distinguished themselves by their opposition to the sect of the Jesuits, then the most powerful clerical body in France, as well at court as elsewhere. Through these adverse agencies and influences, a blight fell on the prosperity of Port-Royal. It ceased to be a seat of learning and education. The great men who had adorned it died away one by one, and others were afraid or were forbidden to take their places and sustain its repute. By various arbitrary means, the sisterhood were reduced to one-fourth of their original numbers, and, in part, were dispersed over the land. But the enmity of the party in power did not rest here. 'After long years of inveterate persecution,' says the author of a supplement to Racine's History, 'the lieutenant of police, D'Argenson, bearing a royal warrant, and accompanied by various commissaries, notaries, and magistrates, as well as by 300 policemen, took the road to the convent of Port-Royal early on the morning of the 29th of October 1709. On his arrival, the lieutenant invested the building, *took* possession of the gates, caused

all papers whatsoever to be delivered up, and form put them under seal. When this part of his commis was ended, he announced the further orders with w he was charged to the sisterhood. They were in a band of fifteen poor females, inclusive of the superior seven lay or serving sisters. Without resistance, witl protestation, without a murmur, they submitted th selves to their lot, chanting the while their accusto closing services, in the midst of the men who pu them from their home. Some of them were so a and infirm, that it was necessary to procure litter take them away. They were conducted each to a diffe dwelling, as if their cruel enemies had resolved tha two of them should have the poor consolation of wee together.'

The enemies of Port-Royal were not satisfied even the expulsion of every living being from within its w On the 22d of January 1710, another royal edict issued, and prompt, indeed, was its execution. venerable building was razed to the ground, with all separate edifices which had been successively ra around it for its visitants and friends. The mate were sold, and the destroyers of Port-Royal see desirous of effacing every trace of its foundations.

Still there arose from the naked and desecrated sp sweet-smelling savour, which was hateful to its ruth enemies. The ashes of Lemaistre, Arnauld, Racine, their kindred, yet lay there, and drew pilgrims to scene. In 1711, the graves were opened, the moulde bones of the illustrious dead torn from their resting-pl and scattered hither and thither among the cemeteric Paris and the adjoining villages!

This might, indeed, be termed the closing scene of Port-Royal communion, when its members were allowed even to enjoy the fellowship of the tomb. its enemies could not throw oblivion on the memor that band of brothers and sisters, and, even with all t *destructive* zeal, they left on the scene some tang *and visible* memorials of its former inhabitants.

who made a pilgrimage to the spot, gives the following account of the appearance which it presented to the traveller's eye:—'A little to the right of the road leading to Chevreuse and Dampierre, stands the vale formerly inhabited by the conventual sisterhood of Port-Royal. It occupies a low situation, and is of small extent, being not more than twenty minutes' walk in length, and about ten in breadth. It is a little amphitheatre, enclosed on all sides by gently rising heights. The road descends into the vale by a pretty sharp inclination, and when the traveller has reached the centre of the hollow, he sees nought but the clear sky above, and on each side the acclivities of the hills, covered half-way up with verdure, and tufted with thick woods. Silence and repose hang over the scene, and one's first thought is, that no place could have been better chosen as a retreat for those who were weary of the din of the world. On the eastern side of the vale, a vault or cellar is to be seen, being all that now remains of the mansions of the Duchesses of Liancourt and Longueville, two ladies who were among the first to retreat to the neighbourhood of Port-Royal. On the western declivity stood once the dwelling of Arnauld and his friends, and of this a considerable portion has escaped the destroyers of 1710. It is a brick building of antique fashion, and is inhabited, in a repaired state, by a gentleman who has retained with feelings of veneration the old carved wooden staircase, worm-eaten though its materials be. The interior had been arranged into a series of little cabinets or rooms for study, and these the proprietor has also preserved in the order in which he found them. Above the door of one of these cabinets, these words are engraven: "J. Racine—1657, 1658;" on another, "A. Arnauld—1655;" and on a third, "P. Nicole—1657, 1658, 1659;" indicating the inhabitants to whom these places had been specially devoted for a time. The proprietor has had a stone placed over his chief porch, with the names of the principal occupants of the mansion engraven upon it. Several of these names have been *mentioned.* They amount in all to the number

of twenty-two, every one of them of no mean repute in the annals or literature of France.

'Before the house is a garden on the site of the old one, and in the corner of which is to be seen the fragment of an old column, having a broad top, and so placed on the ground as to form a table, traditionally called the Table of the Recluses. Here it is pleasant to rest, and permit the mind to wander back to the time when, in the calm of morn or eve, much grave and sweet discourse was wont to take place on the same spot between Pascal and Arnauld, Nicole and Saci, and those others who had come hither to seek that peace not to be found among the haunts of men. From the site of these relics of the Port-Royal solitaries, it is necessary to descend into the centre of the vale, in order to reach the scene where once the old convent of Matilda de Marly stood. But its foundation-stones were torn up and sold, and on the spot where it was, gardens and orchards appear. A fragment of a turret (now a pigeon-house), covered with ivy, and decorated with the fantastic heads and busts of the antique architecture, is the sole remnant of the once massive and ample convent. The lake or pool which has been celebrated in the verses of Racine, and which will thence be remembered for ever in France, has been drained and dried up; a change to which scarce even the increased salubrity of the spot can reconcile a lover of friendship and poetry.'

Such is the story of Port-Royal, and such was its fate. The claim of Louis XIV. to be called The Great, even were it not shaken by a thousand other circumstances, would be irretrievably so by his participation in the persecution and overthrow of the noble fellowship of Port-Royal.

## BLACK LABOURERS' FANCY-BALL IN BRITISH GUIANA.

THE following article has accidentally met our eyes in a Liverpool paper, into which it is stated to have been copied from the *Royal Gazette of British Guiana*, of the 26th December 1839. It describes a most extraordinary, and surely, in some important respects, highly pleasing affair—a fancy-ball given by a black labourer to his friends of the same order, and the neighbouring gentlemen. As an instance and example of good feeling between the labouring and employing class in a colony once under the influence of slavery, and as a curious picture of manners, it seems to us entitled to extensive notice:—

On Christmas-eve, Vincent Paradise, head-labourer on the estate of Vreed-en-Hoop, entertained the sable ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance with a fancy-ball. Ten or fifteen days previously to the 24th, cards of invitation, executed in the most fashionable style, were issued, not only to such as were to appear in fancy-dresses, but also to numbers of white gentlemen of the first respectability in the neighbourhood. The whole day was fine, and admirably fitted for arranging the preparations of the evening. The last or five o'clock boat from the town-side of the ferry was crowded from stem to stern, and from larboard to starboard, with people of all classes and colours from the metropolis; the deck was covered over its length and breadth with baskets, tin-canisters, and band-boxes, filled with the robes of dukes and duchesses, of lords and ladies, and of peasants and country-girls. Knots, epaulets, plumes, and such ornaments as would suffer from being bruised, were laid carefully on the binnacle, on canister-lids, or carried in the hands. *On arriving at the* Vreed-en-Hoop Ferry

Stelling, all was found to be hurry, joy, and expecta happiness beamed on every countenance, and the gre enemy of the colony would have sought in vain for even the least, symptom of the distress and oppre under which they have represented the laboure suffering. The room in which the assembly met is a logie among the buildings on Vreed-en-Hoop; and from all directions, were seen hurrying gentleme great numbers, some in gigs, and others on horse Many of the girls and boys who were to appear in racters, drove to the place in the chaises and convey of their employers, in order to prevent their dresse ornaments from being injured by walking. Propri attorneys, and managers of estates up the river and the coast, merchants, doctors, lawyers, magistrates, private gentlemen from town and country, all assem to participate and rejoice in the evening's amusemer

The apartment that was fitted up for the occasion length eighty-seven feet, and in breadth thirty-six, its decorations were on a style in the highest degree g and elegant. It was entered at one end, so that spectator going in at the door, a full view of the w scene presented itself. A large beam runs the e length of the room, and supports the floor abo exactly in the middle. From this was suspend Hogarthian line of waving drapery, richly embroic with scarlet and gold, having arched spaces at inte through which persons could pass from one side t other. It divided the apartment, through the w length, into two equal parts, leaving a space of eigl feet broad on each side for the dancers. From the c of the ceiling of each side-division was hung a ro brilliant chandeliers, fantastically bedecked with ously coloured ornaments, and at the outer extremi both sides was suspended a similar row of lamps, the w composing a beautiful illumination. At the upper were executed, of evergreens and rich flowers, a d *comprising* the initials of Victoria Regina, and bet *them the crown of* Great Britain. On each side of

formed a lamp of extraordinary brightness; the whole was overarched and embowered by two trees of liberty, which were planted so that their unfading and luxuriant boughs were entangled together above. A colonnade of green branches rested on the floor, close to the sides of the room; these ran the entire length of the eighty-three feet, and their foliage was trained so as to overhang the chandeliers in the middle of the side-spaces. The orchestra was decorated in a tasteful and fantastic manner.

About eight o'clock, the fancy-guests began to assemble, and it was really difficult to know whether to admire most the costliness and elegance of the dresses, or their appropriateness to the rank and character they were intended to represent—kings and queens, lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, naval and military officers, chiefs and haughty dames of the olden time, pirates and highwaymen, drunken sailors and beggars upon crutches, old men tottering and paralytic, and women of equal age and frailty attending to them with an affection and care apparently as great as if they had climbed and descended the hill of life together. Little boys with their whimsical and ludicrous trappings, and girls having their brows encircled with chaplets and garlands of flowers; in a word, every variety of character that can well be imagined was present on the occasion, and many of no character at all. Numbers of respectable ladies were irresistibly attracted to survey the scene, and gentlemen of rank and standing mixed freely among the sable group.

Previously to the ball being led off by Vincent Paradise himself, who was king, and by his lady, who was queen, Daniel Stron raised himself into an erect posture from off his crutches, on which he rested a body *apparently* wasted by age and bent by decrepitude, and addressed the assembly in a loud, clear, and distinct voice, to the following effect:—'Ladies and Gentlemen, I see that the present meeting is composed of the natives of England, Ireland, and Scotland. It is to the exertions and good-will of the British *nation, and to the* kindness of our good Queen

Victoria, that we owe the relieving of our necks from yoke. It shall be our constant endeavour, both as subj of Queen Victoria, and as agricultural labourers in colony of British Guiana, to behave ourselves as beco free men. I hope we shall never disgrace our good Qu by acting contrary to her wish. I hope always to see pl of labour and good crops in this colony. Gentlem am glad to see you all here this evening, and I hope will enjoy yourselves well.' As soon as Mr Stron concluded the speech, he bent himself down upon crutches, resumed his assumed character of a mendic and supported it well throughout the evening.

Dancing commenced about nine o'clock. There room sufficient for eight sets of quadrilles, and polite and good-nature prevailed in the whole assembly. A one o'clock, or rather after, supper was announced, there was a decorum, observed in going to, while at, in coming from the table, that many assemblies of hig pretensions might have been proud of. Mr Matheso gentleman engaged in the conducting of the affairs of Vreed-en-Hoop estate, was in the chair, and Mr Sande the manager, was croupier. It was with peculiar sa faction that we observed seated, at the same table, labourer and his employer, together with magistra professional and private gentlemen. It was a rich en tainment for a benevolent eye to behold—gentlemen rank and standing in the colony encouraging, by t presence, the infant efforts of our emancipated popula to rise into respectability, independence, and into refinements of civilised life.

When the cloth was removed, the chairman gave ' Queen;' and after the hearty cheers and acclamati which the toast had called forth had subsided, Vinc Paradise returned thanks, and expressed himself to following import:—'Ladies and Gentlemen, in the na of the labourers upon this estate, I will return thanks the health of her Majesty Queen Victoria. We all grateful for the gift of our freedom. I have been he *man on Vreed-en-Hoop* in slavery time, in 'prentice ti

l since free, and have always seen good men well
ted; and I do not think that good honest labourers,
o were willing to work, were ever badly treated; they
ht be by some masters, but not many. From the
dness of Queen Victoria that gave us our freedom, we
e all opportunities of making ourselves comfortable
l independent; and I hope there will not be a negro
nd in all this colony, who will prove ungrateful to the
een and to the people of England for the important gift
t they have bestowed upon us. Gentlemen, I am very
ppy to see you all here, and much obliged to you for
ning; and I sincerely trust that the pleasure and
mony of this evening may be the forerunners of future
ce and good understanding between the proprietors
l the labourers of the colony.' Mr Paradise concluded
speech amid loud and continued cheering.

Mr Sanderson gave 'The Governor and Court of
icy.' This was received with great enthusiasm and
d cheering.

Mr Matheson rose, and said: 'In the absence of Mr
art, the attorney of this estate, I have one other toast
propose; and in doing so I may be allowed to say that
as been Mr Stuart's wish, as it has been my endeavour,
cultivate a good understanding between the employer
l those who conducted the labour of the estates, and I
st that the good feeling which now prevails between
employer and labourers on *this* estate, may long con-
ue to the mutual benefit and satisfaction of both parties.
rill now propose health, prosperity, and happiness, to
r *hosts* on this occasion, and to all the labourers of
itish Guiana.'

Mr Vincent Paradise said, that he felt proud for that
st, and hoped that all the labourers of British Guiana
uld ever be found worthy of the good opinion of the
oprietors; and concluded by proposing the health of
r Gladstone, and peace and prosperity on all the
tates.

Mr Matheson—I now beg to return thanks, in the name
Mr Gladstone, *for the favour* just conferred on him, and

I may express the pleasure I am sure he would feel were he now present here to witness the way in which his efforts to make his labourers contented and happy are appreciated.

Mr M'Clelland said, that, with the permission of the chair, he wished to propose a toast. He prefaced it by saying, that he would not detain the company by any lengthened remarks, although the subject was one of a very soft, delicate, and important nature, and well calculated to awaken all the finer feelings of the soul, inasmuch as everything connected with the harmonies and elegances of human existence was intimately connected with it. He wished to propose 'The Ladies.' This was responded to with unbounded applause.

Mr M'Cormick proposed 'The Agricultural Interests of this Colony,' and said he challenged the Emerald Isle, the Land of the Rose, the Land of the Thistle, and the Land of the Leek, to produce a peasantry so contented, independent, and happy, as those which are in this colony. Attempts have been made to poison their inexperienced minds, and sow the seeds of discontentment among them; but he was glad to find that they were now beginning to know their friends from their foes, and hoped that they would never become the dupes of the latter.

This was suitably acknowledged. Supper over, dancing was resumed, and kept up with great spirit until after daylight in the morning.

The dresses at this fancy-ball, taken altogether, cost upwards of L.300 sterling, and the whole expenses of the entertainment about L.400.

## EXPERIENCES WITH THE MARINE BAROMETER.

STORMS, as has been shewn by Colonel Reade, do not advance straightforward, as is commonly supposed, in a direct line, but in a circle or parabola like a whirlwind, and by the timely consultation of the marine barometer, may be in a great measure avoided by ships which are liable to be overtaken by them. A confirmation of this valuable theory is found in a letter from Mr Marshall, formerly commander of one of the Honourable East India Company's ships, which was published a number of years ago in the journals of the Cape, and transferred into the *Athenæum*. The following abridged account of Mr Marshall's experience will be read with interest by all who take pleasure in the triumphs of science over ignorance and prejudice.

Mr Marshall strongly recommends commanders of vessels to pay the most pointed attention to the indications of the marine barometer, which never fails, by the fall of the mercury, to indicate an approaching storm. The seaman is thus enabled, by bringing his ship to the wind, and other preparations, to secure to himself the best chance of escaping damage. 'Even if at the moment the sky should be cloudless, the atmosphere motionless, and no other indication of a storm throughout the whole visible horizon, than that which this invaluable instrument affords him, still he will take his measures with the same degree of promptitude and energy as though the danger had already commenced; and when the flattering gale springs up to favour his course, he will not be tempted to pursue it through any fallacious notion of shortening the period of his voyage; for if my theory be correct, he may rest assured, that the further he advances, the greater will be the fury of the tempest; that it is a principle of every hurricane to narrow its sphere in *proportion to its duration*; that wherever the storm

commences, there it will soonest terminate; and, con
quently, that his easiest way to escape from its fury,
to remain as stationary as possible. I should not ha
dwelt on some of these points, had I not been aw
that a notion is but too prevalent among seamen, t
scudding before the storm is the shortest way to get
of it—an error which is attended with this additio
evil, that those precious moments which intervene
tween the fall of the quicksilver and the rising of
storm, are expended—perhaps never to be retrieved—
a proceeding which, in my opinion, is fraught with nothi
but mischief.

'It was in October of the year 1808, that I
Madras on board one of the East India Company's shi
[the *Diana*, of which he was commander], with eig
others, under the convoy of a seventy-four gun-ship.
reaching the latitude of 8 degrees south, and the lon
tude of 88 degrees east, we unfortunately encounter
one of the most tremendous hurricanes that was perha
ever experienced by a ship that did not actually found
It is impossible to convey to the minds of those w
have never witnessed such a storm, any adequate idea
the fury with which it blew during the three days a
nights of its continuance, the sound resembling more
succession of peals of thunder, or the roaring of canno
than of wind; whilst the sea formed one continu
breach over the ship, sweeping everything moval
before it. During nearly the whole of this period, t
passengers, officers, and crew were, without distinction
persons, employed in pumping or baling, cutting aw
masts, securing guns, or in other work essential to t
safety of the ship; whilst, owing to the impracticabili
of getting into the hold through the body of water alwa
lodged on the gun-deck, the chief part of the period w
passed without food, or even a drop of water to allay t
thirst of the men at the pumps, who were with difficul
and occasionally could not be prevented from swallowi
the bilge-water as it ascended from the well. And had
*not been for the* fortunate circumstance of a quantity

this precious beverage being found in the lockers of the great cabin, which was latterly served out at the pumps in wine-glasses, the probability is, that we should have literally perished through the want of a liquid, of which there was an abundance in the hold. Our distress, too, was not a little aggravated by two of the twelve-pounders being adrift at once on the gun-deck, causing the greatest consternation lest some port should be stove in by their means. Notwithstanding, the foremast, mizen-mast, maintop-mast, and bowsprit were, at the peril of our lives, successively cut away. At the close of the third day, we were left with seven feet of water in the hold, and four feet in parts of the gun-deck, frequently with three out of the four pumps choked at a time, and without the slightest prospect of any abatement of the storm.

'I have been a witness to many a distressing scene on the ocean, but never, in the course of my practice, have I been present at one so distressing, at least to my own feelings, as that which I have more immediately under consideration. The scene I am now drawing to a close, was one of peculiar excitement, painful feelings, and of heavy responsibility. Well may the Psalmist say: "These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." But to return from this digression. At the close of the third day of this awful hurricane, the cabins below being no longer habitable, the passengers were crowded into one side of the round-house, as being the only cabin from which the water could be effectually excluded. Here, then, a scene of wo was exhibited which baffled description—a scene sufficiently appalling to rend the stoutest heart in twain, especially of his on whom all eyes were turned for that relief which it was not in his power to afford—even to her, who had the strongest of all claims on him for consolation, and whose peculiarly interesting situation demanded the utmost stretch of his sympathy.

'The ship, apparently water-logged, was now observed to be settling *fast forward*. Every countenance exhibited

a picture of despair; when, at this critical moment, the wind rapidly began to subside, which was no sooner announced to the people at the pumps, than their labours, which, from a feeling of despondency, had previously languished, were resumed with renewed vigour; and such was the rapidity of the change in our favour, that one of the most dreadful of all storms was speedily lulled into a perfect calm; the ship once more rose freely to the sea, and by daylight on the following morning, all the water was discharged from her.' But the vessel now 'lay a helpless wreck on the water, exposed to every surge of the sea, which had not subsided so rapidly as the wind, and which occasioned her to roll most awfully; and now, as she rose on the mountainous billow, every eye eagerly swept the horizon in search of the fleet, but all in vain, for not a ship could be seen; upon which we trembled for their fate. The bowsprit, foremast, mizenmast, and maintop-mast, as before intimated, were all gone by the board; the whole of the live-stock, with a trifling exception—consisting of 150 sheep, 30 pigs, 4 cows, 3 calves, 8 goats, and many hundred head of poultry—were washed overboard, or otherwise destroyed; nearly all the captain's stores, the medicine-chest, and seamen's chests, with their contents, were in the same predicament. After an anxious scrutiny of the charts, no friendly port was found to be within reach of us; the nearest towards the East was Bencoolen, which, on account of the season of the year, was difficult of approach, and incapable of affording the relief we stood in need of. Towards the west was the Isle of France, then in possession of the French. To proceed direct to the Cape was an undertaking which, at the first blush of our situation, nobody conceived to be practicable. Still, upon a closer inspection of our resources, many difficulties were obviated, and our situation appeared to be far less desperate than we had at first imagined. Our stock of water and salt provisions, which was considerable, was happily found to be uninjured; we had rice and spirits *in abundance.* Our spare stock of spars, which was also

considerable, and well secured before the storm commenced, was safe; we had spare sails, canvas, and cordage sufficient, and we knew our situation to be on the verge of the south-east trade-wind, which blew direct towards the Cape, and the season for entering Table Bay was favourable. After due deliberation, at a meeting of the officers of the ship and the principal passengers, it was unanimously resolved to undertake the voyage to the Cape; and as an encouragement to the crew to give their spontaneous exertions in favour of this great undertaking, a subscription was immediately entered into, with a view to replace their chests, clothes, &c., on our arrival at the Cape, which were lost in the storm. Seven hundred pounds were raised for this purpose in the course of a few minutes (perhaps an unprecedented act of similar liberality), which was no sooner communicated to the crew, than they gave three hearty cheers, and declared their readiness to perform every duty required of them; and never was a promise more rigidly fulfilled. However, in spite of these but seldom paralleled exertions, we were eleven weeks in reaching the destined port, after suffering many privations. Still I consider this as one of the happiest periods of my life; and judging from the number of cheerful countenances, and the unanimity which reigned throughout the ship, I much doubt whether it were not the lot of every soul on board. I cannot account for the fact, unless it were owing to the particular frame of mind we had imbibed from our recent deliverance—a frame of mind which philosophy might spurn at, but which religion might have hailed as the precursor of the only solid happiness destined for man.

'The day of our arrival in Table Bay was one of intense excitement, anxious, as we naturally were, to ascertain the fate of a fleet from which we had separated, eleven weeks before, under such unpropitious circumstances. This suspense, however, was of short duration; our worthy commodore, with five of his convoy, were soon discovered to *be safe at anchor* in the bay; the remaining

three ships were missing, and, sad to tell, have never since been heard of. Of those which were safe, four, including the seventy-four gun-ship, had been in more or less danger of foundering in the storm; whilst two escaped with but little injury, owing, as it appeared from a comparison of journals, to their having escaped the brunt of the storm by being considerably to windward of the others—thus corroborating the theory with which I commenced, in my endeavours to prove that where the storm begins, there it will soonest end. During a greater part of the third day, which was by far the most tempestuous with us, these two ships lay nearly becalmed.

'Such were the disastrous effects of this memorable hurricane, from a summary of which I think myself at liberty to draw the following practical inference—namely, that had we instantly attended to the timely warning of the barometer, by bringing the ship to the wind, and making preparations for the storm, instead of scudding before it until we could scud no longer, we should have escaped with as little injury as the two ships I have just alluded to; and that, had the three unfortunate ships which foundered in the storm pursued a similar course, which it may be fairly presumed they did not, a very different fate might have befallen them too.'

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## RIENZI: THE TRIBUNE.

In one of the meanest districts of the city of Rome, a quarter inhabited only by humble mechanics and Jews, was born, in the early years of the fourteenth century, Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini, commonly called Cola di Rienzi, the last of the tribunes or popular magistrates of Rome. He was the son of an innkeeper and a washerwoman; and in those days, when all the avenues to power and distinction were exclusively occupied by the families of

the great, it might have been anticipated that young Rienzi would have passed his life in the obscure and lowly sphere which had witnessed his birth. But his parents, either in consequence of some early promise in the boy, or through some accidental cause, were induced to bestow on him, at the cost of great privations to themselves, the rare gift of a liberal education; and nature had endowed him with the talents necessary to turn his opportunities to advantage. The writings of the ancient historians and orators of his country formed the favourite study of his youth, and in her magnificent monumental remains he saw emblems of her past glory that fired his fancy and nursed in his breast the spark of patriotism.

But the Rome of Rienzi's early day was sadly different from the Rome of elder times. It had long lost the political empire of the world; and even the pontifical power, which had in some measure compensated the loss of imperial rule, had been reft from the city, the popes having transferred their court and government to Avignon. Rome could only boast at this era, of a delegated head, an apostolic vicar or viceroy, in whose hands was lodged the ostensible dominion of the city. But the nobles were its true governors; the great families of Colonna, Ursini, and a few others, held the whole authority, virtually, in their hands. Grossly they abused their power, subjecting the citizens to the cruelest oppression and tyranny, outraging systematically the honour of their families, and corrupting at will the course of justice. Such was the condition of Rome in the early years of the fourteenth century.

Young Rienzi saw and deeply deplored the evils of his country. A disinterested desire to relieve it from its oppressors sprang up in his breast, and he began in a remarkable manner to pave the way for the accomplishment of that great end. At accidental meetings of the people, whether in large or small bodies, he allowed his voice to be heard, and took every occasion to recall to the remembrance of his hearers the glories of their ancestry. Alluding to them, he would cry: 'Where are

now those Romans—their virtue, their justice, their power? Oh! why was I not born in those happy times!' Being a fluent and energetic speaker, Rienzi speedily became a favourite with the populace, and his addresses to them in the streets grew more and more frequent. Daily he would assemble bands of them around him, and, pointing their attention to the lions, serpents, and other emblematical figures abounding in every part of the city, he would draw comparisons, in an allegorical but not very ambiguous style, between the glorious times which witnessed the erection of these monuments, and the degraded period in which he and his hearers were condemned to live. Growing bolder day by day, he ventured upon open denunciations of the tyranny of the nobles, and inflamed the passions of his audiences by dwelling on the bitter subject of their wrongs. Strange to say, the nobles were blinded enough to be totally insensible to the serious and dangerous tendency of Rienzi's proceedings. Everything 'plebeian' was so utterly despised by them, that many of them actually came in person to listen to his political lectures, looking upon him much in the same light as they did Punchinello, or the common buffoons of the carnival. It is even said that Rienzi, taking a lesson from the elder Brutus, who feigned madness till the hour came for the deliverance of his country, condescended to enter the Colonna palace by invitation, to *amuse* the company with his threats and predictions. The abject state of slavery to which the nobles had reduced the people, could not be more glaringly shewn than by such a circumstance as this.

When an embassy was sent from Rome to the papal court of Avignon, Rienzi had acquired influence enough over the people to be appointed one of the thirteen deputies representing the order of the commons. At Avignon, he attracted notice by his bold and ready oratory, and there he also met a congenial spirit in the poet Petrarch. On returning to Rome, Rienzi continued his former practices, but the pressure of poverty for a *time chilled his* aspiring hopes, and he was absolutely

[illegible] to seek the charity of an hospital. With the appointment of apostolic notary, which yielded him a [illegible] income, his spirit revived, and he recommenced his daring addresses to the people. Still the nobles remained in supine blindness, allowing the orator to ripen the minds of the people for any outbreak. An accident brought on the crisis. Rienzi's brother was assassinated, and the survivor loudly demanded vengeance. But the murderer was protected by the Colonna influence, and Rienzi found his appeals fruitless. From this hour he was resolute in his design of immediately overturning the power of the nobles. It was in the middle of May 1347 that he entered on the first step towards the completion of his object, by assembling on Mount Aventine, at midnight, a body of 100 citizens favourable to his purpose. 'Friends and fellow-citizens,' said Rienzi, 'the blood of my slaughtered brother cries for vengeance, and would justify a severe retaliation; but it is your wish and mine to procure the inestimable blessings of liberty without involving our country in bloodshed and confusion. The accomplishment of your wishes, the establishment of the *good estate* [the speaker's favourite phrase], is rapidly advancing, if you have only fortitude and forbearance enough to exert the power you possess with spirit, perseverance, and moderation. The strength of our oppressors is imaginary; they are without union, without virtue, without resources.' Rienzi ended his harangue by announcing his intention of immediately assembling the people, unarmed, by proclamation, and recommended to his hearers so to demean themselves as 'to prove to the world that a few precious drops of Roman blood were still circulating in their veins.'

Next day, accordingly, a proclamation was made over the whole city, by sound of trumpet, calling on all the people to assemble before the Church of St Angelo on the following evening, to provide for the 'restoration of the good estate.' The nobles still remained inactive, and seemed totally ignorant of the real character of Rienzi's movements. *This* supposition is confirmed by the

circumstance of the pope's vicar, the Bishop of Orvieto, consenting to be present at the proposed assembly before the Church of St Angelo. During the whole of the night preceding that meeting, Rienzi and his friends were occupied in the celebration of masses, in order to propitiate Heaven in favour of their enterprise. When the appointed hour came, an immense crowd had assembled. Not only the whole space before the church, but the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses, and every place which commanded a view of the spot, were covered with spectators, whose numbers it would be difficult to calculate or tell. After a sufficient time had elapsed to stimulate the curiosity of the people to the highest pitch, the doors of the church were thrown open, and Rienzi, bareheaded, and dressed in complete armour, presented himself to the crowd, having on his right hand the papal vicar, and behind him the principal conspirators. Four silken banners followed next, carried by men attired in purple and gold. On these banners were emblazoned allegorical figures of Justice, Liberty, and Peace. A procession, accompanied by martial music, now commenced, the whole assembled multitude following in the wake. Being gifted by nature with a tall and handsome person, Rienzi played his part nobly and dignifiedly in the pageant, and the admiring populace, ignorant of what was to be done, yet hopeful of good, sent up loud and lengthened shouts of applause. On reaching the Capitol, Rienzi ascended a lofty balcony, from which he addressed the people. Assuming that they were fully masters of the city, he congratulated them on the bloodless victory they had gained. Charmed by his noble appearance and his captivating eloquence, the people raised a shout, exclaiming with one accord: 'Rienzi shall be king!'

Meanwhile, the nobles looked on in stupor, yet unconscious whether they were in danger or not. Stephen Colonna brought the matter to a decision. Absent from Rome at the time of this great meeting, he hastened to the city on hearing of it; and when Rienzi sent a messenger to the Colonna palace, its master declared that at his

leisure he would cast the mad notary from the windows of the Capitol. On receiving this message, Rienzi rang the great bell, and gave the alarm. A great crowd of citizens rushed to the Colonna palace, and its haughty lord was compelled to fly with precipitation to his country castle of Palaestrina. A general order was issued, commanding all the nobles to follow his example, and they, stunned by the unanimity of this movement, obeyed with haste and in silence.

The author of this remarkable revolution, which freed the Roman citizens at one blow from the presence of all their oppressors, would not assume the title which, in the warmth of their gratitude, the people would have freely accorded to him. He declared that he would not bear an appellation which a Tarquin and a Nero had disgraced. After a time, however, seeing the necessity of having his authority sanctioned in some regular form, he consented to take the title of tribune, which, in ancient days, indicated a guardian of popular privileges. But the power of Rienzi was really that of a dictator, and it is admitted by all historians, that he at the outset wielded it admirably. He introduced new and excellent laws, reformed the finances, extinguished sanctuaries and such-like privileges, and, in short, established an entirely novel order of things. 'A den of robbers,' says one historian, 'was converted to the discipline of a camp or a convent; patient to hear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor and the stranger.' Another historian declares, that 'in this time the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith, were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway.'

Rienzi behaved generously, perhaps not wisely, towards the banished nobles. He soon recalled them to the city, exacting only from them an oath of allegiance to the new government and *to the Church*, which he had judiciously

taken pains to identify with his own cause. The haughty nobles felt deeply their humiliation, yet fear constrained them into obedience. A simple Roman citizen of the period, speaking of their condition and feelings, says: 'Bareheaded, their hands crossed on their breast, they stood in presence of the tribune with downcast looks; and they trembled—good heavens! how they trembled!' These and other triumphs rendered the head of Rienzi giddy. At no time was he distinguished for cool reason and self-command, and ere he had been elevated a month or two, he grew ridiculous for pride and ostentation. His acts and decrees were headed: 'Nicholas, severe and merciful; deliverer of Rome; defender of Italy; friend of mankind, and of liberty, peace, and justice; tribune august!' On public occasions, he clothed himself in a party-coloured robe of velvet, lined with fur, and embroidered with gold. In his hand he carried a sceptre of shining steel, crowned with a globe and cross of gold. In processions, he rode on a pure white horse, the emblem of royalty; the great banner of the republic was held above his head; fifty halberdiers and a troop of horse attended him; his trumpets and tymbals were of massive silver; and at every step of his march handfuls of gold and silver were scattered among the people. His love of pomp, however, was carried to still greater lengths. He caused himself to be created a Knight of the Order of the Holy Ghost, under circumstances of splendour unequalled since the days of the Empire. On another occasion, he had himself crowned with seven crowns of different metals and leaves, representing the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit. The degree to which his reason was affected by his elevation, may be conceived by his having the folly to summon before him the two rival emperors of Germany, and Pope Clement, 'commanding' the latter at the same time to 'reside in his diocese of Rome.' Unsheathing his maiden sword, also, on the occasion *of his knighthood*, he 'thrice brandished it to the three *parts of the world*, and thrice repeated the extravagant *declaration*: "And this, too, is mine!"'

All this from the man who, but a few years before, was known to every one to have had but one garment in the world, and to have begged for bread at the gate of a house of charity, was most vexatious, even to his firmest supporters among the people. To the barons it was intolerable, and, forgetting their private feuds, the houses of Colonna, Ursini, and others, conspired to effect the overthrow of the tribune. He obtained information of the plot, and, inviting the heads of it to a banquet, he seized them all, and threw them into prison. But he either wished merely to shew them his power, or dared not carry his first stern intent into execution; for, after detaining them for a night in mortal fear, and preparing everything for their execution, he suddenly changed his tone, and became the supplicant for their lives with the council of the people, pledging himself for their obedience and submission thenceforward. Of course, at his word the barons were liberated, but they were not the men to pardon the deadly alarm into which they had been thrown. Within a few weeks they fled simultaneously to their country estates, raised their vassals, and marched against Rome. The great bell of the Capitol sounded the alarm, and Rienzi had still influence enough to rouse the citizens to resistance. A battle took place within the walls, and the barons were routed. Seven of the house of Colonna fell on that occasion, and the triumphant tribune, who had shewn but little military prowess, was inhuman enough to refuse them the honours of burial. The maidens of the family at length interred the bodies of their kinsmen; and their tears, together with the latent respect of the people for that ancient house, stirred up a more general feeling of bitterness against the tribune.

Rienzi did not long enjoy his success over the nobles. The pope, disgusted, like others, by his arrogance, and irritated by the treatment shewn to one of his legates, fulminated a bull of excommunication against him; and soon after Count Pepin de Minorbino introduced himself into Rome with 150 soldiers, and took possession of it with

the greatest ease. It is true that Rienzi, as usual, the great bell of the Capitol for hours together, man rose to aid him, and, without a blow being str fell into the hands of Count Pepin. The tribune s it is said, great pusillanimity, and abdicated the g ment, weeping over the ingratitude of his count He was thrown into the Castle of St Angelo, a soon as much forgotten, seemingly, as if his short r a few months had never taken place.

Count Pepin restored the authority of the aris and the Church, conciliating the people, however, same time, by the election of a new civic tribune degree of nominal power. Things speedily retu their former condition. The nobles resumed thei tyranny over the people, and robberies and assassi became again frequent, or rather incessant on ground. For seven years matters remained thus, a wearied people began to think with regret of the en rule of Rienzi, and to remember nothing of him virtues. Meanwhile, what had become of the tribune? After a month's durance in St Angelo, made his escape in the guise of a monk, and wa through various cities of Germany, Italy, and countries, endeavouring to gain the friendship of princes and potentates. At length he boldly pre himself at the court of the Emperor Charles IV., a sent by that monarch to Avignon, in the conditio captive. Pope Clement kept him in prison; but succession of Pope Innocent, new hopes dawned deposed tribune. Lamenting the troublous and diso state of Rome, Innocent was advised to send thither, as being the only man who could restore p the disturbed city of St Peter. Rienzi, it may be be joyfully accepted the charge. After swearing alle to the papal power, he set out for the scene of his g his follies, and his fall.

The re-entrance of the senator Rienzi, as he w styled, into Rome, was a scene of triumph and rej *For a time* afterwards, hopes were entertained t

would be a blessing to the city; but these hopes proved fallacious. His own character, we are informed, had undergone a serious change for the worse during his exile. He had become intemperate, suspicious, and cruel, and his once fine face and person now presented a blotted swollen appearance, indicating the grossness of his living. He was now, besides, but a delegated servant of the pope —scarcely a trusted one. The barons were all more inimical to him than ever; and hence it was that Rienzi's new reign was a continued scene of tumult during the four months that it lasted. At the end of that time, a disturbance, fomented by the nobles, broke out, and an angry multitude besieged the Capitol, where Rienzi had taken up his abode. The senator was deserted by his guards; yet, in that last hour, he made a vigorous effort to regain his authority. With the banner of liberty in his hand, he presented himself on the balcony to address the people. Had they listened to him, the charm of his eloquence might still have moved them; but the noise drowned his voice, and stones and arrows were directed at his person, and on being struck in the hand, he retired weeping. It was evening ere the rioters forced their way into the building, where they seized their former idol as he attempted to escape in disguise. They dragged him into the street, and for one whole hour he stood in the midst of them pale, silent, and motionless. There was still a nobility in his aspect which restrained the mob from injuring him. But one individual finally struck him with a dagger, and the charm seemed broken. A thousand blows followed, the most of them borne by a lifeless corpse.

Thus fell Rienzi the tribune, a man of extraordinary endowments and extraordinary fate. Had he been able to endure prosperity, he might have left behind him one of the most glorious names in history. Petrarch the poet was his friend, and has expressed high admiration of his character and abilities, as they were developed in his early career.

# THE OLD FORTUNE-TELLER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE is not, perhaps, a single little town in all Fra which does not possess its professional fortune-telle person who lives by card-reading, and by the predic of all that is good and happy for those who desire thu learn their destiny. This card-prophet is usually, or rat uniformly, a woman, the sex having had no rivals in department since the days of the astrologers—who, a all, were but a parcel of old women. Of course, too, fortune-teller is advanced in years, and has all the o nary witch-like attributes of face and figure. Tho every person possessing any pretensions to sense education would blush to admit openly that he or ascribed any weight to such magical pretences, yet i amazing how many people of the better classes, in th small French towns, fee the old fortune-teller at period or other of their lives, to unravel some kn point in their destiny. To do them justice, such r rences may be made, rather from a conviction of fortune-teller's general shrewdness, and of the care takes to acquire all possible information about neighbours in the ordinary way, than from any t in her powers of obtaining knowledge by supernat means. But it is unnecessary either to give expl tions, or make apologies, on this subject. The matte hand is to tell a little story—a story of real life—an that we come without more delay.

Once on a time I was invited to spend some weeks v a friend, at a town not a thousand miles from Paris. friend was married. I had calculated on this circ stance as likely to be troublesome, seeing that it mi interfere with the bachelor luxuries of cigar-smoking *unrestrained chat;* but my friend's wife was so charm

a woman, that I soon decided things to be better as they were. She doted upon her husband, and he was not behind in reciprocating the feeling. They had two pretty children, whose smiling faces and delightful prattle would have made any one envy the parents. To the pleasure derived from the society of my host and hostess, was added the entertainment arising from an occasional reunion of all the magnates of the place around the hospitable board of my friend. It was an agreeable task for one sated with the gloss and refinement of city-life, to study the characters of these comparatively unsophisticated mortals, and to listen to their simple sentiments and views on topics brought accidentally before them.

Fortune-telling became the subject of our converse one evening. The mayor of the town, who chanced to be present, and who thought it befitting his office to seem as wise and enlightened as possible, gave us a descant on the folly of such superstitious practices. He called divination by cards and palmistry, a remnant of the barbarism of the middle ages, and altogether unworthy the illumination of modern days. The schoolmaster and notary of the town, as in duty bound, thought as the mayor did. In fact, nobody dissented from the venerable truisms of the worthy gentleman. Flushed with his triumph, the mayor turned to our hostess, and continued confidently: 'I am sure, madam, *you* have never had recourse to fortune-telling.' I had noticed something like a smile on the lady's lips during the harangue of the mayor. The smile now became marked and undeniable, and on her husband's lips there played a similar expression, as the two glanced at each other in obvious intelligence. 'Yes, sir,' said our hostess at length, replying to the mayor; 'I have had recourse ere now to fortune-telling.' She again looked at her husband, and it was plain that some pleasant reminiscence was embodied in the glance. They reciprocally held out their hands, and my friend pressed and kissed that of his wife. These signs of mutual feeling did not pass unnoticed by any member of the *assembled company*. Seeing their faces

full of inquiring interest, the lady continued: 'I obse you are all surprised. But there is nothing extraordin in the matter. Listen, and you shall judge.'

She then told as follows:—'My marriage with Alpho [her husband] was nearly arranged. Inclination, pare consent, and, in short, every favouring circumstance, w on the side of our union. Alphonse had the free ex of my father's house, and we had leave to see each otl to talk together, and to walk together. All went pleasingly, till one fine day Monsieur Alphonse chos assume a cold look, to speak in monosyllables, and, place of calling me Anna, to call me Ma'mselle. I w the whole night after. To what cause to attribute t sudden coldness, I knew not. I was in despair; but, proud to seek an explanation, I concealed my uneasin and even affected unusual gaiety before my lover. P Alphonse! I have since learned what he suffered; indeed I might have known it pretty well at first, fro consciousness of my own tortures.

'Monsieur Alphonse, it seemed, was jealous; jealou one of my cousins, a student who came from St Cyr pass a few days of his vacation beside us. This yo had taken the liberty of saluting me, and perhaps of o or twice putting his arm around me. Alphonse neglected one whole day for the little cousin. "Dou less," thought the former, "this cousin is preferred. for me, the marriage with which I am to be honou is plainly but a matter of convenience, and Heaven kn what my fate may be afterwards!" Hence the fro aspect, the Othello-like visage of Monsieur Alphonse, my assumed gaiety seemed but to prove and crown perfidy. He felt himself bound to quit such an ingr to banish from his heart a love so unworthy. Let her and marry this cousin of hers, thought he, since she not even give herself the trouble of dissimulating bef me. As for himself, he would go abroad; nothing l travelling for banishing the recollection of an unfortun love.

'*While Alphonse* was occupied with these thoughts,

idea struck him—he would go and consult the
, the fortune-teller. Without giving himself
flect either on the utility or inutility, the wisdom
lly, of such a step, his restless impatience led
m to the dwelling of the old fortune-teller. He
ot to knock at the door, but entered, and
the steps to the wise woman's attic by threes
s at a time.
ard-prophetess was at the moment engaged with
girl, and both of them were so entirely absorbed
matter in hand, that neither of them perceived
the approach of the new visitor. The chamber
recess was dark and gloomy. Alphonse placed
in a corner, to observe what passed. The old
was looking attentively at the girl before her, and
ng now and then the lines of her visitor's hand.
placed her hand over the girl's heart, and a card
n. The meaning of this card, as apparent to her
seeing eyes, was as follows (the old woman spoke
le aloud):—"At this moment you have a great
oppressing you, which would cease if you dared
.; but you have a lucky star, and the person who
our uneasiness will soon see his error, and atone

my good mother," cried the girl, "can this be
How have you guessed my trouble! Read it
me." The old woman did as she was desired.
this be true," cried the girl, shedding tears in
ce, "how happy you have made me, mother, by
se this hope! Here is some recompense for you."
same time she drew from her purse a piece of
francs, and having given it to the fortune-teller,
round to depart, wiping the joyful tears from her
d murmuring: "Dear Alphonse! he will yet be

Anna—for you may guess that it was I'—said our
blushing divinely at the recollection of the
ses into which she had been led by her youthful
, 'Anna started, and uttered a cry of surprise on

meeting Alphonse face to face. "How!" said she, "
you followed me hither? or have you, too, con
hear"—— "Yes," said Alphonse, in a voice more t
than I had ever heard it before; "yes, my Anna
angel, I came to learn my fortune, but you have
the fate of both. Pardon me—love is suspicious."
told you this," said the fortune-teller triumpha
"the cards never fail."

'Alphonse and I came away together, more att
to one another than ever. Alphonse explained the
of the cousin, and I wondered that he could have
disturbed by such a trifle. But I took care that no
of the same kind should ever occur to disturb him
This is our story; and this, Monsieur le Maire, wa
occasion on which I had recourse to fortune-telling.
see that it may sometimes lead to a happy issue, th
not perhaps in the very way that may be pretende
its professors. The old woman still lives, hard by,
the mayor may perhaps find a good wife by consu
her.'

This remark suggested an idea to me. 'Come,' s
'let us all go and see this wonderful woman, and
what she has to promise to each of us.' The m
mindful of his eloquent tirade, was alone dispose
demur to the proposition. He muttered some
about the 'gravity of his office;' but everybody pron
to keep the matter secret, and curiosity led the w
magistrate at length to forget that the middle ages
past, and to go with the rest. The sorceress receive
whole party of us politely, and bent on us a pair
quick and searching eyes as ever shone in human
The mayor tried the cards. They announced to him,
he was to lose his place at the next municipal elec
[When they came, he was kicked out.] The no
jolly red face grew rather lengthy when it was for
to him, that a paralysis would by and by unfit his fi
for holding the pen of office. [The poor notary
erelong obliged to resign his place for this very ca
*In short, the* old prophetess, with the most consum

ess, gave every one of us in turn something to look
ard to, of much the same pleasing character as the
ding predictions. No doubt the old gipsy thought
such a band could only come to mock her, and was
ved to turn the tables upon us, and she succeeded to
ration. Like all fortune-tellers, a large share of
ral shrewdness, private knowledge of facts, and
sire to please her customers, formed the 'sole
kcraft which she had used.'

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## THE DOG OF BRETTEN.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

he year 1811, I quitted the grand army, then in
many, on a mission to Spain, and on my way stopped
retten, a little town of the Grand Duchy of Baden.
ceeded to the Rath-Haus (town-hall), to apply for a
t, and there found the burgomaster conversing, or
er disputing, with one of the inhabitants, who did not
e big words, which are still more big in German than
ench. The burgomaster appeared delighted at the
al of a stranger, as it delivered him from his dis-
eable tête-à-tête. He sent off his man in a very bad
our, who presently returned and said: 'I have served
faithfully, and find that the proverb is verified. I am
ed in the same way as the dog of Bretten. They
put his picture into the town-arms, and in order that
ay be complete, you should write my name under it.'
language was of course unintelligible to me; but
ing towards the wall, I saw the arms of Bretten
mounted by a dog without a tail. My brave Medor,
ch had made with me all the campaigns of Napoleon,
by my side; he was a good creature, but by no means
dsome; his tail had been cut short off, which did not
rove his appearance.

'Sir,' said the burgomaster to me, 'your dog is exactly like that of our town-arms. I hope, however, that he will not meet with the same mishap, or rather with something equivalent, for his tail has been cropped short already.'

'This is the second time,' said I, 'that I have heard the dog of the town-arms mentioned. Pray tell me its history.'

'Willingly,' replied the burgomaster; 'but you are fatigued, and are in more need of a dinner than a history. Your billet is to my house, and if you will go there with this lad, who will shew you the way, I will soon follow you. I have a few orders to give, and in the meantime, whilst the dinner is preparing, my wife will do her best to amuse you.'

Having accepted the kind offer of the burgomaster, I set off with my guide, who, as soon as we were in the street, said: 'Looking at your dog, sir, one would say that you had stolen him out of the town-arms.' As we went along, men, women, and children, cried out: 'Look! look! there's the dog of Bretten! the town-dog come to life!' When we had arrived at the house of the burgomaster, I was very well received by his wife, but she cried out: '*Der Bretten's hund!*' as soon as she saw my dog; and then added: 'I hope, sir, he will not be served like the dog of Bretten. But that is impossible; for his tail is cut off as short as it well could be.'

'Madam,' said I, 'I have not been in your town more than half an hour, and I have heard of nothing but the dog of Bretten. The worthy burgomaster has promised to tell me its history; but as I am curious to know it at once, perhaps you will have the goodness to relate it.' The lady replied, that she would not deprive her husband of that pleasure; but as to the history, it was well known to every urchin in the town. The burgomaster soon arrived; and when he had feasted me with true German hospitality, I reminded him of his promise.

'It is a very old story,' said he, 'for the proverb which *you have already* heard is to be found in the oldest books.

It is mentioned by Fischart, who wrote in the middle of the sixteenth century. In our country, when a man has not been rewarded for his services, we say: "He is treated in the same way as the dog of Bretten." There was formerly in Bretten a sportsman whose dog, which was full of sagacity, had been admirably trained. He wanted nothing but speech, and the want of this he sometimes seemed to supply by the peculiar wagging of his tail. He was alike valuable in the field and in the town. He executed all the commissions of his master, who had nothing to do but to put a basket in his mouth, with a note to the butcher, or the baker, or the grocer, in which was enclosed the money for what he wanted, and to mention the word butcher, baker, or grocer, when off trotted the dog to fetch the provisions, which he religiously respected. If his master wished to invite any friend to come and see him, he had but to utter the name, and the dog would run off, and pulling the intended guest by the coat, inform him that he was wanted. Everybody was fond of the dog, and everybody called it the dog of Bretten. One day the sportsman sent his dog with his basket, and a note to the butcher, who was a zealous Catholic, whereas the sportsman was a Protestant. The animal arrived at the shop, wagged his tail, and presented his note, which was for some sausages. "Sausages on a Friday!" exclaimed the butcher, colouring with rage. "Meat on a Friday! Well, if you must have meat," said the ruffian, taking a hatchet and cutting off the poor dog's tail close to the rump, and then putting it into the basket, "there it is." The poor dog, bleeding and in pain, returned home, laid his basket before his master, stretched himself out, and died. Judge of the fury of his master. He rushed out of his house, armed with a sword, determined to kill the butcher. Fortunately for himself, the wretch got notice of the intended visit, and escaped from the town, for men, women, and children, had sworn to avenge the cruel murder of their favourite. On the following day, it was unanimously voted, that as the poor dog could not be brought to life, his portrait should be *embodied in* the town-arms.

## HARDRESS FITZGERALD.

SOME years ago, there appeared in that popular periodical the *Dublin University Magazine*, a narrative of the singular adventures of Hardress Fitzgerald, an eminent Irish Royalist, who contrived to elude the strictest search for his person after the battle of the Boyne had all but annihilated his party. The narrative, from which we propose to make a short extract, purports to be written by the hero himself, and commences with an amusing account of his living in disguise in Dublin; it then proceeds to state that, becoming anxious to join the wreck of King James's forces in Limerick, he ventured on travelling across the country as a pedler; how, while on the way, he had an interview with General Sarsefield, and received from him certain papers to convey to the unhappy Royalists; after which, on pursuing his journey, he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of some soldiers, and was brought before Captain Oliver, a leader in the ranks of his opponents. At this point we shall allow him to tell his story in his own words, which give one a fearful idea of the cruelties committed at that disastrous period in Ireland.

'Unbuckle your pack,' exclaimed the corporal; 'unbuckle your pack, fellow, and shew your goods to the captain—here where you are.'

I proceeded to present my merchandise to the loving contemplation of the officers, who thronged around me with a strong light from an opposite window. As I continued to traffic with these gentlemen, I observed with no small anxiety the eyes of Captain Oliver frequently fixed upon me with a kind of dubious inquiring gaze. 'I think, my honest fellow,' he said at last, 'that I have seen you somewhere before this. Have you often dealt with the military?'

'I have traded, sir,' said I, 'with the soldiery many a time, and always been honourably treated. Will your

worship please to buy a pair of lace ruffles?—very cheap —your worship.'

'Why do you wear your hair so much over your face, sir!' said Oliver, without noticing my suggestion. 'I promise you, I think no good of you: throw back your hair, and let me see you plainly. Hold up your face, and look straight at me; throw back your hair, sir!'

I felt that all chance of escape was at an end, and stepping forward as near as the table would allow me to him, I raised my head, threw back my hair, and fixed my eyes sternly and boldly upon his face. I saw that he knew me instantly, for his countenance turned as pale as ashes with surprise and hatred: he started up, placing his hand instinctively upon his sword-hilt, and glaring at me with a look so deadly, that I thought every moment he would strike his sword into my heart. He said in a kind of whisper: 'Hardress Fitzgerald!'

'Yes,' said I boldly, for the excitement of the scene had effectually stirred my blood, 'Hardress Fitzgerald is before you. I know you well, Captain Oliver. I know how you hate me. I know how you thirst for my blood; but in a good cause, and in the hands of God, I defy you.'

'You are a desperate villain, sir,' said Captain Oliver; 'a rebel and a murderer! Hollo there, guard, seize him!'

As the soldiers entered, I threw my eyes hastily round the room, and observing a glowing fire upon the hearth, I suddenly drew General Sarsefield's packet from my bosom, and casting it upon the embers, planted my foot upon it. 'Secure the papers!' shouted the captain; and almost instantly I was laid prostrate and senseless upon the floor by a blow from the but-end of a carbine.

I cannot say how long I continued in a state of torpor; but at length, having slowly recovered my senses, I found myself lying firmly handcuffed upon the floor of a small chamber, through a narrow loophole in one of whose walls the evening sun was shining. I was chilled with cold and damp, and drenched in blood, which had flowed in large quantities *from* the wound on my head. By a

strong effort, I shook off the sick drowsiness which still hung upon me, and weak and giddy, I rose with pain and difficulty to my feet. The chamber, or rather cell, in which I stood, was about eight feet square, and of a height very disproportioned to its other dimensions—its altitude from the floor to the ceiling being not less than twelve or fourteen feet. A narrow slit, placed high in the wall, admitted a scanty light, but sufficient to assure me that my prison contained nothing to render the sojourn of its tenant a whit less comfortless than my worst enemy could have wished. My first impulse was naturally to examine the security of the door—the loophole which I have mentioned being too high and too narrow to afford a chance of escape. I listened attentively to ascertain if possible whether or not a guard had been placed upon the outside. Not a sound was to be heard. I now placed my shoulder to the door, and sought with all my combined strength and weight to force it open; it, however, resisted all my efforts, and thus baffled in my appeal to mere animal power, exhausted and disheartened, I threw myself on the ground. It was not in my nature, however, long to submit to the apathy of despair, and in a few minutes I was on my feet again. With patient scrutiny I endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the fastenings which secured the door. The planks fortunately having been nailed together fresh, had shrunk considerably, so as to leave wide chinks between each and its neighbour. By means of these apertures, I saw that my dungeon was secured, not by a lock, as I had feared, but by a strong wooden bar, running horizontally across the door, about midway upon the outside.

[Contriving to make an opening, he reaches the door of the apartment in which he had been seized, and overhears an order given by Oliver for his execution, which he declared should take place in the evening ere the moon arose.]

There was a kind of glee in Oliver's manner and expression which chilled my very heart. 'He shall be *first shot* like a dog, and then hanged like a dog; shot

night, and hung to-morrow; hung at the bridgehead; hung, until his bones drop asunder!'

It is impossible to describe the exultation with which he seemed to dwell upon, and to particularise, the fate which he intended for me. A chill, sick horror crept over me as they retired, and I felt, for the moment, upon the brink of swooning. This feeling, however, speedily gave place to a sensation still more terrible—a state of excitement, so intense and tremendous as to border upon literal madness, supervened; my brain reeled and throbbed as if it would burst; thoughts, the wildest and the most hideous, flashed through my mind with a spontaneous rapidity that scared my very soul; while, all the time, I felt a strange and frightful impulse to burst into uncontrolled laughter. Gradually this fearful paroxysm passed away. I kneeled and prayed fervently, and felt comforted and assured; but still I could not view the slow approaches of certain death without an agitation little short of agony.

I returned again to the closet in which I had found myself upon recovering from the swoon.

The evening sunshine and twilight was fast melting into darkness, when I heard the outer door, that which communicated with the guard-room in which the officers had been amusing themselves, opened, and locked again upon the inside. A measured step then approached, and the door of the wretched cell in which I lay being rudely pushed open, a soldier entered, who carried something in his hand, but, owing to the obscurity of the place, I could not see what.

'Art thou awake, fellow?' said he, in a gruff voice. 'Stir thyself; get upon thy legs.' His orders were enforced by no very gentle application of his military boot.

'Friend,' said I, rising with difficulty, 'you need not insult a dying man. You have been sent hither to conduct me to death. Lead on! My trust is in God, that he will forgive me my sins, and receive my soul, redeemed by the blood of his Son.'

There here intervened a *pause* of some length, at the

end of which the soldier said, in the same gruff
but in a lower key: 'Look ye, comrade, it will b
own fault if you die this night. On one condi
promise to get you out of this hobble with a whole
but if you go to any of your gammon, before two
are passed you will have as many holes in your c
as a target.'

'Name your conditions,' said I; 'and if they
with honour, I will never balk at the offer.'

'Here they are: you are to be shot to-night, by C
Oliver's orders; the carbines are cleaned for the jo
the cartridges served out to the men. I tell y
truth.'

Of this I needed not much persuasion, and inti
to the man my conviction that he spoke the truth.

'Well, then,' he continued, 'now for the me
avoiding this ugly business. Captain Oliver rid
night to head-quarters, with the papers which you c
Before he starts he will pay you a visit, to fish w
can out of you, with all the fine promises he can
Humour him a little, and when you find an oppor
stab him in the throat above the cuirass.'

'A feasible plan, surely,' said I, raising my sh
hands, 'for a man thus completely crippled and w
a weapon.'

'I will manage all that presently for you,' sa
soldier. 'When you have thus dealt with him, ta
cloak and hat, and so forth, and put them on; the
you will find in the pocket of his vest, in a red l
case; walk boldly out—I am appointed to ride
Captain Oliver, and you will find me holding his
and my own by the door; mount quickly, and I
the same, and then we will ride for our lives acr
bridge. You will find the holster-pistols loaded i
of pursuit, and with the devil's help we shall
Limerick without a hair hurt. My only condition i
when you strike Oliver, you strike home, and agai
*again*, until he is *finished*—and I trust to your hon
*remember me* when we reach the town.'

I cannot say whether I resolved right or wrong, but I thought my situation, and the conduct of Captain Oliver, warranted me in acceding to the conditions propounded by my visitant, and with alacrity I told him so, and desired him to give me the power, as he had promised to do, of executing them. With speed and promptitude he drew a small key from his pocket, and in an instant the manacles were removed from my hands. How my heart bounded within me as my wrists were released from the iron gripe of the shackles!—the first step towards freedom was made—my self-reliance returned, and I felt assured of success. 'Now for the weapon,' said I.

'I fear me you will find it rather clumsy,' said he, 'but if well handled, it will do as well as the best Toledo: it is the only thing I could get, but I sharpened it myself; it has an edge like a skean.'

He placed in my hand the steel head of a halberd, and with a low savage laugh left me to my reflections. Having examined and arranged the weapon, I carefully bound the ends of the cravat with which I had secured the cross-part of the spear-head, firmly round my wrist, so that in case of a struggle it might not easily be forced from my hand, and having made these precautionary dispositions, I sat down upon the ground with my back against the wall and my hands together, under my coat, awaiting my visitor. The time wore slowly on; the dusk became dimmer and dimmer, until it nearly bordered on total darkness. 'How's this?' said I inwardly. 'Captain Oliver, you said I should not see the moon rise to-night; methinks you are somewhat tardy in fulfilling your prophecy.'

As I made this reflection, a noise at the outer door announced the entrance of a visitant. I knew that the decisive moment was come, and letting my head sink upon my breast, and assuring myself that my hands were concealed, I awaited, in the attitude of deep dejection, the approach of my foe and betrayer. As I had expected, Captain Oliver entered the room where I lay; he was equipped for instant duty, as far as the imperfect twilight would allow me *to see; the long* sword clanked upon the

floor, as he made his way through the lobbies which led to my place of confinement; his ample military-cloak hung upon his arm, his cocked-hat was upon his head, and in all points he was prepared for the road. This tallied exactly with what my strange informant had told me. I felt my heart swell and my breath come thick, as the awful moment which was to witness the death-struggle of one or other of us approached. Captain Oliver stood within a yard or two of the place where I sat, or rather lay, and folding his arms, he remained silent for a minute or two, as if arranging in his mind how he should address me.

'Hardress Fitzgerald,' he began at length, 'are you awake? Stand up if you desire to hear of matters nearly touching your life or death; get up, I say.'

'I arose, doggedly, and affecting the awkward movements of one whose hands were bound.

'Well,' said I, 'what would you of me? Is it not enough that I am thus imprisoned, without a cause, and about, as I suspect, to suffer a most unjust and violent sentence, but must I also be disturbed during the few moments left me for reflection and repentance, by the presence of my persecutor? What do you want of me?'

'As to your punishment, sir,' said he, 'your own deserts have no doubt suggested the likelihood of it to your mind; but I now am with you to let you know, that whatever mitigation of your sentence you may look for, must be earned by your compliance with my orders. You must frankly and fully explain the contents of the packet which you endeavoured this day to destroy; and, further, you must tell all that you know of the designs of the popish rebels.'

'And if I do this, I am to expect a mitigation of my punishment—is it not so?' Oliver bowed. 'Well, sir, before I make the desired communication, I have one *question more to* put. What is to befall me, in case that *I, remembering* the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, *reject your infamous* terms, scorn your mitigations, and *defy your utmost* power?'

'In that case,' replied he coolly, 'before half an hour you shall be a corpse.'

'Then God have mercy on your soul!' said I, springing forward, I dashed the weapon which I held at his throat. I missed my aim, but struck him full in the mouth with such force that most of his front teeth were dislodged, and the point of the spear-head passed out under his jaw, at the ear. My onset was so sudden and unexpected that he reeled back to the wall, and did not recover his equilibrium in time to prevent my dealing a second blow, which I did with my whole force; the point, unfortunately, struck the cuirass, near the neck, and, glancing aside, it inflicted but a flesh-wound, tearing the skin and tendons along the throat. He now grappled with me, strange to say, without uttering any cry of alarm. Being a very powerful man, and if anything rather heavier and more strongly built than I, he succeeded in drawing me with him to the ground. We fell together, with a heavy crash, tugging and straining in what we were both conscious was a mortal struggle. At length I succeeded in getting over him, and struck him twice more. The weapon which I wielded had lighted upon the eye, and the point penetrated the brain; the body quivered under me, the deadly grasp relaxed, and Oliver lay upon the ground a corpse! As I arose and shook the weapon and the bloody cloth from my hand, the moon which he had foretold I should never see rise, shone bright and broad into the room, and disclosed, with ghastly distinctness, the mangled features of the dead soldier. It is hard to say with what feelings I looked upon the unsightly and revolting mass, which had so lately been a living and a comely man. I had not any time, however, to spare for reflection; the deed was done; the responsibility was upon me, and all was registered in the book of that God who judges rightly.

With eager haste I removed from the body such of the *military accoutrements as were* necessary for the purpose *of my disguise. I buckled on* the sword, drew off the *military-boots, and donned* them myself, placed the

brigadier wig and cocked-hat upon my head, threw on the cloak, drew it up about my face, and proceeded with the papers, which I found as the soldier had foretold me, and the key of the outer lobby, to the door of the guard-room; this I opened, and with a firm and rapid tread walked through the officers, who rose as I entered, and passed without question or interruption to the street-door. Here I was met by the grim-looking corporal, Hewson, who, saluting me, said: 'How soon, captain, shall the file be drawn out, and the prisoner despatched?'

'In half an hour,' I replied, without raising my voice.

The man again saluted, and in two steps I reached the soldier who held the two horses, as he had intimated.

'Is all right?' said he eagerly.

'Ay,' said I; 'which horse am I to mount?'

He satisfied me upon this point, and I threw myself into the saddle; the soldier mounted his horse, and dashing the spurs into the flanks of the animal which I bestrode, we thundered along the narrow bridge. At the far extremity, a sentinel, as we approached, called out: 'Who goes there?—stand, and give the word!' Heedless of the interruption, with my heart bounding with excitement, I dashed on; so did also the soldier who accompanied me. The sentinel fired.

'Hurrah!' I shouted; 'try it again, my boy,' and away we went at a gallop, which bade fair to distance everything like pursuit. Never was spur more needed, however; for soon the clatter of horses' hoofs, in full speed crossing the bridge, came sharp and clear through the stillness of the night. Away we went, with our pursuers close behind. One mile was passed, another nearly completed. The moon now shone forth, and turning in the saddle, I looked back upon the road we had passed. One trooper had headed the rest, and was within a hundred yards of us. I saw the fellow throw himself from his horse upon the ground. I knew his object, and said to my comrade: 'Lower your body; lie *flat over the saddle*; the fellow is going to fire!' I had

hardly spoken when the report of a carbine startled the echoes, and the ball striking the hind-leg of my companion's horse, the poor animal fell headlong upon the road, throwing his rider head-foremost over the saddle. My first impulse was to stop and share whatever fate might await my comrade; but my second and wiser one was to spur on, and save myself and my dispatch. I rode on at a gallop. Turning to observe my comrade's fate, I saw his pursuer, having remounted, ride rapidly up to him, and on reaching the spot where the man and horse lay, rein in and dismount. He was hardly upon the ground, when my companion shot him dead with one of the holster-pistols which he had drawn from the pipe, and leaping nimbly over a ditch at the side of the road, he was soon lost among the ditches and thorn-bushes which covered that part of the country. Another mile being passed, I had the satisfaction to perceive that the pursuit was given over, and in an hour more, I crossed Thomond Bridge, and slept that night in the fortress of Limerick, having delivered the packet, the result of whose safe arrival was the destruction of William's great train of artillery, then upon its way to the besiegers.

Years after this adventure, I met in France a young officer, who I found had served in Captain Oliver's regiment, and he explained what I had never before understood —the motives of the man who had wrought my deliverance. Strange to say, he was the foster-brother of Oliver, whom he thus devoted to death, in revenge for the most grievous wrong which one man can inflict upon another!

## MATTHEWS THE MADMAN AND IMPOSTO

SOME years ago, a considerable sensation was crea in the state of New York, by the mad and grotes pranks of a personage who presumptuously laid claim the divine character, and had the address to impose h self as a superior being upon some of the most respecta members of society. As no account, as far as we aware, has ever been published in Britain of this remar able affair, notwithstanding the interest which it exci in America, we propose to introduce a notice of it to readers.

Robert Matthews was a native of Washington Cou in the state of New York, and of Scotch extraction. an early age, he was left an orphan, and was brought in the family of a respectable farmer in the town Cambridge, where, in his boyhood, he received the religi instruction of the clergyman belonging to the Antiburgh branch of Seceders. At about twenty years of age, came to the city of New York, and worked at the busin of a carpenter and house-joiner, which he had partia learned in the country. Possessing a genius for mech nical pursuits, and being of active habits, he was excellent workman, and was in constant and lucrat employment. In 1813, he married a respectable you woman, and removed to Cambridge for the purpose pursuing the business of a store-keeper; but the und taking, after a trial of three years, failed; he beca bankrupt, involving his father-in-law in his ruin; and 1816 he returned once more to New York, where, fo number of years, he wrought at his old profession o house-carpenter. Being at length dissatisfied with condition, he removed, in 1827, to what he thought better field for his talent, in Albany. While settled this city, a remarkable change took place in his feelin *Hitherto he* had belonged to the Scotch church;

now, disliking that communion, he attached himself to the Dutch Reformed congregation, and there gathering fresh ardour, at length surrendered his whole mind to spiritual affairs. While in this condition, he went to hear a young and fervent orator, the Rev. Mr Kirk, from New York, preach, and returned home in such a frenzy of enthusiasm, as to sit up the greater part of the night, repeating, expounding, and commending passages from the sermon. From this period, his conduct was that of a half-crazy man. He joined the temperance society, but went far beyond the usual rules of such associations, contending that the use of meats should be excluded, as well as of intoxicating liquors; proceeding on this notion, he enforced a rigid system of dietetics in his household, obliging his wife and children to subsist only on bread, fruits, and vegetables.

During the year 1829, his conduct became more and more wild and unregulated. His employment was still that of a journeyman house-joiner; but instead of minding his work, he fell into the practice of exhorting the workmen during the hours of labour, and of expounding the Scriptures to them in a novel and enthusiastic manner, until at length he became so boisterous, that his employer, a very pious man, was obliged to discharge him from his service. He claimed at this time to have received by revelation some new light upon the subject of experimental religion, but did not as yet lay claim to any supernatural character. Discharged from regular employment, he had abundant leisure for street-preaching, which he commenced in a vociferous manner—exhorting every one he met upon the subject of temperance and religion, and holding forth to crowds at the corners of the streets. Having made a convert of one of his late fellow-workmen, he procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed 'Rally round the Standard of Truth.' This they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitudes whom their strange appearance and demeanour attracted around them. A young student of divinity, catching the *infection*, as it seemed, united

himself with Matthews, and assisted in the preachin
the public thoroughfares. Matthews, however, was
markably bad preacher, and made little or no impre
on his auditors. His addresses were incoherent, com
of disjointed sentences, sometimes grand or bomb
and at other times low and ridiculous, but always u
at the highest pitch of the voice, and designed, be
matter and manner, to terrify and startle his he
The favourite doctrine which he attempted to est
was that Albany would be immediately destroyed, u
the people were converted; and he harped so wild
this theme, that in a short time he became utterly
traught. All the efforts of his poor wife to restrai
in his mania were unavailing. One night he arous
family from their slumbers, declared that the city w
be destroyed before morning, and fled from his h
taking with him three of his sons, the youngest an i
of only two years. With these he travelled manie
on foot for twenty-four hours, till he reached the h
of his sister in the town of Argyle, a distance of
miles.

The religious wanderings of Matthews the pro
as he was called, may now be said to have commen
With a Bible in his hand, and his face garnished w
long beard, which he had for some time been suffere
grow in obedience to a scriptural command, he wand
about, collecting crowds to listen to his ravings,
frequently disturbed the peace of regular meetings i
churches. Finding that he made no impression h
old settled part of the country, he set out on a missi
tour through the western states, penetrating the de
forests, crossing the prairies, and never stopping t
had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arka
Thence he turned his steps to the south-east, reac
the Mississippi, traversed Tennessee, and arrive
Georgia with the view of preaching to the Indians
*here he was* seized by the authorities, and place
*confinement* as a disturber of the public peace.
*mately he was* dismissed, and permitted to return t

his old haunts in New York and its neighbourhood, where he arrived in a somewhat new character. It would appear that, till about this period, Matthews was simply in a state of mental derangement, and, like all madmen in similar circumstances, was perfectly sincere in his belief. The small degree of success on his journey, his imprisonment in Georgia, and his utter poverty, may be advanced as a cause for an alteration in his conduct. He now lost a portion of his frenzy, and in proportion as he cooled in this respect, the idea of imposture seems to have assumed a place in his mind. There is at least no other rational mode of explaining his very singular behaviour. In the capacity, therefore, of half-madman half-knave, Mr Matthews may be viewed as entering on his career in New York, in the month of May 1832.

In ordinary times and circumstances, the intrusion of such a madman into a quiet mercantile city would lead to no other result than the committal of the intruder to the house of correction or a lunatic asylum; but at the period of Matthews's appearance in New York, a pretty large portion of the public mind was prepared for any kind of extravagance in religion; and therefore the declaration of his mission was looked upon only as another act in the drama which had for some time been performing. About the year 1822, a few ladies became dissatisfied with the existing means of religious instruction in the city, and set on foot the bold project of converting the whole population by a system of female visitation; in the execution of which every house and family was to be visited by committees of two, who were to enter houses indiscriminately, and pray for the conversion of the inmates whether they would hear or not. This scheme created no little noise at the time, but, like all frenzies, it only lasted its day, and was succeeded by other schemes, perhaps equally well-meaning, but equally visionary. Among the class of perfectionists, as they were *termed, there were doubtless* many estimable persons, *and none more so than* Mr Elijah Pierson and his wife. *Mr Pierson was a* merchant by profession, and by

a course of industry and regularity in all his undertak
was now in opulent circumstances. Until the late reli
frenzy agitated the city, he had been noted for his in
gence and unaffected piety, and not less so was his
In a short period, his devotional feelings underwe
remarkable change. In 1828, after passing throu
state of preliminary excitement, he became afflicted
monomania on the subject of religion, while upo
matters of business, as far as they could be disconn
from that on which he was decidedly crazed, his i
lectual powers and faculties were as active and acu
ever. During his continuance in this state of hal
nation, in the year 1830, his wife died of a pulmo
affection, which had been greatly aggravated by
fasting and other bodily severities. This event
served to confirm Mr Pierson in his monomania.
considered that it would afford an opportunity fo
working of a miracle through the efficacy of faith.
gross misinterpretation of Scripture (Epistle of Ja
v. 14, 15), he believed that his wife should be 'raised
from death while lying in her coffin, and accordi
collected a crowd of persons, some of whom were eq
deluded with himself, to see the wonder performe
their presence. The account of this melancholy ex
tion, which is lying before us, is too long and too pa
for quotation; and it will suffice to state, that not
standing the most solemn appeals to the Almighty
the bereaved husband, the corpse remained still
lifeless; and by the remonstrances of a medical atten
who declared that decomposition was making rapid
dangerous progress, the body was finally consigne
the tomb.

Such was the hallucination of Mr Pierson, which n
pitied, and some were found to approve. Among
latter was Mr S——, also a merchant in good cir
stances, but who had latterly become a victim to
religious excitement which prevailed, and, like Mr
son, often subjected himself to fasts for a week at a t
*greatly to the* injury of his health and the confirma

his mania. Both gentlemen being thus in a state of
ind to look for extraordinary events, a stranger pre-
nted himself before them on the 5th of May 1832. He
d the beard of a patriarch, a tall form, and his language
as of a high-flown cast on religious topics, which at
ce engaged their attention and sympathy. This im-
ming stranger was no other than Robert Matthews.
he pretensions which he made were of a nature which
e can scarcely trust ourselves even to hint at. That
e tale may be told with as little pain to our readers as
ssible, let it suffice to say, that the very highest imagin-
ble character was assumed by this unhappy man, and
at the pretension was supported merely by the perver-
ion and misinterpretation of one or two passages of
cripture. The character which he assumed he pretended
o be in the meantime incorporated with the resuscitated
erson of the Matthias mentioned in the New Testament;
nd he accordingly was not now any longer Matthews, but
Matthias. He had the power, he said, to do all things,
ot excepting those which most peculiarly belong to the
livine nature. Mr Pierson and his friend believed all
hat he set forth of himself, then and subsequently, no
natter how extravagant or blasphemous; and he in turn
ecognised them as the first members of the true church,
hom, after two years' search, he had been able certainly
o identify. He announced to them that, although the
ingdom of God on earth began with his public declara-
ion in Albany in June 1830, it would not be completed
ntil twenty-one years from that date, in 1851; previous
o which time wars would be done away, the judgments
inished, and the wicked destroyed. As Mr Pierson's
Christian name was Elijah, this afforded Matthews the
opportunity of declaring, that he was a revivification of
Elijah the Tishbite, who should go before him in the spirit
and power of Elias; and as Elias, as everybody knows,
was only another name for John the Baptist, it was
assumed that Elijah Pierson was the actual John the
Baptist come once more on earth, and by this title he
was henceforth called.

Mr Pierson very soon relinquished preachi
Mr S——, and the work of the ministry dev
tirely on Matthews, who, jealous of his digni
bear no rivals near the throne. The prophet
invited to take up his residence at the elegantly
house of Mr S——, and acceding to the invi
remained there three months. The best apartm
allotted to his use, and the whole establish
submitted to his control. It was not long
arrogated to himself divine honours, and his e
washed his feet in token of his humility. T
relations of the family were sent away by the
and he allowed no one to reside there but
domestics who were of the true faith. From f
taught his disciples to change their system to
and having their houses at his command, and th
at his service—loving the good things of this
taking all the direction in procuring supplies—
them to fare sumptuously every day. But thi
style of living was not enough. The prophet
of his personal appearance, and proud of wea
clothes. It was now necessary that he should b
in garments befitting his character, and the digr
mission. His liberal entertainer, therefore, a
gestion, furnished him with an ample wardro
richest clothes and finest linens. His favourite
consisted of a black cap of japanned leather, in
an inverted cone, with a shade; a frock-coa
green cloth, lined with white or pink satin; a
monly of richly-figured silk; frills of fine lace o
at the wrists; a sash around his waist of cri
to which were suspended twelve gold tassels, emb
of the twelve tribes of Israel; green or black p
over which were worn a pair of well-polished
boots. Add to this, hair hanging over his shou
*a long beard, flowing in ringlets on his breas*
*may have an idea of him in his public cos*
*private, he disused the black leather-cap, and*
*appeared in a night-cap of the finest linen, de*

twelve points or turrets, and magnificently embroidered in gold by his female votaries. He usually preached in a suit of elegant canonicals.

Lodged, fed, and decorated in this sumptuous manner, Matthews spent his time so agreeably, that he became less anxious to make public appearances. His preaching was confined to select parties of fifty or sixty individuals, composing, as he styled it, 'the kingdom,' and by these he was held in the most reverential esteem. Occasionally, strangers were invited to attend his ministrations, but this was only as a great favour; and at all meetings, he made it a rule to allow no one to speak but himself. He declared his rooted antipathy to arguing or discussion. If any one attempted to question him on the subject of his mission or character, he broke into a towering passion, and said that he came not to be questioned, but to preach. Among other of his vagaries, he declared that he had received in a vision an architectural plan for the New Jerusalem, which he was commissioned to build, and which, for magnificence and beauty, extent and grandeur, would excel all that was known of Greece or Rome. The site of this great capital of the kingdom was to be in the western part of New York. The bed of the ocean was to yield up its long-concealed treasures for its use. All the vessels, tools, and implements of the New Jerusalem were to be of massive silver and pure gold. In the midst of the city was to stand an immense temple, to be surrounded with smaller ones: in the greater temple, he was to be enthroned, and Mr Pierson and Mr S—— were each to occupy a lesser throne on his right hand and on his left. Before him was to be placed a massive candlestick with seven branches, all of pure gold.

Any man in his senses must have perceived that this was the vision of a madman, but by his humble votaries it was considered a sure prediction of what would speedily come to pass. As long as it was confined to mere harangues, the public were not called on to interfere; the case, however, was very different when Mr S——, in obedience to the injunctions of the prophet, commenced

ordering expensive ornaments for the proposed temple from a goldsmith in the city. Matters were now going too far for S——'s friends to remain any longer calm spectators of his folly, and both he and Matthews were taken up on a warrant of lunacy, and consigned to an asylum for the insane. Poor S—— was too confirmed in his madness to be speedily cured, and therefore remained long in confinement; but Matthews had the address to appear perfectly sane when judicially examined, and was relieved by a writ of habeas corpus procured by one of his friends.

Upon his release from the asylum, he was invited to take up his residence with Mr Pierson; but that gentleman shortly afterwards broke up his establishment, though he still rented a house for Matthews and one or two attendants, supplying him, at the same time, with the means of living. In the autumn of 1833, he was, on the solicitations of Mr Pierson, invited to reside at Singsing, in Westchester County, about thirty miles from town, with a Mr and Mrs Folger, two respectable persons, whose minds had become a little crazed with the prevailing mania, but who, as yet, were not fully acquainted with the character of the prophet. Mr Pierson afterwards became a resident in the family, and thus things went on very much in the old comfortable way. Only one thing disturbed the tranquillity of the establishment. Mrs Folger, who had a number of children, and was of an orderly turn of mind respecting household affairs, felt exceedingly uneasy, in consequence of certain irregular habits and tendencies in the prophet, who set himself above all domestic discipline. The great evil which she complained of was, that he always took the meal-time to preach, and generally preached so long, that it was very difficult to find sufficient time to get through the duties of the day. He often detained the breakfast-table so long, that it was almost time for dinner before the meal was over; in the same manner, he ran dinner almost into supper, and supper was seldom over before midnight—all *which was* very vexing to a person like Mrs Folger, who

was accustomed to regularity at meals, and could not well see why the exercises of religion should supersede the ordinary current of practical duties.

The infatuation of both Pierson and Folger in submitting to the tyranny, and pampering the vanity of Matthews, was demonstrated at this period in many acts of weakness which astonished the more sober part of the community. The impostor was furnished with a carriage and horses to convey him to and from New York, or any other place in which he chose to exhibit himself. Money to a considerable amount was given him on various pretences; and to crown the absurdity, an heritable property was conveyed to him for his permanent support. An allowance of two dollars a day was further made to his wife in Albany; and several of his children, including a married daughter, Mrs Laisdel, were brought to reside with him in Mr Folger's establishment. After a short time, however, Mrs Laisdel was under the necessity of returning home, in consequence of her father's violent treatment.

This very agreeable state of affairs was too pleasant to last. Mr Folger's business concerns became embarrassed, and he was obliged to spend the greater part of his time in New York. The entire government of the household now devolved on Matthews; and he, along with Katy, a black female cook, who was a submissive tool in all his projects, ruled the unfortunate Pierson, Mrs Folger, and the children, with the rod of an oppressor. Certain meats were forbidden to appear at table; the use of confectionary or pastry was denounced as a heinous sin; and the principal food allowed was bread, vegetables, and coffee. What with mental excitement and physical deprivations, Mr Pierson's health began to decline: he became liable to fainting and apoplectic fits; but no medical man was permitted to visit him, and he was placed altogether at the mercy of the impostor. At this crisis, Matthews shewed his utter incapacity for supporting the character he had assumed. Instead of alleviating the condition of his friend, he embraced every opportunity

of abusing him, so as to leave little doubt tha
anxious to put him out of the way. One of
doctrines was, that all bodily ailments were cau
devil: that there was a fever devil, a toothac
a fainting-fit devil; and so on with every other
and that the operations of such a fiend were in e
caused by unbelief, or a relaxation of faith in M
divine character. The illness of Pierson was
considered equivalent to an act of unbelief, an
of the severest displeasure. On pretence of expe
sick spirit, he induced his friend to eat plen
certain mysteriously prepared dishes of berrie
caused vomiting to a serious extent, and had
though less powerful effect on others who p
them. The children also complained that th
which was served for breakfast made them sick.
of these occasions did Matthews taste of the
before Mr Pierson or the family; and from the
of the circumstances, there can be no doubt of hi
either from knavery or madness, endeavoured
the family, or at least to destroy the life of his
patron. Besides causing Mr Pierson to swal
trash as he offered him, he compelled him to
the contents of a pitcher of water poured into h
from a height of four or five feet. This horrid o
in which Katy, the black servant, assisted, br
strong spasmodic fits, in which the sufferer utte
dismal groans and sighs as shocked Mrs Fol
might have induced her to discredit the prete
the impostor, and to appeal to a magistrate for pr
but excellent as was this lady's general chara
possessed no firmness to decide in so important
and her sympathy was dissolved in a flood o
tears.

The water-torture, as it may be called, hast
fate of the unhappy gentleman, and he was shor
wards found dead in his bed. The intelligenc
Pierson's death immediately brought Mr Fol
*New York*, to inquire into the cause of the ever

superintend the arrangements for the funeral. The representations of the case made by Mrs Folger did not suggest the possibility of Matthews having used any unfair means towards Mr Pierson, but that his death was in some way caused by him through supernatural power. Matthews, indeed, boasted that he could kill any one who doubted his divine character, by a mere expression of his will. Singular as it may seem, this madness or villainy did not yet release Folger from the impression that Matthews was a divine being; and fearing his assumed power, he had not the resolution to order his departure. In a few days, however, all ceremony on the subject was at an end. An action having been raised by Pierson's heirs to recover the property which the impostor had obtained on false pretences, Matthews refused to resign it, and attempted to justify his conduct to Folger by reasons so completely opposed to the principles of common honesty, that that gentleman's belief at once gave way, and he ordered him to quit the house. This abrupt announcement was received with anything but complacency. The prophet preached, stormed, and threatened; tears likewise were tried—but all was unavailing. Folger respectfully but firmly told him, that circumstances required a retrenchment of his expenditure, and that he must seek for a new habitation. Matthews, in short, was turned out of doors.

He was again thrown upon the world, though not in an utterly penniless condition. The right which he held to Pierson's property was in the course of being wrested from him, but he possessed a considerable sum which he had gathered from Folger and a few other disciples, and on this he commenced living until some new and wealthy dupe, as he expected, should countenance his pretensions, and afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. This expectation was not realised in time to save him from public exposure and shame. Folger, having pondered on a variety of circumstances, felt convinced that he had been the victim of a designing impostor; that Pierson's death had *been caused* by foul means; and that

the lives of his own family had been exposed to a si
danger. On these suspicions, he caused Matthews
apprehended, for the purpose, in the first place, of
tried on a charge of swindling. On the 16th of Oc
1834, this remarkable case came on for trial befor
Court of Sessions in New York, on an indictment se
forth that Matthews was guilty of 'devising by unl
means to obtain possession of money, goods, chattels
effects of divers good people of the state of New
and that the said B. H. Folger, believing his repres
tions, gave the said Matthias 100 pieces of gold co
the value of 530 dollars, and 100 dollars in bank-
which the said Matthias feloniously received by n
of the false pretences aforesaid.' Matthews ple
guilty to the charge; but upon the solicitation of F
who seems to have been ashamed to appear pu
as prosecutor, the district attorney dropped the
and the prisoner was handed over to the authoriti
the county of Westchester, on the still more se
accusation of having murdered Mr Pierson.

To bring to a conclusion this melancholy tale of
sion, imposture, and crime, Matthews was arraigne
murder before the court of Oyer and Terminer at
chester, on the 16th of April 1835. The trial ex
uncommon interest, and many persons attended fr
great distance, to get a view of the man whose vag
had made so much noise in the country. The evi
produced for the prosecution was principally th
medical men, who had been commissioned to disinte
body of the deceased, and examine the condition o
stomach, it being a general belief that death had
caused by poison. Unfortunately for the ends of ju
the medical examinators could not agree that the sto
shewed indications of a poisonous substance; some all
that it did, and others affirming the reverse. In
doubtful state of the question, the jury had no
course than to offer a verdict of acquittal. On th
nouncement of the verdict, the prisoner was evid
*elated; but his* countenance fell when he found th

as to be tried on another indictment, for having assaulted is daughter, Mrs Laisdel, with a whip, on the occasion f her visit to him at Singsing; her husband was the rosecutor. Of this misdemeanour he was immediately ound guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. In passing sentence, the judge ook occasion to reprimand him for his gross impostures nd impious pretensions, and advised him, when he came ut of confinement, to shave his beard, lay aside his eculiar dress, and go to work like an honest man.

Of the ultimate fate of Matthews, we have heard no ccount, and therefore are unable to say whether he renewed his schemes of imposture. From the tissue of trange details which we have been able to present, the eader will doubtless mark the resemblance which the pretensions and career of Matthews bore to those of the madman Thoms, of Kentish memory; but with this remarkable difference in the two cases—that while Thoms practised on a crowd of ignorant and credulous peasantry, Matthews found followers among the most respectable and intelligent inhabitants of a great city—ladies, educated, accomplished, virtuous—gentlemen, acute in business, possessing wealth and information, and of great public and private worth. Comment is unnecessary.

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## THE SLAVE-MARKET AT CAIRO.

In the Narrative of His Voyages and Travels, by Dr Wilde of Dublin, published some years ago, the following account is given of the slave-market of Cairo:—

'We next visited the slave-market, which is here of great extent. It was remarkable that as a seller of bread sat at the gate of the madhouse, the shop adjoining the gate of the slave-market was occupied by a vender of koorbags, or Arab whips. Within was a large open court,

surrounded by a number of small dark chamber
rose in terraces around it; these contained th
class of slaves, who were all Abyssinian girls, fro
eighteen years of age, with a yellowish olive com
long straight noses, handsome features, and par
melting black eyes, the hair long and black, and
somewhat thicker than those of persons of a sim
of countenance, which, naturally melancholy in t
was rendered more so by their present sad c
All were decently dressed, many decorated wit
anklets and bracelets, and some few had no
Several were in tears, and all hung down their he
appeared ashamed of their degraded, hopeless s
but brightened into a smile on our offering a few
Most of these girls have been either kidnapped
slave-dealers, or sold by their own friends fo
trinkets or glass-beads; large quantities of the l
manufactured in Europe, and sent here in p
several of which I met at Atfé. Their ey
blackened like the Mohammedan females, and ma
remarkable for their tall, light, and elegant figur

'In the centre of the court were arranged a nu
mats, divided into compartments, on which were
whole families of negroes, principally from Nu
Dongola, and who were for the most part captiv
in war by some neighbouring tribes. The ma
these were females from eight to twelve years of
are purchased for household servants. Althoug
naked, the young Nubian had still the inherent
decoration, and strings of blue beads adorned t
of many who could not boast even a chemise. Th
all tattooed in various places about the head an
each according to the manner of his tribe, a
woolly pates dressed in plats about the size of w
and well greased with rancid lard, which hung in
over both ears. These young creatures appea
fectly unconscious of their state, and, as far as
ance went, were happy. In intermediate places
different slave-merchants, Turks and Arab

slaveess, stalking about in their burnooses, and buyers, occasionally pointing out the slave or slaves they wished to purchase, who were called by the owner, and carefully examined: if they had covering on, it was removed, and they were made to exhibit their shapes and paces like horse at an auction-mart. These young negresses can be purchased for from thirty to forty dollars; the Abyssinians go as high as a hundred. These slaves so soon adopt the manners and religion of their masters, that I have known a girl, when purchased by a Mohammedan, lift up her *only* covering to shade her face while following him from the slave-market!

'During an early morning-visit, I witnessed a very extraordinary scene here: all the negresses, young and old, had ranged themselves round the walls of the upper terraces, and were greasing their bodies and heads, which shone lustrously in the warm sunshine; they reminded me of so many cormorants pluming themselves upon a rock after their evening's meal. As manual field-labour is seldom or never accomplished by slaves in this country, there are few adult males brought down, and the boys are principally used as grooms and confidential servants. There is a white slave-market adjoining this, where Georgians and Circassians are kept, but no European is allowed to enter.

'Having thus described an eastern slave-market, let us inquire what slavery is in the East. The very term is, no doubt, one from which human nature shrinks with repugnance; but it is not here "the soul-debasing task-work of a servile bondage" as among Christian nations, and, apart from the miseries of separation from friends and country, it is an undoubted change to many for the *better*.

'The worst part is the voyage down the Nile, or the passage across the desert, where they are subjected to much hardship and villainy from the slave-dealers. Many of the male slaves in the East become officers, and rise to places of trust in the state, and numbers obtain their freedom in a few years. True it is, that the master can kill his slave; but few *are so foolish* as to incur such a

personal loss. They are far better fed, clothed, a
care of, than free-servants at Cairo, whom the
and look upon as inferiors, often boasting, by
"They were slaves and not servants." Less
labour is required of them than of the freemen
are acquainted with the political importance
slaves now extinct once assumed in Egypt. A
the female slaves, I before stated that the Nub
all used as under-servants and attendants upon
of the harem; but the Abyssinians, for whom, f
interesting appearance, and somewhat greater a
civilisation, our sympathies would be more ex
generally purchased as concubines—a state in th
condition of morality in Egypt often preferable
wife, who can divorce herself or be divorced
trifle, while the other can demand or insist on
allowance. The children of these women are
they themselves are generally made so on the
the first-born, especially if it be a son; and
are married to their masters, and become not
most affectionate, but the most faithful wome
community.

'Compare this with Christian slavery—compa
wise with the condition of those people in the
state, and we must acknowledge it an improv
their condition. It was the slavery of the
Hebrew nations, allowed by Scripture, and pra
the patriarchs, but which refinement and Ch
the wellbeing of society, and the respect wl
owes his fellow, alike forbid.'

An American lady, who has written a
of her journey in Egypt,* gives a similar d
of the slave-market at Cairo, with the additi
characteristic particular, that whips made of the
thick hide of the hippopotamus are sold in the
the convenience of slave-buyers. 'The gentlen
she, 'purchased two or three bundles of ther

* *Letters from the Old World*, by a *Lady*. New York.

American market—for *riding-whips*, however.' This lady does not make a single remark, either of commiseration for the numbers of unhappy creatures of her own sex, and of all colours from pure white to pure black, whom she saw exposed for sale like cattle, or against the atrocity of slave-dealing generally. Her jocularity respecting the destination of the whips purchased by her countrymen, marks a low tone of sentiment.

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## THE FIRST SWALLOW.

BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

WHITE-THROATED herald of the coming May,
It joys me much to see thee here again!
Once more shalt thou, sweet bird, at dawn of day,
Chase my dull slumbers with thy cheerful strain;
Thy parent-labours, at my window-pane,
With placid morning-thoughts my breast shall fill,
And I shall quit my bed,
Full-fraught in heart and head
With soothing trust in God, and unto all good-will.

Who can behold the nicest art and care,
With which thou labourest thy little home,
Nor think of Him, whose hand is written there—
Even on thy tiny edifice of loam—
As visibly as on the vast air-dome!
Or who can mark the fond firm ties that bind
Thy chosen mate and thee,
In toils alike and glee,
Nor yearn with deeper lovingness for all his kind!

On thee, indeed, and all thy dark-winged race,
Who cleave the air or skim the glassy pool,

Conspicuous are the tokens of His grace,
Who holds infinity beneath His rule:
When autumn winds our norland climate cool,
Doth He not kindly lead you far away
To some more sunny land,
Where skies are ever bland,
And make your span of life one long bright summer's day

So do we oftest deem, at least, of thee,
Sweet page, that holdest up the skirts of spring!—
Usher of flowers—foretype of songs to be,
Albeit less perfectly thyself may sing!
Yet doth a veil hang o'er thy passaging:
Haply thou hiest thee, as some do say,
To lonely pool or brook,
Or dark secluded nook,
And there, like bedded stone, dost sleep the cold away.

Dark as the polar secrets of the north,
Have been thy ways, thou pilgrim of the sky,
Since, bringing light and life, Time first stood forth,
A finger-guide in bleak eternity:
Though questioned long by man's deep-searching eye,
Thy course is full of doubt, when all is done,
And still we can but guess,
That when the chill winds press,
Thou seek'st a home in climes that front the prone-rayed sun.

Welcome, thou gentle haunter of the eaves!
Gladly I welcome thee, come whence thou may;
Whether the spirit that evolves the leaves
Hath from the deep awakened thee to-day,
Or thou from far-off lands hast winged thy way.
I love thee, and with joy will watch anew
The labours, to and fro,
Which thou must undergo,
Ere from their beauteous shells thy young step forth to *view*.

Men wrong thee, my poor bird, when they compare
A summer-fly of human kind to thee;
Although thou comest when the skies are fair,
And at the winter's touch dost straightway flee,
No faithlessness in thy career we see;
Thy comings and thy goings both are sure:
And couldst thou choose, my bird,
Thy flight should be deferred,
And through the year thy stay, I know, should aye endure.

More justly wert thou likened to the young,
Who immaturely quit us in their noon,
And most of all to those whose lips have sung
The brief preludings of a pleasant tune,
But have grown dumb and bloomless all too soon!
These are thy prototypes; but as we bend
With meekness to the blow,
That lays such dear ones low,
Be we content with what we have of thee, sweet friend!

*April* 29, 1840.

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## THE MULETEER:

### A SPANISH STORY.

One evening in the autumn of the year 183–, Ciriaco Martinez, the muleteer or carrier who passed regularly between Madrid and Alicante, was seated at the gate of a hostelry near the western outport of the last-mentioned city. Ciriaco was almost ready to set out on his stated journey, one of a rather momentous character in the existing state of the country, and he was now enjoying himself for the last time with a few of his intimates, who were seated around him, smoking, and drinking from a leathern or goatskin bottle, already somewhat flaccid with passing from hand to hand. Ciriaco was in high and

jovial spirits, but he still had an eye to business. Takin a long pull at the skin, he exclaimed: 'Hollo! Uncl Melchor! master landlord! hang me if I shall put u any more at this hostelry of yours! Your wine is s sour as vinegar, and your Babieca up there, your sig of the Cid's horse, brings me no good-luck. Here hav I two of my mules yet without their load; neithe passenger nor burden have I got to go upon them Hollo!' continued he, addressing the casual passers-by 'who will go to Madrid? It shall never be said tha Ciriaco Martinez went with an idle mule from Alicant Who will go to Pavia, Monforte, Monovar, Vecla, o Albacete? Come forward; you will find me accommo dating.'

The latter part of this address of the jolly muleteer di not pass unnoticed. A stranger stepped forward, an said to Ciriaco: 'When do you expect to arrive i Madrid?'

'In nine days,' replied the muleteer; 'that is to say friend, I am bound by my engagement to deliver my goods at that time in Madrid. But, to tell you the truth I always make a little reservation, and say, to myself a least, "if time and tide permit."'

'Perhaps your goods would be inconvenient to a traveller, if he were to engage one of your mules,' said the stranger. 'Are you heavily loaded? What kind o merchandise have you?'

The muleteer pointed to a shed behind him, where hi packages were lying under cover, and exclaimed: 'For my part, I don't know what sort of stuff I am to carry but if you are curious to know, you may look at them bales and packs. There is something written upon them but I only know whither they are to go. That is my part of the business; and, besides, the fact is, that my eyes are too weak to read handwriting.'

The light-hearted muleteer winked as he said this t his companions, who immediately set up a loud laugh knowing that poor Ciriaco, like themselves probably, wa *no great scholar*. Meanwhile, the stranger went forward

to the packs, on a number of which were written, in pretty large letters, the words—

Vasos de P.lata
y Pala cra
Sacadens de
hierro y otros.

The meaning of this superscription, though somewhat obscured by the mode of putting it down, might readily have been made out to be: 'Vessels of silver and virgin gold, with fancy-work of iron, and other articles.'

After the stranger had looked attentively at the bales, he said to Ciriaco: 'When do you set out for Madrid?'

'To-morrow evening,' was the reply.

'Very well,' said the stranger; 'I do not know yet whether it will be convenient for me to go with you or not, but I hope you will have company by the way in any case.'

On the evening of the following day, according to purpose, Ciriaco had his mules at the gate of the hostelry of Babieca, ready to depart. A young and high-spirited horse, the long gray tail of which swept the ground, stood saddled and bridled beside them, being a favourite animal, which Ciriaco preferred to ride while guiding his string of mules on their way. At its saddle-bow hung a goodly flask, wherewith its master might charm away the toils and weariness of the journey. With a horn slung round his shoulders, and a pistol or two at his belt, Ciriaco himself appeared, mounted his horse, bade a cheerful adieu to his host Melchor, and moved away slowly with his mules, chanting the while the old romance that tells the loves of Almanzor and the fair Zoraide. For a short time the bells of his mules were heard tinkling in unison, but soon Ciriaco and his charge were both out of sight and of sound.

Towards the middle of that same night, the people of the hostelry of Babieca were roused from their quiet slumbers by a violent knocking at the outer-gate. The sound was so loud, and so remarkable in its character, that every individual of the household was speedily on

foot, under the impression that the gate would b to pieces. On going to it, and opening it, their a was great to behold a riderless horse striking violently with its hoofs. Their surprise was st when they discovered it to be the horse ( Martinez. The first thought which struck all Ciriaco had fallen asleep, and had been thro ground by some false step of the animal. Th the gate wide for the horse to enter. But a came forward so far as to shew that it was co foam and streaks of blood, it did not pass into Wheeling around before they could seize it, the off at full speed in the direction whence it The creature was wild and excited, and the bl had been seen on its sides led the landlord t the sad conclusion, that some serious evil ha the merry-hearted Ciriaco.

With the first dawn of morning, Melchor wa two companions on the road which Ciriaco ha in his journey. After travelling some lea observed one part of the road to be peculiar and trampled. They also saw footsteps lea from the place, and pursuing them, they re middle of a piece of untilled ground. There rudely and hastily piled heap of stones and f discovered the corpse of the unfortunate Ciriaco He had received a shot through the body, and besides, was horribly mutilated. Melchor im went and alarmed the people of the two nei villages of Monforte and Monovar, and a has was commenced in all directions. Judging by of the missing mules, it was believed that t and murderers had not continued the route to M had taken some other course. Other travellers on the road, however, and this point was determined. It is possible that the pursuit carried far enough; but however this may b certain it is, that the authors of poor Ciriaco *were not* discovered by Melchor and his assista

ır three days after this event, Juan de la Rosa, ɔetween Madrid and Cadiz, chanced to be at the ıf Caracuel, near Ciudad Real, where the news urder had not yet arrived. Juan de la Rosa was ıed to lodge at the same inn in Madrid with Martinez, and knew him intimately. Great, ɜ, was the amazement of Juan to see in the ɔf Caracuel the mules of his friend under the ınd in the possession of a stranger. He was ut the mules, and in particular one of them, for ɔlf had long possessed the animal, and had only ɔ Ciriaco about two months previously. Of the of this mule he was perfectly certain. Taking rtunity to ask the new owner how long he had ı the mules, Juan received for reply, that the d owned them more than a year. This answer l Juan assured that something was amiss, and he l a magistrate of his suspicions. This functionary the inn to examine the stranger, and look at his On being asked to whom the bales belonged, the first said that they belonged to himself; and . its being hinted as very unlikely that he should ɜssed of what seemed to be valuable treasure, he ıat the bales had only been intrusted to him, to ɔyed from Jaen to Bedajaz.

contradictions, and the suspicions of Juan de la ɔuld perhaps have been insufficient to justify the n of the man, but circumstances occurred which noved this difficulty. A crowd had assembled e inn of Caracuel, where the magistrate had gone ine the stranger, and some persons had noticed le P.lata,' &c., on the bales. One individual, more ghted than his neighbours, immediately suggested ı owner of the mules might be an emissary of the lieutenant of Don Carlos, and that he was ɜs conveying treasure to some place or other, to ıe lieutenant's treasonable purposes. As in the shiftings of the Spanish civil war, treasure had ɜen buried for a time, and afterwards lifted, the

opinion of the individual mentioned at once fou
auditors. 'He is an emissary of Gomez,' cri
and the magistrate was compelled by their
take the stranger into custody. At the sam
bales were left untouched, and carefully locke

Putting faith in the statement of Juan de la
than in the suspicions of the mob, the ma
Caracuel did not neglect to send a messenger
to inquire respecting Ciriaco Martinez. The
immediate and startling—'Ciriaco Martinez is
The messenger also brought an order for the t
of the stranger, who called himself Don
Basabru of Catalonia, to Alicante. This order
diately obeyed, his guilt seeming beyond all d

At Alicante, Don Manuel de Basabru was s
to trial. Besides the identification of Ciriaco's
other criminatory circumstances, one man ca
in evidence, who had actually seen the mu
witness was Juan de Pacheco, a peasant of M
village adjoining the spot where Ciriaco was f
de Pacheco deposed as follows :—

'At the end of last month, our *Barille*
approaching maturity; and as the foxes are
some parts of these plants, that they sometin
whole plantations in a night, it is necessar
them, and all the neighbours do so by turn
night on which it was my turn, I lay down a
tufts of rosemary, in such a position that I
with the help of the moon, a large extent
without being myself perceived. I had no
till I saw, very near me, a man whom I did
but who resembled the prisoner in form a
He was armed with a fusil, like myself, and
belief that he had come out also to watch
In this impression I was confirmed, when
squat down behind some broom-bushes no
me, and I was less heedful than I might ha
keeping myself awake. In short, sleep cam
*and I know* not how long I continued

influence. The sound of mule-bells awoke me, and the report of a gun followed immediately after. I raised my head, and distinctly beheld on the road, which ran close by the spot, a string of loaded mules, near which lay a man upon the ground, with another—the person I had before seen—standing over him, and apparently robbing his person.'

Here the witness was interrupted by his examinators, who asked him why he did not run to the succour of the fallen man. The witness answered, that 'he was afraid of bringing danger upon himself,' and was allowed to continue his narrative.

'The man upon the ground struggled, and I heard him cry to the other: "Wretch! you will pay for this!" to which the robber answered: "Yes, with the *demon's money*;"* and as he spoke, he threw a large stone forcibly upon the head of the prostrate man, which appeared to kill him. The assassin then threw the body over the back of a horse standing by, and took it into the middle of the adjoining field. On returning to the road, the murderer tried to mount the horse, but it escaped his grasp, and galloped off. He followed it for some distance, and then returned to the mules, one of which he mounted, and then went off hastily with the whole. These circumstances,' said the witness in conclusion, 'I related to others on hearing of the murder of Ciriaco Martinez.'

When these and other circumstances had been brought out, Don Manuel de Basabru still stoutly denied all participation in the murder of Ciriaco. Regarding the

* The 'demon's (or devil's) money,' is a phrase common in the kingdom of Valentia, and had its origin in the following traditionary story:—Two Moors, of the tribe of the Almoravides, were renowned in the eleventh century for their intimacy, and for their joint pursuit of the occult sciences. They were avaricious, and finally acquired so much power over the Evil Spirit, that he gave them as much gold as they desired, but only on condition that they retained their mutual friendship. However, the one killed the other, and fled towards Africa with the chests of gold which he had so won. But the fiend made holes in the chests, and the money dropped out. The coins grew into stones of various sizes, which retained something of their circular shape. They are common on the Valentian roads, and are yet called the Demon's Money.

bales of goods, he returned to his first assertion, tha
were his own property. The judges confronted hin
the merchant from whom Ciriaco had received th
charge, yet Don Manuel, as he called himself, persis
his daring denial.

'Then what do these bales contain?' said the
pointing to them; 'it is visible that they have neve
opened since first packed up, but you can inform us
they contain.'

'That is not difficult to tell, indeed,' replied the pr
boldly. 'Any one who can read may tell their co
from the superscription which I put upon them, "
*de plata y pala cra sacadenarios de hierro y o*
(Vessels of silver and virgin gold, fancy articles o
and others.)

The merchant who claimed the property, wh
heard Don Manuel make this interpretation o
superscription, was seized with a fit of laughter, so v
that neither the seriousness of the case nor the gra
the court could check him. 'Ah!' cried he, wh
had partly recovered his composure, 'I should kill r
with laughing at this, had that poor Ciriaco Martin
been alive.' Then turning to the prisoner he exclai
'*Vessels of silver*, indeed! say rather vessels of *white*
*vasos de lata*, white iron.'

The accused stared. 'But the P.; the words are
de P.lata!'

The merchant could not help laughing again a
confounded look of the accused, and the confession
his question conveyed. 'The P. is an abbreviat
*Pulita*, meaning *fine*, polished white iron.'

The prisoner stared still more wildly, but, heed
the consequences, he proceeded to satisfy himself.
the *pala cra*, the native gold?' said he.

'Oh,' replied the merchant, 'the words ha
disjoined by my stupid apprentice-boy in wri
superscription. The last words are *pala crasa,*
*de hierro y otros;* meaning altogether, "coarse
*chains of iron,* and other articles."'

ıe confounded prisoner, who, by thus misinterpreting superscription, had been led to take away a human in the hope of acquiring valuable treasures, had ing further to say for himself. The bales were ed in court, and he there saw the paltry utensils which he had plunged into deadly crime. Though cely required, their testimony was conclusive against . He was condemned to death.

he priest who attended him in prison and on the fold, endeavoured to induce him to invoke the mercy leaven. But he was never heard to utter a sentence epting one, and that he repeated several times: hite-iron !—it was but white iron ! With the demon's ney I killed him, and I have sold myself for the non's money !'

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## TRAITS OF LONGEVITY.

ERE are certain constitutions formed by nature so ust, with all the animal organs so perfect, that they lure to a great age, even in defiance of all rules of imen. They can bear both excess and privation. A le of living that would be too rich and stimulating ordinary frames, only conduces to their perfect health vigour, while out of poor materials their vigorous stion can concoct a wholesome nourishment, on which ker stomachs would be thrown into disease and phy. It does not follow from this, however, that a ct regimen is useless, or that excess to the generality nen is not highly injurious. A happily-constituted perament may be independent of rules, and may st the effects of their infringement; while, on the r hand, the observance of rules of sobriety and leration will have a decided and wonderful effect on e constitutions *in which* there are such weaknesses

as produce the tendency to disease. Generally speaking too, it will be found that the most perfect temperaments are less disposed to excess or irregularities than feebler ones. There is a happy condition of animal existence in which the enjoyment of health, of simple fare, and of the free air of heaven, are all the stimulants necessary, while a craving for undue excitement is too frequently the characteristic of an irregular physical as well as mental constitution.

The effect of regimen on health and longevity is no where more strikingly exhibited, than in the celebrated example of Cornaro. Previous to detailing this case, however, it must be remarked, that Cornaro's constitution appears to have been naturally of a peculiar kind, so that the strict regimen which he practised is not intended to be held up as a model for all ordinary livers; his case affords, however, an instructive example of the effects of diet and regimen, both on the body and the mind, and in this view, cannot be too frequently appealed to.

Lewis Cornaro was of a noble Venetian family, and was born about the middle of the fifteenth century. He appears originally to have been of an ardent, sanguine disposition, fond of pleasure and enjoyment, and of excitable passions. This temperament overhurried him into a career of dissipation and sensual enjoyment, which he pursued till his thirty-fifth year. About this period his constitution gave way; pains in his sides and stomach tormented him; symptoms of gout made their appearance, with irregular appetite, thirst, and a slow consuming fever. In this wretched condition he struggled on for some time, trying the effect of medicines without any benefit, while his constitution sank more and more, till at last his physicians declared, that nothing could rescue him but a total change of his mode of life, and a rigid restriction of his diet and regimen. Cornaro had sufficient *strength of* mind and firmness of purpose at last to adopt *this advice:* he restricted his diet to the simplest fare, *and took of this* a very moderate allowance—renounced *his irregular* dissipated life—avoided excess of heat, cold

ordinary fatigue—took timely repose—and, in
irved a strict and proper regimen. In a very
) he was astonished at the beneficial change
c place in his system, and in less than a year
iis health completely restored. He ever after
ly adhered to his spare diet, which amounted
)unces in all daily, and consisted of bread, meat
)lest kind, yolk of egg, and soup, with fourteen
a mild wine. On this allowance he enjoyed
lily health and vigour, and a freedom from all
lments. His mind, too, seemed to share in the
regimen. His passions became less irritable,
more buoyant, and his judgment more cool and
). Not only did this regimen procure him the
of excellent health, but on two trying occasions
him to sustain disasters which have proved
my others. While a grievous and protracted
s carried on against him by powerful rivals, by
patrimonial estate was imminently endangered,
the chagrin of being deprived of his nobility
ie bad conduct of some of his relations, he
:ool and undisturbed till an honourable decision
i given in his favour, whereas his brother and
: relations sank under the persecution and died.
r occasion, he was thrown from his carriage,
s being much bruised, had his leg and arm dis-
The most serious apprehensions for his life
tained by his friends and physicians, and the
e treatment was urged upon him ; but confident
constitution, he would not even allow bleeding,
evacuations, and by the most simple means
in a very short time.
'er, it is known in what manner I pass my time
) find life a burden, seeing I can contrive to spend
: of it with the greatest delight and pleasure,
)quent opportunities of conversing with many
) gentlemen. Then, when I cannot enjoy their
*on, I betake myself to* the reading of some good
*eu I have read as* much as I like, I write,

journeys, is the contemplation of the scenery a
beauties of the places I pass through.'

At the age of seventy-eight, in compliance
entreaties of his friends, he increased his allowa
of solid and liquid food by the addition of fou
daily; even this slight change he found had
effect upon him, that in eight days, from his usu
ful active habits, he became peevish and melan
that nothing could please him, and he was so
disposed, that he knew not what to say to others
to do with himself. On the twelfth day, he was
with a most violent pain in the side, which cont
many hours, and was succeeded by a fever, w
not leave him for a month, rendering him res
sleepless, and reducing him to a mere skeleto
this he attempted no further change in his u
and enjoyed uninterrupted good health till his d

Although he married early, he was pretty far
in years before a child was born to him. Hi
wish for a successor to his ample possessions w
realised in the birth of a daughter. This, his o
he lived to see become a matron, and die mothe
sons and three daughters. It is delightful to r
treatises which he has left to posterity the n
which he passed his old age. He seems to have
of those few beings especially favoured by He
by his practice so worthy of its favour, as if i
shew to frail mortals what a beautiful thing a g
even on this earth. Born in a genial climate
*sessor* of an ample estate, of an active, firm

heerful temperament, a lover of his country, of his pecies, and of his God—rescued from a career of sinful olly, he had his life extended to 100 years, and spent an ctive existence in the improvement of his estate, in ervices of the community, in the pleasures of literature, nd in the bosom of his family—an old man, vigorous, heerful, and playful to the last, among a happy group of layful grandchildren.

With all the excusable garrulity of an octogenarian, he hus tells us of his habits: 'I will now give an account of ny recreations, and the relish which I find at this stage f life, in order to convince the public that the state I ave now attained to is by no means death, but real life; uch a life as by many is deemed happy, since it abounds vith all the happiness which can be enjoyed in this world. Had this testimony they will give in the first place, because hey see, and not without the greatest amazement, the ood state of health and spirits which I enjoy—how I ount my horse without any assistance or advantage of situation, and how I not only ascend a single flight of tairs, but climb up a hill from bottom to top. Then how ly, pleasant, and good-humoured I am!—how free from very perturbation of mind, and every disagreeable hought!—the plains, the hills, the rivers, and fountains, and which are situated many fine houses and gardens. or am I prevented from these enjoyments by any decay my senses; they being all, thank God, in their highest erfection, particularly my palate, which now relishes tter the simple fare I eat wherever I may be, than it rmerly did the most delicate dishes when I led an regular life.'

But his enjoyments are not all personal or selfish; he nters warmly into the agricultural improvements of his untry—the draining of marshes, and the melioration of e soil; and looks with anxious solicitude to the cometion of extensive improvements of the port, as likely contribute to the commercial welfare of the state, of hose interests he speaks with all the warmth and ardour a true *patriot*.

Like all benignant characters, the playful innocence of youth had peculiar charms for him. He thus introduces us into his domestic evening circle: 'That no comfort might be wanting to the fulness of my years, whereby my great age may be rendered less irksome, or rather, the number of my enjoyments increased, I have the additional comfort of seeing a kind of immortality in a succession of descendants; for as often as I return home, I find there before me, not one or two, but eleven grandchildren, the oldest of them eighteen, and the youngest two; all the offspring of one father and one mother—all blessed with the best of health—and, by what as yet appears, fond of learning, and of good parts and morals. Some of the youngest I always play with; and, indeed, children from three to five are only fit for play. Those above that age I make companions of; and as nature has bestowed very fine voices upon them, I amuse myself besides with seeing and hearing them sing and play on various instruments. Nay, I sing myself, as I have a better voice now, and a clearer and louder pipe, than at any other period of life. Such are the recreations of my old age.'

Thus the good old man continued to enjoy life till he passed his hundredth year. He slept away, without disease or pain or agony, in the spring of 1566.

The history of John Macalpin, a Highland drover, will form a good companion to that of Cornaro, as illustrative of the effects of temperance under a severer climate, and in a different station of life from that of the noble Italian.

John Macalpin was a native of Jura, one of the Hebridian Islands. He lived to the age of 119 years, and retained all his faculties till his death, which took place in the year 1745. When a boy, he was rather of slow growth, and was affected with boils and eruptions of the skin. His father died, and left him in comfortable circumstances at the age of eighteen. For some years the nature of his business led him into dissipated company, where he was accustomed to drink hard, sit up late, and lead an irregular life. This he continued till he was about

our years of age, when, in leaping out of a boat, and struck his foot against the ground. The degenerated into an ulcer, which continued, glect or bad treatment, to increase for two years. his period he paid no regard to his diet, eating t, fish, or anything that came in the way, and frequently to excess. The consequence was, onstitution gave way, and the ulcer continued to

A medical friend to whom he applied, in order l him to give over his habits of life, took him to s house during the period of treatment; and by a strict regimen to his patient, brought about a cure in the course of three months. Macalpin, turn home, was so impressed with the beneficent temperance, both for his comfort and health, ver afterwards practised it, and in consequence uninterrupted good health for the remainder of life. As illustrative of local manners, it may uninteresting to give a detail of his mode of

the custom at that time over all the Highlands, cially among the common people of the isles, to two meals a day. They breakfasted about nine the morning, and supped about six or seven; being the principal meal. Macalpin followed om: he went to bed with the sun, and rose with . If he went out as soon as he got up, and the appeared foggy, he generally ate a mouthful of nd no more till breakfast-time. His constant was bread, butter, and cheese, or eggs, with de of half-water half-milk. His supper was fish for the most part boiled. The flesh was boiled ens or roots, the soup of which was thickened ttle oatmeal, which he drank plentifully. His e generally boiled in as much water as simply them; this water was thickened into a soup with *neal and milk, and* eaten along with all white *general rule was* to rise from table with an *eat more, and the* liquids he used were always

at least four times the quantity of the solids. If l harder exercise at one time than another, he ate more than usual; but at no time did he go to ex eat of but one sort of food at a meal. He neve water till it was previously boiled, and poured toast of bread or a little oatmeal, and afterwards to cool. This he used for his constant drink t meals. His bread was for the most part made of meal, but he also ate oatcake when the others co be procured. He never indulged in fermented lic any kind, except on two occasions during the ye these were at the terms of Whitsunday and Mar when he went to pay his rent to the landlord, a only very sparingly. Drams he forswore; but if to be long in the cold, or exposed to wet, he took t of an egg, a little honey, and a glass of whisky together, and drank it off; but this was only done rare occasions. He used no snuff or tobacco in an He took a great deal of exercise; was of an active ful, and intelligent mind; free from passion, but roused, was by no means devoid of proper manly c In general, his manner was mild and forbearing, a of the irascibility of an excited temperament.

If at any time he felt his system in the least de he had recourse to abstinence, and the promotion o perspiration; for the latter purpose he used at l a warm drink composed of thin oatmeal flu sweetened with honey, to which was added a little He wore the usual clothing of the country—a belted plaid, with a piece of flannel over the regio stomach. In going out in the morning, he went the first river or pool which came in his way, a continued all day with wet feet, very frequently went to bed. He remained to the last free from disease; but grief for some friends who fell in th *of Culloden*, was thought to have brought on hi *which he met* with Christian fortitude and resigna *the age of 119* years.

## STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

beginning of the seventeenth century, or, to be more
ular, in the year 1616, a shipwreck took place on
ast of Suffolk, before the eyes of a number of the
bled inhabitants of the district where it happened.
vening on which the bark came in sight was a
y one, and its crew struggled long to avoid the half-
breakers, or sunken rocks, which threatened them
vident destruction. Most gallantly, indeed, did the
mariners struggle, and so long as the light was
they were successful. But the dusk of evening
on, and then the hope of their escape was awfully
ed. By degrees, the bark and its inmates dis-
red from the straining gaze of those on shore.
ast glimpse which the latter had of the ill-fated
, shewed the deck crowded with passengers and
whose outstretched hands pled strongly though
y for help. Help could not be given, though the
unates received the warmest sympathy of those
aw them. Even after all was enveloped in gloom
, the people on land remained on the same spot,
ng with horror to the howling of the storm, and
ting every moment to hear the sound mingled up
he 'cry of some strong swimmer in his agony.'
n nothing be done?' said a voice in the crowd,
st which had spoken aloud for some time. Every-
turned round to the spot whence it came, the
e of the place knowing that the sounds came from
nger's lips. 'Can nothing be done?' repeated the
person. 'I will give a reward—a large reward for
life that is saved.'
old fisherman took it upon him to reply. 'Do you
' *said he roughly,* 'we would have stood idle this
*ur, if we could have* done anything to save them?
*think I know the* coast as well as any man here-

abouts, or anywhere else, and I know that no b
have crossed the *black rocks*—unless bottom upw

A murmur of assent was heard from all aroun

'You think, then,' said the first speaker after
'that on these rocks the vessel will perish?'

'Too likely, your honour,' returned the fishe
the light yet permitted to see that his interrog
a gentleman; 'if the ship was once *within* the
something might be done. But *within* them
will be! What between the sand and the roc
is hardly sea-way for a herring-barrel to pass ins

'But, my good friend, there *is* a chance—a sl
perhaps—and you may at least have your boat
alert.'

'Please God,' replied the man quietly, 'I wi
the look-out. We may save some lives. But i
a full hour ere the moon rises, and till then not
be done by man.'

'Thanks, thanks!' cried the stranger, grati
assured by the firm though quiet tones of the
'I will reward all—all,' he continued more quiet
will oblige me by receiving it.'

In an hour the moon began to give a glimmeri
sufficient to permit the people ashore to glance
face of the deep to a short distance. Nothing wa
there. A blank expression passed over the face
assembled band. But the old fisherman roused
exertion, and a fishing-boat was put to sea in t
cove formed inside of the rocks alluded to. T
was not so high as formerly, yet high enough
the short excursion proposed a matter of dange
three or four hardy men whom the old fisherm
to take with him. We shall not attempt to p
anxiety which followed the starting of the boat, t
course of which the light did not permit to be s
land. It returned at length, and with an omino
of the doom which had befallen the ship. It bro
*body of a man*!

*The exertions* of the stranger already mention

ntly devoted to the resuscitation of this victim of eep. He had the insensible body carried to the old man's cottage, and there used all possible means to re the vital spark. His attentions were rewarded success. Ere the morning light dawned, the cast-, a youth of noble appearance, was seated by the fire e fisher's hut, able to converse with the stranger, and ank him for his care. Those thanks were expressed od English, though with some peculiarities, shewing English was not the native tongue of the speaker.

om the recovered youth it was learned that the l, which was an Italian merchantman, had struck after the night fell, and had gone to pieces in a er of an hour afterwards. He himself had swum he shore, but had exhausted his powers, and lost all ciousness before being taken up. The proofs of tatement were made in part visible by the daylight. ral corpses were driven on shore, others were picked y boats, and the remains of the little bark of Italy cast on land by inches. The wreck had been an e and terrible one.

me time after this lamentable affair, the recovered h was established as an inmate of the rectory of leigh, the incumbent of which, Mr Petre, had been preserver on the night of the wreck. The young ger gave himself the simple name of Theodore, and ed averse to further inquiry into his name or affairs. he was so gentle in manners, so intelligent, and so mplished, that he became as a beloved son to the pastor. 'I was a lonely man,' said the rector to him atedly, 'but Heaven has given me a son in pity. You not part from me, Theodore? I have enough for '

ne young stranger replied with warmth to Mr Petre's ness, but repeatedly mentioned, that he required pecuniary support—that he would receive means gh to render him independent of all such aid, on esponding with his friends in Italy.

r Petre introduced *his* new friend to all whom he

himself knew, and among others to the family of Mr
one of the principal proprietors of the neighbourl
This gentleman was of an ancient local house, and
of his descent from a follower of the Saxon Harold a
battle of Hastings. He had a large family, the elde
whom was his daughter Mary, a young lady poss
of great personal attractions, and a heart gentle
susceptible. The stranger, so noble in appearance
elegant in manners, made erelong a deep impressio
her affections, which was fully reciprocated by the o
of her regard. But he was modest and unassuming,
so well knew the difficulties which his position a
unknown castaway involved him in, that, but fo
accidental peril which the young lady sustained in
presence, from the unmanageableness of her ri
palfrey, the secret might have remained for ever lo
up in the recess of his own heart. The danger of
mistress of his affections, however, called forth a passio
outburst of love. It was heard, and responded to,
the parties concerned could think of aught else.

The lovers met, and met again. 'This must
be,' said Theodore at length, on one of these occasi
'your father, dearest Mary, must be told all.
yet I fear'——

'Fear!' replied the young lady, 'what have w
fear?—you *must* be our equal in birth,' and she gla
with a look of pride on her lover's manly and dign
form.

'Birth! equal in birth!' cried he, and for the
time Mary beheld something like pride, or even hau
ness, on his countenance. But it soon passed away,
he said: 'I *am* the equal of your father in birth, but
cumstances exist which compel me to be so far silen
that point. I have sworn an oath, that to none but
wife of my bosom will I reveal *my name and or*
Mary became thoughtful at these words, and her l
*saw a blush* gather slowly on her downcast cheeks.
*read its* signification as clearly as if it had been w
*words.* 'No, Mary,' cried he, 'the honour of my n

was as untainted as thine own—as pure as the heaven that overlooks us! But mine has been a strange doom. The welfare of others called from me the oath I have spoken of, and it must be kept. I shall satisfy your father—for erelong I shall have the means—that I am of good and honourable birth, and of means, perhaps, equal to his own; but my name and family, I have said, must be made known to thee alone—if, indeed, I ever have the happiness to call thee mine.'

Theodore did not address himself to Mr Balls until he had communicated with his friends in Italy, and received such credentials as he trusted would remove any objections that the father of Mary might entertain. Lovers look through a magnifying-glass at all the circumstances favourable to their wish, but apply a diminishing one to all obstacles and difficulties in their way. So it was in the present case. When Mr Balls was applied to by Theodore, he started at the proposal. 'My daughter, sir!' cried he; 'my daughter is of an ancient and honourable family. The Balls family possessed this house and property, where we now are, before the conquest of England by the Normans. You must certainly be conscious, sir, of possessing an honourable pedigree to think of such a proposal as this.'

Theodore's heart sank within him as Mr Balls spoke. 'I am conscious,' he replied, 'of an honourable descent, and I do not come thus before you without the means of proving it, although I must avouch candidly and at once, that there are some things connected with myself which I cannot disclose. I will satisfy you, by the testimonials of those whose word ought not to be doubted, that my name is an honourable one, but that name it is not in my power to reveal.' Mr Balls gazed at the speaker with a look of surprise. 'I might have taken a fictitious name, and have deceived you, but I prefer to admit, that there are imperative reasons for withholding my name from all *but one person*.'

'*And who may that person be?*' said Mr Balls with an ominous sneer. Theodore observed the look, and did not

immediately reply. 'Surely the person to whom you allude,' continued Mr Balls, 'must be the head of that house with which you seek to connect yourself?'

The young stranger answered: 'No, sir; I am bound by a solemn engagement to reveal my name only to her who becomes the sharer of it with me.'

'That is to say, that my daughter is to wed with one who dare not disclose his name to the world? Can the cause of this be a creditable one? Impossible!'

Theodore's heart was too deeply interested in the matter to permit him to take offence at the words of Mr Balls, especially as his reason told him they were founded on a natural feeling. He therefore pressed the father of Mary to look at the letters from Italy, to which he had referred. The other consented, as much from curiosity as from any other motive. The letters were from two Italian noblemen, and were written evidently according to a form dictated by Theodore. The writers stated that they knew the family of Theodore to be of high distinction, and his birth to be honourable, though there were important reasons for concealing his name and family from the world at large. They also referred to his possession of considerable property, and mentioned other circumstances of a favourable nature.

We do not wish to lengthen our story. Mr Balls declared that if the register of baptism of the young stranger were presented to him along with these documents, and he were permitted to shew the whole to his family and friends, he would be satisfied. This decision he adhered to, and neither the entreaties of Theodore, nor the tears of his daughter, could move him to alter it. On the other hand, Theodore firmly though sadly declared, that such a proposal could never be acceded to by him.

The consequence was, that the young stranger's visits to the house of his mistress were peremptorily forbidden, although Mr Petre, whose confidence in his guest's honour and integrity was unshaken, joined his entreaties to those of the lovers to bring matters to a favourable

close. But all was in vain. Can we wonder at the issue? Theodore and the object of his love met in secret, and, finally, they were privately married. The direct reason of this rash step was the confident hope entertained by Mary, that, if intrusted with the secret of Theodore, she might, by the strength of her testimony, reconcile her father to their union. She *did* learn her husband's secret, and such was its nature, in her eyes at least, that it only augmented her love, and increased her pride in him a thousandfold. But this did not save her from the violent anger of her father when her marriage was disclosed.

'O believe me, dear father,' she exclaimed with tears, 'he is one of whom you ought in every respect to feel proud!'

'Proud!' cried the irritated father, 'proud of a nameless wanderer!—my family proud of a union with such as he!'

'Yes,' returned the daughter, 'you will one day be proud of Theodore, and repent of your unkindness.'

'If you desire me to do so, unfold at once this vile mystery! If not, begone from these walls, and follow the vagrant you have chosen!'

In the little village of Llandulph, in Cornwall, the pair who form the main personages of our story lived for many years after their union, beloved by all around them. They were happy in their mutual affection, though the continued anger of the lady's father threw a frequent damp over the enjoyments of the wife, who made many fruitless appeals for a reconciliation. At length Mary wrote that her husband was ill, and, to increase the evil, had been made so chiefly by the cessation of his wonted communications from Italy. She and her family were now in want. Mr Balls turned a deaf ear to this new appeal from his daughter. To a second of the same nature he proved equally cold. A third communication, after a considerable interval of time, informed him that his daughter was a broken-hearted widow, her husband having sunk under the *pressure* of want and its attendant

distresses. A portion of the same letter led Mr B
go to Cornwall.

The following inscription, engraven on a brass
affixed to a mural monument in the chancel of Llan
church, and still to be seen there by visitors, will
what Mr Balls learned on his arrival there :—

'Here lieth the body of Theodoro Paleologu
Pesanio, in Italy, descended from the Imperial line
last Christian Emperors of Greece, being the s
Camilio, the son of Prosper, the son of Theodoro, th
of John, the son of Thomas, the second brother to
stantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name and l
the line that reigned in Constantinople until subdu
the Turks, who married with Mary, the daught
William Balls of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, gent.; * * *
departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January 16

Persecuted by Pope Paul V., and his successor Gr
XV., who hated the Greek line, Theodoro Palec
would have perished in Italy, had not the interfe
of a powerful friend procured permission for him to
to England, upon condition of his taking an oath ne
divulge his name, that those attached to the im
house might remain ignorant of the existence
representative.

'Father,' said the widow of the last Paleologus, '
you would one day repent.'

The English squire, whose ancestor had been a
battle of Hastings, did indeed think with sorrowful
of his conduct to the last of the Cæsars of the East!

## N HAMPDEN AND HIS GRAVE.

[AMPDEN, one of the most venerated of English
was the descendant and heir of a family of Saxon
ng settled in Buckinghamshire, and possessed of
e property both in that and adjoining counties.
born in the year 1594, his mother being Elizabeth,
daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, and aunt to
afterwards Protector of England. In 1609, John
n entered Magdalen College, Oxford, and there
shed himself highly in his studies. Ten years
ds, he was married to Elizabeth Simeon, heiress
n, in Oxfordshire, and spent some time afterwards
placid enjoyment of a country life, and of the
f a wife whom he dearly loved. His rank and
ice, however, rendered it incumbent upon him to
rliament in the beginning of 1621. In this new
, he immediately attached himself to the anti-
or popular party; and though he never attained
very highest eminence as a speaker, his strong
se, cultivated mind, and resolute spirit, together
natural influence attaching to him as one of the
st commoners of the country, gave him a degree
inence in the public eye alike honourable and

In the second parliament of Charles I., when
resorted to new modes of raising supplies,
n suffered a temporary imprisonment, along with
for refusing his share of the subsidy. Getting
d more deeply embroiled, as time ran on, with his
nts and people, the king at length attempted to
n obsolete tax, known by the name of ship-money.
occasion, 'John Hampden,' says Hume, 'acquired
pirit and courage universal popularity throughout
*n, and has merited* great renown with posterity,
*old stand which he* made in defence of the laws
*ies of his country.*' He resisted, in his own case,

the payment of the tax. It was not the extent of the imposition, for the sum amounted to no more than a few shillings, which made this resistance memorable, but the principle which dictated it, and the fact that the nation at large viewed Hampden as a champion who had put himself forward to defend their common rights. The king nominally gained the victory in the legal struggle which followed; but the conviction of his arbitrary purposes was strengthened in the minds of the people to his ultimate ruin.

Hampden's first wife died, leaving nine children, and he married a second time: but he tasted few of the comforts of home and domestic society in his latter days, being constantly engaged in the still darkening affairs of the state. Finally, the king and his parliament came to an open rupture, and mutually took up arms. Hampden, of course, continued to side with the popular party, and in the outset of the civil war, displayed as much courage in the field as he had shewn in the senate. But he did not live to see much of this great contest. On the 18th of June 1643, a battle took place between the Royalists under Prince Rupert, and the army of the Parliament under Essex, at Chalgrove Field, and John Hampden there received a mortal wound. The circumstances attending the receipt of this injury have long been a source of doubt and dispute, and have given origin to an inquiry of a strange and peculiar kind, even in our own day.

Lord Clarendon and the majority of historians, relate that the patriot was 'shot into the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone,' and caused his death 'three weeks' afterwards. Hume, following Sir Philip Warwick, narrates that a prisoner taken by the Royalists in the action at Chalgrove, 'said that he was confident Mr Hampden was hurt, for he saw him, contrary to his usual custom, ride off the field before the action was finished; *his head hanging* down, and his hands leaning on his *horse's neck.*' Hume also states, that he died 'some days' *after the event.* But another account of the fatal injury

ers materially from these. It is presented in the owing terms in the Earl of Oxford's papers :—

Two of the Harleys, and one of the Foleys, being at per with Sir Robert Pye at Faringdon House, Berks, heir way to Herefordshire, Sir Robert Pye related the ount of Hampden's death as follows :—" That, at the ion of Chalgrove Field, his pistol burst, and shattered hand in a terrible manner. He, however, rode off, l got to his quarters ; but finding the wound mortal, sent for Sir Robert Pye, then a colonel in the Parliaent army, and who had married his eldest daughter, and ld him that he looked on him in some degree accessory his death, as the pistols were a present from him. Sir bert assured him that he bought them in Paris of an ninent maker, and had proved them himself. It apared, on examining the other pistol, that it was loaded the muzzle with several supernumerary charges, owing the carelessness of a servant, who was ordered to see at the pistols were loaded every morning, which he did ithout drawing the former charge."'

In the year 1828, Lord Nugent, being then engaged in riting a memoir of Hampden, and therefore desirous of certaining the real cause of the patriot's death, bethought himself of having his grave opened, in the hope at his remains might yet be in a condition to throw me light upon the question. He therefore made applition to the Earl of Buckinghamshire (to whom the mily estates had descended) for permission to make earch for the grave in Hampden church, and to open the offin and examine the body. Leave to this purpose having een granted by his lordship, and confirmed by the rector, he search took place on the 21st July, in the presence of ord Nugent, Counsellor (afterwards Lord) Denman, the ev. Mr Brookes, and nearly twenty others, onlookers and ssistants. The circumstances have been thus detailed by n eye-witness :—'It is remarkable that so distinguished nd wealthy *a family as that* of Hampden should never *ve possessed a private vault* for the interment of the *pective branches of the* family ; such, however, is the

case; they have, from a very early period, been buri
the chancel of the church, about four feet deep. O
morning of the 21st July, we all assembled in the ch
and commenced the operation of opening the gr
After examining the initials and dates on several l
coffins, we came to the one in question, the plate of
was so corroded, that it crumbled and broke into
pieces on touching it. It was therefore impossib
ascertain the name of the individual it contained.
coffin had originally been enclosed in wood, covered
velvet, a small portion only of which was apparent
the bottom at the left side, which was not the case
those of a later date, where the initials were very dis
and the lead more perfect and fresher in appear
The register stated that Hampden was interred o
25th June 1643: an old document, still in existence,
a curious and full account of the grand procession o
occasion; we were, therefore, pretty certain that
must be the one in question, having carefully exam
all others in succession. It was lying under the we
window, near the tablet erected by him, when livin
the memory of his beloved wife, whose virtues he e
in the most affectionate language. Without po
proof, it was reasonable to suppose that he woul
interred near his adored partner; and this being fou
her feet, it was unanimously agreed that the lid shou
cut open to ascertain the fact, which proved after
that we were not mistaken. The parish plumbe
scended, and commenced cutting across the coffin,
longitudinally, until the whole was sufficiently loos
to roll back, in order to lift off the wooden lid ben
which was found in such good preservation that it
off nearly entire. Beneath this was another lid o
same material, which was raised without mate
giving way. The coffin had originally been filled up
*saw-dust, which* was found undisturbed, except in
*centre, where* the abdomen had fallen in. The saw-
*was then* removed, and the process of examination
*menced.* Silence reigned. Not a whisper or bre

ard. Each stood on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting
e result as to what appearance the face would present
nen divested of its covering. Lord Nugent descended
to the grave, and first removed the outer cloth, which was
mly wrapped round the body—then a second, and a third
-such care having been taken to preserve the body from
ie worm of corruption. Here a very singular scene
resented itself. No regular features were apparent,
lthough the face retained a deathlike whiteness, and
hewed the various windings of the blood-vessels beneath
he skin. The upper row of teeth was perfect, and those
hat remained in the under jaw, on being taken out
nd examined, were quite sound. A little beard remained
n the lower part of the chin, and the whiskers were
trong, and somewhat lighter than his hair, which was a
ill auburn brown. The upper part of the bridge of the
ose was still elevated; the remainder had given way to
he pressure of the cloths, which had been firmly bound
round the head. The eyes were but slightly sunk in, and
were covered with the same white film which charac-
erised the general appearance of the face. Finding that
a difference of opinion existed as to the indentation in the
left shoulder, where it was supposed he had been wounded,
it was unanimously agreed to raise up the coffin altogether,
nd place it in the centre of the church, where a more
ccurate examination might take place. The coffin was
xtremely heavy, but by elevating one end with a crow-
ar, two strong ropes were adjusted under each end, and
it was thus drawn up by twelve men in the most careful
manner possible. Being placed on a trestle, the first
operation was to examine the arms, which nearly retained
their original size. On lifting up the right arm, we found
it was dispossessed of its hand. We might, therefore,
naturally conjecture that it had been amputated, as the
bone presented a perfectly flat appearance, as if sawn off
by some sharp instrument. On searching under the
clothes, *to our no small astonishment*, we found the hand,
*rather a number of small* bones, enclosed in a separate
th. *For about six inches* up the arm the flesh had

wasted away, being evidently smaller than the lo
of the left arm, to which the hand was firmly un
which presented no symptoms of decay, further
two bones of the forefinger loose. Even the
mained entire, of which we saw no appearanc
cloth containing the bones of the right hand.
process of the investigation, we were perfectly
that, independently of the result of any further
tion, such a striking coincidence as the loss of
hand would justify our belief in Sir R. Pye's stat
the Harleys, that his presentation-pistol was the
cause of a wound which afterwards proved m
was, however, possible that at the same mome
heat of the action of Chalgrove, when Colonel
discharged his pistol at his adversary, that his ad
ball might wound him in the shoulder, for he
after observed, as stated by Sir Philip Warwic
his head hanging down, and his hands leani
his horse's neck."

'In order to corroborate or disprove the
statements relative to his having been wound
shoulder, a close examination of the parts to
The clavicle of the right shoulder was firmly uni
scapula, nor did there appear any contusion or in
that evinced symptoms of any wound ever hav
inflicted. The left shoulder, on the contrary, wa
and sunken in, as if the clavicle had been displa
remove all doubts, it was adjudged necessary t
the arms, which were amputated with a penkn
socket of the right arm was perfectly white and
and the clavicle firmly united to the scapula,
there the least appearance of contusion or wou
socket on the left shoulder, on the contrary,
brownish coat, and the clavicle being found qu
and disunited from the scapula, proved that d
*had taken place.* The bones, however, were quit
*Such dislocation* must therefore have arisen ei
*the force of* a ball, or from Colonel Hampd
*fallen from his* horse when he lost the power

ins, by reason of his hand having been so dread-
shattered. The latter, in all probability, was the
as it would be barely possible for a ball to pass
gh the shoulder without some fracture either of the
le or scapula. In order to examine the head and
he body was raised up and supported with a shovel;
noving the cloths, which adhered firmly to the back
› head, we found the hair in a complete state of
vation. It was of a dark auburn colour, and,
ing to the custom of the times, was very long—
ive to six inches. It was drawn up and tied at the
' the head with black thread or silk. The ends
ie appearance of being cut off. On taking hold of
p knot, it soon gave way, and came off like a
. . . This was the only spot where any putres-
was apparent. . . . He was five feet nine inches
ght, apparently of great muscular strength, of a
is and robust frame; forehead broad and high, and
ull altogether well formed—such a one as the
ation would conceive capable of great exploits.
re I close the narrative—one of singular interest to
who were eye-witnesses of the examination, which
ted a scene so novel, so ghastly, but at the same
› full of moment, that it will ever prove a memor-
rent in the short era of our lives. We recalled to
the virtuous actions of the deceased; his manly
e against the tyranny of the Star-Chamber; his
nment of every social and domestic tie for the
s cause of freedom; and whilst we gazed on his
s, remembered that that voice which was once
on behalf of his country, had contributed in no
measure to prepare the way for the blessings of
, which, but for his warning, might to this day
een withheld from an enlightened people.'

## COOKS AND COOKERY.

Some acute and discriminate philosopher has
man to be a 'cooking animal.' The full force and ac
of this definition may not be apparent at first sig
a moment's consideration will satisfy any one up
subject. We cannot call man exclusively a 'spe
animal, for the parrot and the starling share with h
endowment of articulated talk. We cannot ter
*par excellence* a 'reasoning' animal, for the elephs
the dog, not to speak of other creatures, exhibi
marked degrees, at least, of the faculty of ratioci
Nor can we style him a 'house-building' animal, fo
inhabit tenements of their own erection every
perfect as his. As little can we say that he is th
'clothes-wearing' being, for, admitting that neithe
fish, nor the ordinary members of the ephemeral cr
make use of what may be properly called garments
is at least one little insect, the clothes-moth, which
for itself a dress of wool lined with silk, as dext
as any tailor, and wears it as gracefully as any
exquisite.* So that, after all, the definition allude
by no means a joke, but, in reality, the most corre
could be given. No animated creature but man, as
we are aware, cooks its food.

This great distinctive quality has been called abur
into exercise by mankind, at all times since the beg
of the world. It may be imagined by some peop
our luxurious age is peculiarly the age of cooks, b
is very far from being the case. The Greeks and R
carried the niceties of the culinary art to a pitch exc
anything thought of even by the Udes or a Carème
day. Could either of these famous moderns ente

* *See* Kirby and Spence, or Paley's *Natural Theology*
*Edition, page 64).*

her sense of the duties and dignity of a master of
ir art than the Greek head-cook, who thus speaks in
*enœus?* The passage is translated in D'Israeli's
*riosities of Literature*:—

'I never enter in my kitchen, I!
But sit apart, and in the cool direct;
Observant of whate'er may pass within,
The scullions' toil. I guide the mighty whole,
Explore the causes, prophesy the dish.
'Tis thus I speak: "Leave, leave that ponderous ham;
Keep up the fire, and lively play the flame
Beneath these lobster-pattles; patient here,
Fixed as a statue, skim, incessant skim.
Steep well this small glociscus in its sauce,
And boil that sea-dog in a cullender;
This eel requires more salt and marjorum;
Roast well that piece of kid on either side
Equal; that sweet-bread boil not overmuch."
'Tis thus, my friend, I make the concert play.
And then no useless dish my table crowds;
Harmonious ranged, and consonantly just!
As in a concert instruments resound,
My ordered dishes in their courses chime.'

Some of the great Greek cooks, of the cast of the pre-
ding gentlemen, carried their art to such perfection,
t they were able to serve up a whole pig, *boiled* on one
le, and *roasted* on the other; and *stuffed* besides, though
thout visible mark of the knife upon it. The inventor
this feat was cruel enough to keep the process secret
a whole year; at length it was revealed, that he had
d the animal to death by a very small wound under
shoulder, by which he had also extracted the entrails
cemeal; that he had forced the stuffing down the
oat; and that, by means of barley-paste, he had
vented the roasting on one side, having boiled it
rwards. It is said also of these Greek cooks, that
their saltings, picklings, and fryings, they could
ually make a turnip pass for any kind of fish or flesh
y chose!

One ancient epicure, by name Philoxenus, became
ous by habituating himself to the touch and taste
vater scalding hot, that he might feel the less impedi-
it in swallowing the hottest dishes. A congenial

spirit appeared in the Roman Apicius, who made a to Africa, in a time of tempest, merely because heard that the shrimps were larger there. Findi to be a mistake, he turned his back on Afric contempt.

We might greatly prolong our notices of cookery and epicurism, but it is our wish to leav space for matters of more modern date. In casti eye downwards from antiquity, we light upon one liarly prominent culinary figure—the famous Vate to the great Prince of Condé. Vatel was a worth fessor of his art, and profoundly sensible of its and importance. His death, as recorded by Mada Sévigné, is one of the finest touches of the (it wo almost cruel to say *mock*) heroic, that ever was pe ated by pen or press. Louis XIV. had gone to Ch to visit the Condé. Vatel—whom the acute Sévigr not hesitate to term 'a man eminently distinguish taste, and whose abilities were equal to the gover of a *state*,' not to speak of a kitchen—Vatel was pu his mettle. 'The king,' says Sévigné, 'arriv Thursday night; the walk, and the collation, whi served in a place set apart for the purpose, and st with jonquils, were just as they should be. Supp served, but there was no roast-meat at one or two tables, on account of Vatel's having been obli provide several dinners more than were expected. affected his spirits, and he was heard to say s times: "I have lost my fame! I cannot bea disgrace!" "My head is quite bewildered," s to Gourville. "I have not had a wink of sleep twelve nights; I wish you would assist me in orders."

'Gourville did all he could to comfort and assis but the failure of the roast-meat (which, howev not happen at the king's table, but at some of the twenty-five), was always uppermost with him. Go mentioned it to the prince, who went directly to *apartment*, and said to him: "Everything is exta

lucted, Vatel; nothing could be more admirable
majesty's supper."
highness's goodness," replied he, "overwhelms
n sensible that there was a deficiency of roast-
wo tables."
t all," said the prince; "do not perplex yourself,
ill go well."
ght came: the fireworks did not succeed; they
ered with a thick cloud; they cost 16,000 francs.
o'clock in the morning, Vatel went round, and
erybody asleep; he met one of the under-pur-
ho was just come in with only two loads of fish.
said he, "is this all?"
ir," said the man, not knowing that Vatel had
d other people to all the seaports round.
waited for some time; the other purveyors did
e; his head grew distracted; he thought there
ore fish to be had; he flew to Gourville. "Sir,"
I cannot outlive this disgrace."
ille laughed at him; Vatel, however, went to
ment, and setting the hilt of his sword against
after two ineffectual attempts, succeeded in the
forcing the sword through his heart. At that
he carriers arrived with the fish; Vatel was
after to distribute it: they ran to his apartment,
at the door, but received no answer; upon which
e it open, and found him weltering in his blood.
nger was immediately despatched to acquaint
e with what had happened, who was like a man
r. The duke wept, for his Burgundy journey
upon Vatel. The prince related the whole
is majesty with an expression of great concern:
sidered as the consequence of too nice a sense
r. Some blamed, others praised him for his
The king said he had put off this excursion for
a five years, because he was aware that it would
ed with infinite trouble, and told the prince that
to have had but two tables, and not have been
pense of so many, and declared he would never

suffer him to do so again; but all this was too la
poor Vatel.'

Here was indeed a man fit to be a *chef de cuis*
the French impressively call a culinary professor
highest order. But more recent days have not
without his equals. 'Two shall be named, pre-emi
great'—Ude and Carême. Louis Eustache Ude, a F
man by birth, was 'cook to the unfortunate Louis
of France; subsequently to the Earl of Sefton; and, f
steward to the Duke of York,' as he himself tells
his great work, entitled the *French Cook*. The high
which he set upon his art may be partly gathered
the accredited story, that he left the service of th
of Sefton, because that nobleman's eldest son,
Molyneux, was said 'to have *put salt* into a soup
[the cook's] composition.' 'Cookery is an art,
M. Ude, 'which requires much time, intelligenc
activity, to be acquired in perfection. Music, da
fencing, painting, and mechanics in general, posses
fessors under twenty years of age, whereas in th
line of cooking, pre-eminence never occurs under
We see daily at concerts and academies, young me
women who display the greatest abilities; but in ou
nothing but the most consummate experience can e
a man to the rank of *chief professor*. What scien
mands more study than cookery? Why should w
be proud of our knowledge in cookery? It is th
of festivity at all times, and to all ages. How
marriages have been the consequence of meeti
dinner! How much good fortune has been the res
a good supper!' In accordance with the spirit of
remarks, M. Ude is said to have told Sir Humphry
one day: 'Ah, *Sromfredevi*, de Society of de Royal
tution shall not nevare be complet till dere is one
of cookery.'

*M. de Carême* was a modern French cook of pe
*still higher* celebrity. He was of a house of
*one of his* lineal ancestors, the founder of the
*having* been cook to the convivial pope, Leo

ig a peculiar soup for whom, as a dish for Lent,
he name of Jean de Carême (Jack-a-Lent). The
lant of Jack-a-Lent was *chef de cuisine* to the mil-
Baron de Rotheschilde. As he grew up, his hero-
talents gradually developed themselves, and he
so greatly renowned over all Europe, that the
r of Russia and various other sovereigns sought
ices. He accepted an offer from George IV., then
but remained only eight months in the English
household, declaring as he left it, according to
hat 'it was a boorish establishment.' He certainly
quit England because due honour was not paid
lents, for the great of London did not disdain to
nense prices for his second-hand patties after they
de their appearance at the regent's table. Em-
finally, by the Baron de Rotheschilde (brother of
it London Rotheschilde), Carême received from him
vance greater than monarchs could afford. Lady
, in her *France in* 1829–30, has become the recorder
culinary artist's merits; and the fussy reverence,
htly hid under a tone of exaggeration and banter,
hich she speaks of him, is most amusing. The
tal Carême,' such 'philosophers as Carême,' a
t the head of his class,' this 'extraordinary and
ted person'—such are the appropriate terms
she employs in mentioning him. She was asked
eschilde's to dinner. Previously to this time, 'I
experience,' says she, 'of the works of Carême.
et to judge (in his own words) of those meliora-
his art, produced by the "intellectual faculties of
rned practitioner." I did not hear the announce-
f dinner without emotion. To do justice to the
and research of a dinner so served, would require
ledge of the art equal to that which produced it.
tions of the most delicate viands, extracted in
dews," with chemical precision,

"*On tepid clouds of* rising steam,"

*he basis of all.* Every meat preserved its own

natural aroma; every vegetable its own shade of ve
With less genius than went to the composition o
dinner, men have written epic poems; and if a
were distributed to cooks as to actors, the wom
Pasta or Sontag, divine as they are, never were
fairly won than the laurel which should have gra
brow of Carême, for this specimen of the intell
perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of m
civilisation! On good cookery depends good hum
good health depends the permanence of a good ex
tion; and on these, the whole excellence in the sta
of human society.

'As I was seated next to M. Rothschilde, I took
sion to insinuate, after the soup—for who would w
word before!—that I was not wholly unworthy of s
at a table served by Carême, as I was already
acquainted, theoretically, with his merits.

"Ah, well," said M. Rothschilde laughing, "he
side, has also relished your works, and here is a
of it."

'I really blush, like Sterne's accusing spirit, as I
in the fact; but he pointed to a column of the
ingenious confectionary architecture, on which my
was inscribed in spun sugar. *My* name written in s
Ye Quarterlies and Blackwoods, and thou, fals
faithless Westminster! Ye who have never trac
proscribed name but in gall! think of "Lady Morga
sugar!

'All I could do under my triumphant emotion I
I begged to be introduced to the celebrated and fla
artist, and promised, should I ever again troubl
public with my idleness, to devote a tributary p
his genius, and to my sense of his merits, literar
culinary. [The cook had written a work on his sci
Carême was sent for after coffee, and was pre
to me in the vestibule of the château by his m
*He was* a well-bred gentleman, perfectly free
*pedantry;* and when we had mutually complim
*each other* on our various works, he bowed him

and *got into his carriage*, which was waiting to take him to Paris.'

This extract forms the climax of our article. It is impossible for us, by any further remarks or quotations, to place cooks and cookery in a more elevated light than has been here done by Lady Morgan, who has shewn herself truly worthy of her great subject. So we leave the illustrious Carême to command the 'aids of his staff,' to loll in 'his carriage,' and to enjoy 'his box at the Opera,' believing him to have been, beyond question, superlatively worthy of all these luxuries. For the straggling character, generally, of these our anecdotes, the reader must pardon us, for we really had no other object in view at the outset, than to string together a few such loose illustrations of 'man as a cooking animal.' We have merely to remark, in conclusion, that that definition of man applies universally. All men cook, and enjoy cookery —the poor as well as the employers of Udes and Carêmes. We never shall forget the earnestness and gusto with which an ancient shoemaker once on a time gave utterance to the following saying. He had married a woman who had long been cook in a wealthy family, and was asked by a friend, soon after the nuptials, how he was pleased with his spouse. 'Eh, man,' says he in reply, 'she is a prime ane! Dashit, I believe she could make a *stew* out o' *head-leather*, and a *hashie* out o' *insoles!*'

## AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF A COM
## TRAVELLER.

In Egypt, at the present day, and in various oth
countries now opened up by the increase
navigation, an assimilation is rapidly taking plac
the customs of the West and the East. In past ti
have remained almost entirely isolated and di
intercourse between the different climes not bei
a nature as to cause an amalgamation betw
habitudes, at least to any great extent. But n
commercial travellers pass as regularly betwee
and Alexandria as between London and
or Glasgow and Manchester; and the conse
that fashions and manufactures are flowing
West into the East in great abundance and
rapidity, promising soon to create new and
ties between regions and races hitherto really lit
to one another. The end of all this cannot b
good; but long-existing prejudices cause this
intercourse to be sometimes attended by a
effervescence, such as accompanies the union of
chemical elements. From inattention to the
repossessions of their Oriental customers, co
men from Europe, and especially those of a bus
officious order, frequently get themselves into od
and scrapes not unattended with danger.

A traveller from Paris, named Bonnard, a bris
fellow, who rejoiced in the office of agent for
established depôt of male and female fashions in d
voyed himself not long since to Alexandria, witl
assortment of rich articles of attire, which he pr
*dispose of* to the lords and ladies of Egypt,
*particularly* to the ladies. Through dint of act
perseverance, he was successful beyond his h

ussulman aristocracy are eminently *accessible*. The eanest water-carrier of the Alexandrian streets could esent himself to Mehemet Ali in person, and make a rbal appeal, or deliver a petition, just as used to be the se in the days of Haroun Alraschid. The Eastern obility imitate this regal fashion; and hence Bonnard, hile in Alexandria, found it not very difficult to obtain hearing from the great men of the city, and to lay before em specimens of his rich goods, which led to extensive rchases by these pachas and beys, for the decoration of e invisible ladies of their respective households.

On moving from Alexandria to Cairo, Bonnard learned at, in the latter city, there resided a certain Abdallah-cha, a wealthy and powerful lord, who had recently rried a most beautiful lady, and one of whom he was otedly fond. Bonnard immediately resolved to make ise of Abdallah-Pacha, and found no difficulty, accord-gly, in making his way into the presence of the Eastern andee. He found Abdallah sitting in luxurious ease pon a divan, alone, in a large saloon, and smoking with ost Oriental languor and enjoyment. Servants were present, but not a whisper or footfall could be heard. All were dumbly attentive to the looks and signs that came, or might come, from their master, who was a man in the prime of life, with finely-cut features and head, a long beard of glossy black, and eyes that sparkled like car-buncles. The contrast between this grave, awe-striking personage, and the dapper lively mortal who now intruded on his luxurious repose, was most remarkable as regarded appearance and every other point. Bonnard was a thorough Frenchman, firmly impressed with the belief that all that was done at Paris was right, and that all that was done elsewhere, if done differently, must be and was indisputably wrong. He dressed precisely in the manner of the lay-figures adorning his own depôt, or the pages of the 'Journals of the Fashions,' which he carried about with *him in the exercise* of his calling. Such was *the person, curled, essenced,* strapped, and starched, in *newest Parisian mode,* who now approached Abdallah

inded the same feelings as those with which a hound might be expected to regard the ap lady's lap-dog; namely, with a sort of grave surprise, but without displeasure. Indeed, i that the Orientals feel the easy address of Eur relief, when compared with their own formal salutations. Such were the circumstances at meeting of the powerful Mussulman with t fancy-agent.

Bonnard was no sooner seated, than he hands, and unfolded his sample-stores, eager tomer. By the help of a little smattering of A Arabic, in addition to his fluent French, whic understood in Egypt, Bonnard could make hir intelligible. He started in praise of his stoc Abdallah nodded. The traveller spoke r Abdallah nodded. But Bonnard was anxiou things to a bearing, and, remembering only h politeness, he got out with the words—intende important personage to the mind of the Egypt to stimulate to a purchase—'And how doe your lady?'

The words, simple as they were, acted like

hich only a slight faltor was apparent: 'I have
tentionally said something wrong.'
o ask me "how does my wife!" By the beard of the
het,' said the still boiling Abdallah, 'if I did not
ct the claims of hospitality! How come *you* to
r my wife? Unless you had acquaintance with her
would not ask for her.'
'ardon me, my lord,' said Bonnard; 'it is the custom
y country.'
t is a monstrous and offensive custom,' said Abdallah.
little Frenchman faltered, and simpered, and bowed,
xplained; but all would not do. He had touched
e tender point in the Eastern's jealous nature; and
ugh his inquiry would have been held as one but of
non courtesy in the West, it had the effect, particularly
ming from the lips of a stranger, of jarring on all
rejudices, both national and personal, of Abdallah-
a. Still the latter was not an illiberal man in his
; and becoming partly convinced, perhaps, that he
made a mistake, he contented himself by dismissing
ard for the time only. 'I cannot examine anything
y,' said he, passing his hand over his yet ruffled
r; 'come back to-morrow. Farewell.'
his sounded as a peremptory order for departure, and
nard obeyed it. As he left the house, however, he
dentally met with a female, whom he recognised as a
tese, a person who was employed in retailing articles
ress about the households of Cairo. Anxious to get
is stock, it struck the Parisian that it would be a
l scheme to give this woman one of his 'Journals of
Fashions,' that she might place it in the hands of
allah's beautiful lady. The thing was easily managed.
ight douceur being laid upon her palm, the Maltese
: upon her at once the proposed commission.
ittle did poor Bonnard imagine, as he moved off with
vated spirits to his place of lodgment—confident
the *sight of the magnificent* figures adorning his
*al must tempt* Abdallah's lady into an order of
*se magnitude—little* thought the dapper Parisian

[illegible]

when he attempted to name them, he found that the words would not pass his lips. He loved his wife, it has been said, most devotedly, and had hitherto never doubted of her constancy. All that he could say to the blacks was: 'To-morrow, I will point out the victims to you!'

Abdallah-Pacha waited restlessly next day for the appearance of Bonnard. The light-hearted little Frenchman was not long in presenting himself. He danced easily and smilingly into the saloon of the Eastern lord, little thinking of the fate that hung by a thread over his head, little dreaming of the purpose for which the blacks had taken up their station behind the divan of Abdallah. 'I hope,' said Bonnard, with a salutation half-Western half-Oriental, 'that I will be fortunate in pleasing my lord to-day. I have brought the richest patterns.'

'You have deceived me,' replied Abdallah, in a tone of assumed calmness.

'No, upon my honour,' returned Bonnard; 'all that I offer is of the best quality, and at the lowest price.'

'You have wronged me—you have written to my wife,' continued the Egyptian, grinding his teeth as if to wear down his passion.

The Frenchman had sense enough to be seriously alarmed at the symptoms presented by the bearing of his interlocutor. 'I have never written, seen, or spoken to your lady,' cried he earnestly.

'You have sent your portrait to her,' continued Abdallah. The Frenchman falteringly exclaimed: 'No—never!' Abdallah drew from his breast the Journal of Fashions. 'See here the proof of your treachery! Is not this your portrait—the image of your face, person, and dress?'

'No!' cried Bonnard; 'it is I who am the image of the dress and appearance of this engraving! I declare to you that these are figures of fancy!'

We shall not endeavour to detail the remaining particulars of this scene. It is enough to state, that Bonnard expended all his eloquence in French, Turkish, and Arabic, to prove that the engravings of the Journal were fancy-

portraits. He appealed to every European in Cairo in proof of his assertion. The light of conviction at length dawned on the mind of Abdallah-Pacha, and his affection for his wife made him happy to entertain it.

'Here,' said he at length, turning to the blacks behind him, and giving them the unlucky Journal, 'this is what you shall throw into the Nile!'

The words startled Bonnard, but Abdallah continued, addressing him: 'Bring your whole goods hither, and I will buy them at your own price.'

Bonnard received a lesson from this incident, and so may every commercial man who goes to the East: let them beware of jarring on the prejudices of those whose custom they seek.

END OF VOL. XIX.

# CHAMBERS'S

# )CKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XX.

EDINBURGH:
[SHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.
1853.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

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# CHAMBERS'S

# POCKET MISCELLANY.

## UBALTERN'S REMINISCENCES OF A TRANSPORT.

all the situations in life that can be pictured, ; of a passenger on board a Transport, crowded n 300 or 400 people, soldiers and sailors, women l children, is the most miserable, and at the same e the most ludicrous. The best illustration I can e of a transport is a hen-coop well crammed with 1; and, generally, the conduct and behaviour of her w, or rather her passengers, are much the same as those the fowl in a hen-coop—by no means the most gentle, iceable, or forbearing. So as they can in any way ommodate themselves, no matter how much they commode their neighbours. Certainly the well-filled nsport at sea is the place in which to see human nature ested of those many little disguises, which in general ake it pass off so plausibly.

Here comes a draft of the —th from Chatham—a vile ace, in my opinion almost as bad as a transport. A hot arch it is to Gravesend. *What* an appropriate name this *ace has!—the last ground,* perhaps, your foot touches *il you tread on a foreign soil,* which is likely to be your

looking wistfully at the gurgling waters, at the san making sounds by no means expressive of inwarc faction. More are rising out of the hold, the pressing upon the leaders. They are staggering the decks. And the chill foam scatters its spra them, baptising their clammy foreheads; and the rain has commenced, and the moaning wind is i key higher, and the waves sound surlier, and th is passed, loud and decided: 'All hands below l watch.' So the languid wretches descend agai the dark and noisome gulf, groping, sick and totte their hammocks.

The night drearily passes over. With the m the weather is clearing; but the sun shines ghas faintly. Nevertheless, up with the hammocks for —orderlies of companies attend for the rations— the drum beats all hands to the grog-tub—rum with water, to be drunk at the tub, in presence orderly-officer. Who is for the day? Ensign M Poor fellow! here he comes, looking very rueful smell of the rum is not likely to revive him; he l hold of one of the ratlines; depend upon it, l 'screw' his courage to the sticking place.

'Well, Muggins, old boy, how are you getting sung out Hopkins, the captain of the day, as hi peered up from the companion-ladder, on a leve the deck—his face, the colour of saffron, assuri beholders that his stomach was no stranger to cur rice—in short, that he was an old stager, well bac a tropical sun, and knowing in all the ways of voy

'Very seedy, Hopkins—very seedy, indeed,' Muggins; 'who could ever have imagined that s misery was attached to the army? It was runnin castle guard-mounting in Dublin, and field-day turned my brain—only I was a fool, I should not b —*my stomach* feels as if it were turned inside out.

*'Ha! ha!* ha! my lad, too late—too late to be gru —*why did* you list? Why did you list, Master Mo *chuckled* Captain Hopkins; at the same time

mmenced smoking a cigar, as much as to say:
ance to sea-sickness.'
I give fifty pounds I was well enough to smoke,'
Muggins.
good time,' said Hopkins; 'you cannot expect
lor in a few hours; but, Muggins, my boy, sick
, let me give you a little good advice. There
d officers aboard, and some of them have got
; take care of yourself, my boy, for, ten to one,
sea-sickness goes off, you will get love-sick. I
rossed the line for nothing. An old bird is not
th chaff. Observe, they will get up dancing
ights are fair, and round games when they are
get excessively intimate with each other; and
voyage is over, the half of them will be by the
y name is not Hopkins. But just take a cigar,
a cloud; be civil to them, and nothing more.
ount put your heels in a passion with that old
's daughter; you may depend upon it, sir, they
n—not a piece. They may know how to draw,
n the bank. I see they have brought a piano
ut I am happy there is no room to put it up.
ng they will have, if they have nothing but the
t here comes the orderly-sergeant. Well,
'ikestaff, what's the matter?'
brought up Lance-corporal Rooney, sir, for
ith private Tim Doolan of the —th, thinking it
becoming conduct, and subversive of military
in an acting corporal.'
honour,' says Tim Doolan, 'Lance-corporal
ched me a dig under my right lug, from the
hich I am nearly deprived of my hearing; and,
knocked my cap clane off my head overboard—
sight of it I ever saw after—and tould me I
angeman, though it's quite the reverse I am;
he offered to box me on the forecastle, your

*orporal Rooney, what* have you now to say?'
*in Hopkins.*

'Why, sir, he aggravated me, and threw reflections and disparagements upon our regimint. Says he: "You and the rest of your corps are a set of spalpeens. When ye marched into Mullingar, it was ye that claned out our mess tins, as if you had ate nothing for an entire week of Sundays, and never gave us in return as much as a dram, or blast of a pipe, or a mouthful of tobaccy. And as for yourself (maning me, sir), you think yourself a very fine fellow since you got that *sthripe* upon your arm. You are getting as proud as one of Paddy Wall's pigs, and in two hours I wouldn't matter much pulling your dirty nose." I couldn't stand him at all, at all, sir; I tould him he'd better keep his jaw to himself; that I was as good a mother's child as he was any day; and that it was a dirty mane thing of him to be casting up about the bit and sup that his regimint gave ours whin we came off the march. It was only jist what the likes of any regimint would do to another in similar circumstances. Upon this, your honour, he spat in my face, and thin I gave him a dig, to shew him how to obsarve politeness and manners for the futer; told him though I had a *sthripe*, that would not be the rason of privinting me giving him satisfaction; and that, if he plased, I would take a round out of him on the forecastle; and there's the story for your honour. His cap did go overboard; but I am willing to pay for it, if you will only look over the business this time, and I will promise you I will give Tim Doolan a wide berth for the futer.'

'On the promise you have made, I will pass the thing over this time. Sergeant, the prisoner is forgiven. Now, Muggins,' resumed Hopkins, 'you see how these fellows are beginning already. Wait a little, and the bickerings will break forth in the cuddy; but here comes the paymaster's wife and her darlings. Why, they look as if they were all in the measles; but I must say something to them. How do you do, Mrs Moneypenny? *and you, Miss* Eliza? and you, Miss Jane?'

'*Oh, laws!* Captain Hopkins, oh, laws!' exclaimed Mrs *Moneypenny*; 'what is to become of me and my poor

bs—we are nearly devoured by vermin! You
'eep the bugs together, and take them up in
Oh! my dear Captain Hopkins, what is to
f us!'—and Mrs Moneypenny and daughters
vidually and collectively into tears.
it is distressing, no doubt,' replied old Hopkins,
ıe time trying to repress a sardonic grin; 'but I
ı, Mrs Moneypenny, it is only a trifle in com-
what you will suffer on your landing from the
s.' After delivering this delightful piece of
ɔn, he glided to his cabin, chuckling at the idea
sold old Mother Moneypenny a real bargain.
is one comfort,' soliloquised young Muggins,
ıere are others uncomfortable aboard this ship
yself; at all events, if the Misses Moneypenny
prove in their looks before the passage is over,
o fear of my falling in love with them. But the
ı, and there goes the black steward. Better,
re goes the dinner. I will try what a little soup
r me.' And in stalks Ensign Muggins into the

ldy was a long narrow cabin, not across the ship,
ıeral arrangement is, but running lengthways,
ally to express it, from fore to aft; about nine-
long and ten broad, with small cabins for officers
ide. In this miserable hole about twenty-five
'ere crammed daily, to eat pea-soup, salt pork,
, as long as the fresh provisions lasted, a portion
ne. A life of this kind, day after day, is very
us. Sometimes a distant sail may appear on
ɔn. An attempt is made to speak her in vain;
the other tack. A shark perhaps has been
ıd a crowd gathers on the deck to gaze at the
nster. One day a calm—then a storm; a lull—
a sudden squall; but, to make the passage quick,
rtain time Madeira is made, and the Cape de
ɔ passed; by this *time* the passengers are fulfil-
*kins's predictions fast*—going it tooth and nail.
*ks are past. By* observation, we are in the

latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. The poor skipper nearly driven mad by the continual dictation and int ference of the passengers: one set begging him to p into the Cape; others, thinking it will only finally ke them at sea longer, are averse to his doing so; he quarr ling with his mates, and his mates with him; even t black steward, seeing how affairs are going on, h mustered courage, and given him impertinence. Th is too much for the enraged skipper; he seizes t astonished nigger by the poll, and bundles him out the cuddy.

Lieutenant Jenkins of the —th has received a challeng from Paymaster Moneypenny, some particularly goo natured person having informed the paymaster, tha Lieutenant Jenkins made some highly improper remark on Miss Moneypenny the preceding evening, while sh was walking on the quarter-deck with Cornet Twaddle o the —th. Mrs Moneypenny, furious, and adjuring he better-half to have no mercy upon that odious youn puppy Jenkins.

Mrs Flannigan has been in hysterics since morning on account of some person or persons unknown havin thrown her pet lapdog Fidele overboard. Brevet Majo Flannigan, the senior and commanding officer aboar outrageous at the act, swearing if he only knew who i was, he would bring the offender forthwith to a court martial, and have him tried for disgraceful conduct. Ol Hopkins is generally suspected for the vile deed. Th lapdog invariably shewed a marked antipathy to him cocking its tail, shewing its teeth, and snarling at him whenever he made his appearance on the poop. And th skipper is in an awful humour again, having detecte some of the officers' ladies sweeping the almonds an raisins by wholesale into their laps, for their squallin young brats. Great interest making to get the blac *steward* reinstated in his office, from which he had bee *lately ejected*. Rough weather again—in with the dea *lights!* The Cape is passed—weeks roll on—fresh pr *visions nearly* finished. The old cock that crew ev

ad his neck twisted this afternoon; there he
pended by the legs, from the ratlin. The
look most melancholy. They are tenantless—
quacking chick left, and the Isle of Ceylon is
ched. The old hog—the only survivor of the
is to be sacrificed to-morrow; the beer is
e water ebbing very low; two sentries on the
s. This looks blue. Passengers by this time
like caged tigers. 'Land ahead'—joyful
here's Adam's Peak,' shouted out old Hopkins,
t cleared off, and the crags of the noble moun-
ed in the morning sun, and the tops of cocoa-
hat gird the shore, looked green and fresh to
ad rested for months on the tossing billows.
ie canoes are approaching, with their outriggers
shares—and the flag-staff is signalising—and
and graceful-figured Cingalese stand on the
l their plantains and cocoa-nuts—and the Moor-
, with their shaven heads, are rowing lustily,
eeping time with some wild chant. The staff-
come on board with directions: 'The men to
in the evening.'
ve disembarked; what a dark ridge of cloud
ie distant jungle! Hark to the distant growl of
p thunder! What a lightning flash! Peal
re-echoes through the startled hills. The
uds discharge their fountains of waters—the
converted into rivers. 'Right shoulders for-
izza! they are now marching into the fort,
y the pitiless shower; but any port after a
The voyage is over; and the detachments, in
al quarters, sleep without rocking in the Fort
.

# A CHINESE STORY.

[The annals of China give the following history as true, and we ought not to take it for romance. It has been translated from the Chinese into French by the late R. P. Dentrecolles. In China, it may be mentioned, that each town prints whatever occurs, of a singular character, in its district. They take especial care to collect accounts of the lives of individuals distinguished by arms or by letters, or who have sustained an integrity beyond the common standard. These memoirs are generally very instructive. They embody maxims calculated to improve the manners, and always point to the practice of some virtue. How many Christian writers might profitably imitate such a method, and propose to themselves the task of conveying instruction as the constant object of their works! Since the greatest demand of the present day is the demand for novelty, perhaps we may add, that within the limits of Europe, we shall scarcely find a greater novelty than a real Chinese story. Ours wears an air of strangeness; but for that it is all the better. It is well to bear in mind the observation of an ingenious Frenchman—that the Chinese write their histories with a simplicity unexampled in the rest of Asia.]

THERE once lived at Nankin three brothers—Lin the Diamond, Lin the Treasure, and Lin the Pearl. Lin the Diamond, who was the eldest, was enjoying a life of the purest happiness with Ouang, his wife, when compelled by the most pressing concerns to undertake a long journey. As they were many years without having news of him, they began to believe him dead; and Lin the Treasure, who thereby became the master of his house, assured Ouang of it so positively, that she allowed herself at last to be persuaded, and resorted to deep mourning.

Lin the Treasure had a bad heart; he was capable of the most unworthy actions. 'I shall doubt no more of it,' said he; 'my brother *is* dead, and I am the master. His wife is young and handsome; her parents are distant, and she cannot implore their aid. I must contrain her incessantly to marry: I shall get money out of it.'

He communicated his design to Yang, his wife, who commanded her to set about a proper negotiation

marriage. Ouang rejected afar off all the propositions that were made her. She protested that she would remain a widow, and thereby honour the memory of her beloved husband. Lin the Pearl, her other brother-in-law, confirmed her in this resolution. Thus all the artifices that could be employed proved unsuccessful. And as it entered time after time into her mind, that it was by no means certain whether her husband were dead, she resolved on that point to inform herself. It was this that determined her to entreat Lin the Pearl to betake himself into the province of Chang-si, to ascertain if indeed she had had the misfortune to lose her husband, and in that case to fetch her his precious remains.

Lin the Treasure, on the departure of his younger brother, became more ardent in his pursuits. He was in a rage for gambling during several days, and in this had been so unlucky, that he knew not where to find the money to have his revenge. In the embarrassment in which he found himself, he accidentally encountered a merchant of Kiang-si who had lost his wife, and who was in search of another. Lin the Treasure embraced the occasion, and promised him his sister-in-law. The merchant accepted the proposition, after having taken the precaution to inform himself secretly whether the person proposed to him were young and handsome. When thus assured, he produced thirty taëls,* to conclude the bargain.

Lin the Treasure, having received this sum, said to the merchant: 'I ought to apprise you, that my sister-in-law is proud, disdainful, and extremely fastidious. She will make many obstacles when she comes to quit the house, and you will have much trouble in prevailing with her. Observe, then, what you ought to do. This evening, at nightfall, have a couch, adorned according to custom, and some good bearers: come noiselessly, and present yourself at our door. The lady who will appear, with a head-dress of *mourning, is my* sister-in-law; speak not a

* *About six shillings* sterling.

that she might suspect nothing of the project formed; but so soon as she had withdrawn, he in it in confidence to his wife; and indicating the Ouang by a spiteful jest, 'It must be,' said he, 'tl two-footed merchandise go forth this night of ou As to that, I trouble myself little. I wish not, how find myself present at that scene, and I shall go for some moments. Towards nightfall, some peop accompanied, will come to our gate, and carry he a well-closed couch'——

He would have proceeded, when he was all arrested by a noise which he heard. It was his in-law, who was passing near the chamber-windov the Treasure thereupon hurried out by anothe and the precipitation of his retreat permitted h to add all the circumstances of the abductio especially the mark of the *head-dress of mourn* which the Lady Ouang was to have been disting This happened, without doubt, by an especial pro from Heaven.

Ouang easily perceived that the noise which s made nigh to the window, had obliged Lin the T abruptly to break off the conversation; but she ha

demand, Yang at first appeared disconcerted, ed; but speedily assuming a countenance more What think you of, my sister?' said she; 'and inations do you put into your mind? If it were to re-marry you, do you believe we should be t embarrassed by it? Eh! What good to throw in the water, before the vessel is threatened wreck?'

as the Lady Ouang heard this proverb, *drawn ssel*, she better comprehended the meaning of discourse of her brother-in-law. She broke mentations and sighs, and abandoning herself ut herself up in her chamber, where she wept, id bewailed herself. 'Oh, I am most wretched!' 'I know not who may become my husband. arl, my brother-in-law and my friend, on whom ve depended, is on a journey; my father, my y friends, are far distant from this place; if be precipitated, how shall I be able to apprise ave no aid to expect from our neighbours; Lin re is a terror to the whole district, and they he is capable of the greatest villainies. Unfor- ng that I am, I shall never escape his snares! not into them to-day, I shall to-morrow, or very short time. Everything well considered, se this painful existence; let me die in good ; will be much better than enduring a thousand usand deaths; and what is my life, if not one death?'

pidations of this unhappy lady lasted till night, much reflection, she confirmed herself in the tion to die, rather than fall into the hands of ers. As soon as the sun disappeared from the nd the obscurity of night supplied his place, she lf up, without light, in her chamber, and cried: Tien, avenge me, protect me!' Her distresses *tion were so great, that* she threw off her head- *her hair, and yielding* to the wildest grief, she *int and exhausted,* heavily on the floor. The

dress to a considerable distance, and the fright wi
she was seized rendered her for several momen
sible. As soon as she had regained her consci
she raised herself, went in search of a light, and
to the chamber, where she found the Lady Ou
extended immovably on the ground.

At the instant, when she would have procure
ance, she heard some one strike softly on the do
house. She doubted not that it was the mer
Kiang-si, who was coming in search of the wife
had purchased. She wished to hasten to his r
and introduce him into the chamber of her siste
Her eagerness, and the scruple which she had
shewing herself without a head-dress, caused her
up the mourning one of the Lady Ouang, wh
found at hand.

It was truly the merchant of Kiang-si, who h
to carry off the lady promised him. He had
a wedding-litter, decorated with silken streame
festoons of flowers, and innumerable beautifu
It was surrounded by domestics bearing lighted
and a band of musicians with flutes and hautbo
this retinue was drawn up in the street, witl
instruments being played on going being ma

lady, and enclosed her in the litter, which was all
ared for her reception. She made a good outcry
they deceived themselves, that it was not she whom
' sought: the flourish of instruments was instantly
d, and drowned her voice, whilst the litter-bearers
ped out with the more good-will, in order to transport
to the bark.
uring this time, the Lady Ouang had come to herself,
recovered her recollection. The great disturbance
h she heard at the door of the house renewed her
ms, and caused her mortal uneasiness. But as she
eived that the sound of the instruments, and that
usion of voice and of music which had struck up all
nce, wore further off every moment, she re-assured
lf; and in a few minutes she regained courage, and
forth to see what was ado.
ie Lady Ouang having called many times in vain for
sister-in-law, comprehended that the merchant had
ived himself, and that he had carried off her whom
lid not seek; but she dreaded some troublesome
situde when Lin the Treasure should become aware
ie mistake. She shut herself up in her chamber;
ared up the head-trimmings, the earrings, and the
* head-dress, which lay upon the ground; and she
upon dreamed of courting a brief repose; but
is impossible for her to close an eye all the night

the break of day she arose, washed her face; and
it she searched for her head-dress of mourning to
n, she heard a great noise at the house-door. Some
beat it rudely, and called: 'Open, now!'
was Lin the Treasure, whose voice she recognised.
part was speedily taken: she left him to knock there
out response. He swore, he stamped, he roared
gh to make himself hoarse. At length the Lady
g drew near to the door, and keeping behind without

* *Europe, mourning is* generally black; in China and Japan it
*he contrary, white, as* amongst the ancient Spartan and Roman

opening it, 'Who is it that knocks,' said she such a noise?'

Lin the Treasure, who distinguished we voice of his sister-in-law, was seized with sternation. His confusion was unbounde that she refused to open. He had recourse to which succeeded with him. 'Sister-in-law,' and happy news! Lin the Pearl, my young returned, and our elder brother enjoys p Open quickly!'

At this agreeable intelligence, the Lady ( assuming the black head-dress, which had Dame Yang, opened with eagerness, expecti good brother-in-law, Lin the Pearl; but in sought him—she perceived only Lin the T latter proceeded to his apartment; but nc wife there, and remarking a black head head of his sister-in-law, he then feared hi 'Ha! where, then, is your sister-in-law? Ouang.

'You should know better than I,' repli 'since it is you who have contrived this nice

'But,' replied Lin the Treasure, 'why wea *white* head-dress? Have you laid aside you

The Lady Ouang had the condescension him what had occurred in his absence.

Scarcely had she finished, when Lin the his breast passionately, and worked himself Regaining his temper, at length, by slow de still one expedient in misfortune,' said he 'and that is, to sell my sister-in-law. Wit she will fetch me, I will buy another wi shall know I have been unhappy enough to He had gambled all the preceding night, thirty taëls which he had received of the Kiang-si, who was already very far away *spouse.*

*He was* preparing to sally forth to go w *new bargain*, when he observed at the do

individuals, who pressed for admission. These were his elder brother Lin the Diamond, his younger brother Lin the Pearl, his nephew Hieul, and two domestics who were bearing the luggage. Lin the Treasure, confounded at this sight, had not the face to endure their presence; he evaded them as quickly as he could by the back-door, and disappeared like lightning.

The Lady Ouang, transported with joy, hastened to receive her dear husband. But how incredibly lively were her emotions when she perceived a son, whom she loved with exceeding tenderness, and had long given up as lost. She scarce could recognise him, he had grown so tall and handsome. 'Ah, by what good-fortune,' cried she, 'have you recovered this dear child, whom I had believed lost?'

Lin the Diamond gave his wife a recital of his whole adventures, and she, in turn, related to him at large all the indignities to which Lin the Treasure had subjected her, and the extremities to which he had reduced her. Lin the Diamond, on this occasion, accorded to his virtuous spouse the just praises which her fidelity merited. He exclaimed, in concluding: 'If, by a blind passion for wealth, I had retained two hundred taëls which I found by chance, how should I have been able to retrace our dear son? If avarice had prevented me from devoting twenty taëls to succour those who had suffered shipwreck, my dear brother should have perished in the waves, and I have seen him no more. If, by an unexpected adventure, I had not encountered that excellent brother, how should I have timeously discovered the trouble and confusion which reigned in my house? Without that, my dear wife, we should never have seen ourselves reunited, our family should have been dismembered and plunged into affliction. This is all the effect of a particular providence of Heaven, which has brought about these several events. As for my other brother—a brother most unnatural—*who unwittingly* has sold his own wife, *he has justly drawn on himself* the evils that overwhelm *him. The mighty Tien* treats men according to their

deserts. They need not believe that they can escape his justice. We may hereby learn how profitable it is to practise virtue: it is this that renders, day by day, a house more prosperous.'

Some time thereafter, the young Hieul returned to Yangtcheu, to espouse the lovely daughter of Tchin. This marriage was celebrated with great tokens of rejoicing, and to the mutual satisfaction of both families. He conducted his wife to Vousi. Their nuptials were exceedingly happy; and Heaven blessed them with a numerous offspring. They beheld a crowd of little grandsons, many of whom ultimately advanced themselves in the path of letters, and arrived at posts of the highest trust. It is thus that this family became illustrious.

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## AN HOSPITAL SCENE IN PORTUGAL.

'I WISH to give you,' said a British officer, in a letter to a friend during the Peninsular war, 'some idea of a scene I witnessed at Miranda do Corvo, on the ninth day of our pursuit. Yet I fear that a sight so terrible cannot be shadowed out, except in the memory of him who beheld it. I entered the town about dusk. It had been a black grim, and gloomy sort of a day; at one time fierce blasts of wind, and at another perfect stillness, with far-off thunder. Altogether, there was a wild adaptation of the weather and the day to the retreat of a great army. Huge masses of clouds lay motionless on the sky, and then they would break up suddenly as with a whirlwind, and sweep off in the red and gloomy distance. I felt myself in a state of strange excitement. My imagination got the better of my other faculties, and I was like a man in a grand but terrific dream. Thus feeling, I passed the great cross in the principal street, and suddenly met with an old haggard-looking wretch—a woman

seemed to have in her hollow eyes an unaccountable expression of cruelty—a glance like that of madness; but her deportment was quiet and rational, and she was evidently of the middle rank of society, though her dress was faded and squalid. She told me (without my asking her), in broken English, that I should find comfortable accommodations in an old convent that stood at some distance among a grove of cork-trees; pointing to them at the same time with her long shrivelled hand and arm, and giving a sort of hysterical laugh, "You will find," said she, "nobody there to disturb you."

'I followed her advice with a kind of superstitious acquiescence. There was no reason to anticipate any adventure or danger at the convent; yet the wild eyes, and the wilder voice of the poor creature, powerfully affected me; and I went on in a sort of reverie, till I had walked up a pretty long flight of steps, and was standing at the entrance to the cloisters of the convent. I then saw something that made me speedily forget the old woman, though what it was I did see, I could not, in the first moments of my amazement and horror, very distinctly comprehend.

'Above a hundred dead bodies lay and sat before my eyes, all of them apparently in the very attitude or posture in which they had died. I looked at them for at least a minute before I knew that they were all corpses. Something in the mortal silence of the place told me that I alone was alive in this dreadful company. A desperate courage enabled me to look steadfastly at the scene before me. The bodies were mostly clothed in mats and rugs, and tattered greatcoats; some of them merely wrapped about with girdles of straw, and two or three perfectly naked. Every face had a different expression, but all painful, horrid, agonised, bloodless; many glazed eyes were wide open, and perhaps this was the most shocking thing in the whole spectacle—so many eyes that saw not, all seemingly *fixed upon different* objects; some cast up to *heaven, some looking straight* forwards, and some with the *white orbs turned round,* and deep sunk in the sockets.

posure, when I saw, at the remotest part of the
a gigantic figure, sitting covered with blood, and
naked, upon a rude bedstead, with his back
against the wall, and his eyes fixed directly on r
thought he was alive, and shuddered, but he w
dead. In the last agonies, he had bitten his u
almost off, and his long black beard was dren
clotted gore, that likewise lay in large blots
shaggy bosom. I recognised the corpse. He ha
sergeant in a grenadier regiment, and was, du
retreat, distinguished for acts of savage valour.
he killed with his own hand Henry Warburton, t
hand man of my own company, perhaps the fine
and most powerful man in the British army. My
had nicknamed him with a very coarse appellatio
really felt as if he and I were acquaintances. Ther
as if frozen to death. I went up to the body, and
up the giant's muscular arm, it fell down agai
hollow sound against the bloody side of the corps

'My eyes unconsciously wandered along th
They were covered with grotesque figures, and
tures of the English, absolutely drawn in blood.
blasphemies, and the most shocking obscenities

been in that heart, now still, perhaps only a few hours before, I knew not. It is possible, love strong as death—love, guilty, abandoned, depraved, and linked by vice unto misery, but still love, that perished but with the last throb, and yearned in the last convulsion towards some one of these grim dead bodies. I think some such idea as this came across me at the time; or has it now only arisen?

'Near this corpse lay that of a mere boy, certainly not more than seventeen years of age. There was a little copper figure of the Virgin Mary round his neck, suspended by a chain of hair. It was of little value, else it had not been suffered to remain there. In his hand was a letter; I saw enough to know that it was from his mother—*Mon cher fils*, &c. It was a terrible place to think of mother—of home—of any social human ties. Have these ghastly things parents, brothers, sisters, lovers? Were they all once happy in peaceful homes? Did these convulsed, and bloody, and mangled bodies, once lie in undisturbed beds? Did those clutched hands once press in infancy a mother's breast? Now, all was loathsome, terrible, ghostlike. Human nature seemed here to be debased and brutified. Will such creatures, I thought, ever live again—robbers, incendiaries, murderers, suicides (for a dragoon lay with a pistol in his hand, and his skull shattered to pieces), *heroes?* The only two powers that reigned here were Agony and Death! Whatever might have been their characters when alive, all traces were now alike. I could not, in those fixed contortions, tell what was pain from what was anger—misery from wickedness.

'It was now growing dark, and the night was setting in stormier than the day. A strong flash of lightning suddenly illuminated this hold of death, and for a moment shewed me more distinctly the terrible array. A loud squall of wind came round about the dwelling, and the old window-casement gave way, and fell with a shivering crash in *upon the floor.* Something rose up with an angry growl *from among the* dead bodies. It was a huge black-coloured *wolf-dog, with* a spiked collar round his

with loud shouts and huzzas.'

Reader, this is a fearful picture of the m
separable from war. We are told that there is
noble in that unhallowed art, which teaches man
his hand in his brother's blood; that there is
generous in that fine chivalric spirit which there
in the hour of alarm, and rushes with delight
thickest scenes of danger and of enterprise;
is never more proudly arrayed than when, ele
contempt for death, he looks serene while the
destruction are flying on every side; that, exp
and you expunge some of the brightest nam
catalogue of human virtues, and demolish that
which have been displayed some of the sublimes
of the human character. It is thus that war
invested with a most pernicious splendour,
common sense of mankind been abused.

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## A STORY OF THE VENDEAN REIGN OF T

t he had been a physician in Bretagne at the era of
first Revolution, and that he had escaped in some
raordinary manner from the proscriptions of the
rible Carrier, one of the worst of the many wretches
om the agitations of that time raised to note and power,
who made the city of Nantes the scene of calamities
exceeding those of even Paris itself. But no one
w the particulars of the history of Lormet, as the old
mit was named. I was seized with a curiosity to see
, and after some difficulty, not only accomplished
wish, but prevailed upon him to relate to me the
ts which had affected him so deeply as to cause
voluntary separation from the society of his fellow-
tures.

I was thirty years old,' said Lormet, whom I found to
o maniac, as some supposed, but a calm and thoughtful
man, 'and was engaged in the exercise of my pro-
ion in that part of Bretagne called La Vendée, when
civil troubles began to desolate our unhappy province.
rincipal part of my employment consisted in my
ndance upon the distinguished families of Josselin
Rochemaure, the existing members of which honoured
with their warmest friendship. These houses, con-
ed by frequent former alliances, were about to be
more closely united by the projected marriage of
or de Josselin and Hortense de Rochemaure, the
s of their respective families. The end of the year
had been fixed upon for this union. Isidor, the
st of three sons, was at this time only twenty-two
s of age; but he had already given such indications
alent, and had exhibited so many virtues, as to be
ed upon by the whole province as one destined to
distinction among his countrymen. Hortense was an
an. She had reached the age of seventeen years, and
d with the Marquis de Rochemaure, her grandfather,
whom she was almost idolised; and if beauty and
ability *of character could* excuse a feeling so strong,
*ense was one well worthy* of it. The betrothed pair
*een fondly attached to* one another from childhood,

and everything was full of smiling promise f
future happiness.

'Such was the state of the two families w
standard of civil war was raised in the province
proclamation addressed to the gentry of Bretagne
upon them to take part with the Republic. In the
of her husband, who had gone abroad at the first o
of the Revolution, Madame Josselin repaired v
three sons to the Château de Rochemaure, to take
with the old marquis as to the steps proper for
and her family to adopt in the existing conjunc
was present,' continued Lormet, 'at that cons
The marquis advised Madame de Josselin herself
her husband without delay. "As to your sons,"
marquis, "they should remember the Atheni
which condemned to death every citizen who
take *one* side or another in times of civil
They held it base in any one to wait till he sa
would be his interest, before declaring what hi
was to be. Your sons are now old enough to j
their duty, and they should follow it. For me, I
old to bear arms in any cause, or to seek an asyl
foreign land, and it is my resolve to wait here t
of events in quietness, so long as I am permitted
it. But the issue, I fear, will be dark and calam
all France."

'Madame de Josselin adopted the counsel
marquis, and left the country with her young
Her two elder children, notwithstanding the pr
of birth, had long been alive to the wrongs infli
the people of France by their superiors, and th
in their adherence accordingly to the popula
Isidor was immediately named commandant of
teer battalion of the Loire, and at the head of it v
to Mayence, to join General Kleber. But the hop
*the young* man had entertained of being appo
*combat with his* country's foreign enemies was s
*brought to* an end. The garrison of Mayence,
*he formed* a part, was ordered to La Vendée

ince of his birth, and the abode of his Hortense.
inst it was he to go as an enemy, and there to engage
ortal contest with his countrymen and friends. So
ly did this idea distress him, that on reaching La
ée with General Kleber, whose favour he had com-
ly gained, Isidor made an appeal to his commander
permitted temporarily to quit the army. But this
al was met by a hint of the reflections which might
rown out against him by others, especially as a battle
hourly expected; and Isidor at once saw that, at
oment at least, he could not honourably be relieved
his painful situation. He remained, was present at
ngagement of Torfou, and had the honour of being
aced to the rank of chief-of-brigade by Kleber, for
onduct on the field. But Kleber was immediately
l to the Army of the North, and the subsequent dis-
ion of things compelled Isidor to remain behind with
attalion. His entreaties procured a promise, how-
that the general would send for him to the north
n a month afterwards.

he inquiries of Isidor procured him intelligence
cting Hortense and her grandfather that at once
ed and vexed him. He learned that the neutrality
rved by the marquis had not saved him from sus-
n, and that he had been compelled to quit his château,
ad escaped with his grand-daughter to some place
nown. Trusting that they were in safety, the young
r longed for the summons of Kleber to take him
a scene where the fulfilment of his duty was so
ul. But at this time Carrier, the execrable Carrier,
to Nantes. With the eagerness of a blood-hound,
man caused the republican soldiers to scour the
ry incessantly in search of prey. Isidor was forced
t under his orders for a few days, and was sent with
attalion to take the castle of Clisson, where several
lean chiefs, it was known, were accustomed to meet.
a in action, *Isidor forgot all* but his immediate duty,
*n this occasion he speedily* made his way, at the
*f a few of his men,* into the castle. In a lower

hall, he found five or six wounded Vendean office
"Surrender, gentlemen," cried Isidor, "and I pledge
word for the safety of your lives!" His men echoed
pledge.

"You promise more than you can perform," repli
an old Vendean officer calmly. "Once taken prisone
we are in the hands of Carrier, not yours; and we m
certainly perish on the scaffold. Permit us to go," co
tinued he after a pause, "and we shall yield our arm
and engage never more to bear them against
Republic."

'This was all that Isidor desired from those whom
opposed in this civil struggle, and he consulted his co
rades with the view of gaining their consent. Guid
by him, they gave it at once, and the officers were to
that they were at liberty to depart. Before going, ho
ever, the old officer again spoke. "I have another pray
to make," said he. "Do not burn the castle. It was
cradle of a brave man, and such an edifice should
sacred." Having said these words, he turned to Isid
and whispered a brief sentence in his ear, after which
departed with his friends.

'That whisper affected Isidor most painfully. H
became deadly pale, and staggered back, as if struck
a cannon-shot. The sound of firearms recalled him
activity, if not to composure, and he rushed out to discov
the cause. Alas! the poor Vendeans had been observ
by others of the investing band, and before a word
explanation could pass, had been shot on the spot. I
mediately afterwards, the whole of the soldiers enter
the castle, and a search commenced, in which the you
commander, contrary to his usual custom, appeared
take the most active share. Under the plea of anxie
to fulfil his duty, he allowed no one to search but wi
himself. The task at length was finished, and then
*troop*, according to their usual custom, proceeded to
*the place on* fire. Isidor addressed them in opposition
*this design*. He called to their recollection its found
*Oliver de* Clisson, the terror of the Flemings, and wo

the English; and concluded by saying that, in any
se, they ought not to destroy the castle except by
press orders, especially as he had proposed to occupy
as a favourable station for continuing the war. This
le harangue had the desired effect. The castle was
cuated, and Isidor made all possible haste to report
issue of the expedition to the officer above him in
mmand, who, at the young soldier's own suggestion,
t him back with a single picket of cavalry, to
upy Clisson and its neighbourhood. Isidor estab-
ed his men in a building at the end of the park, and
n took an opportunity of entering alone the deserted
tle.

The scene which then took place is not to be de-
ibed. There Isidor, as he had been warned by the
ndean chief, found his beloved Hortense and her
ndfather, concealed in the secret chamber where the
ily papers were kept. It may be imagined with what
or the proposal to burn the castle inspired him. The
reted pair, he found, had been prepared to fly in the
b of peasants towards Paris, just before the castle
taken. Now, the scheme was renewed. Isidor, over
se mind the remembrance of the terrible Carrier
w an inexpressible degree of alarm, counselled flight
the following day. This being arranged, he tore
self from them, to avoid raising suspicion. An awful
ck awaited him on rejoining his men. A paper was
ded to him, containing these words:—"By order of
representatives of the people, Carrier and Francastel,
chief-of-battalion, Josselin, will instantly arrest and
duct towards Nantes, the rebel Rochemaure, whom
will find concealed in the castle of Clisson," &c. The
appy young officer, as soon as night fell, returned
he castle, and without being able to articulate a word,
ed the order in the hands of M. de Rochemaure.
expected it," said the old man calmly.

Hortense saw by the looks of her lover that something
*ming had occurred.* "Tell me, Isidor, what has
*ened? Tell me, I conjure* you!"

'The youth turned away his head, but the answered for him. "It would be of no avail it. The poor boy has received orders, my arrest me."

'Hortense gave a cry of poignant distress, her arms around her grandsire. "We mu instantly," cried Isidor, starting as if from stu park adjoins a forest which I have well exami can find temporary safety there at least, and wards reach the hamlet beyond."

"That is what I was about to propose," sai marquis. "You have no other way, Isidor, your wife—yes, your *wife;* for from this mon tense is yours, and you must answer for her before Heaven and before men!"

'Such a thought was capable of giving pleas unfortunate pair, even in that hour of distress; kneeled down to receive the old man's blessing. given this with tears, the marquis continued the necessity of flight.

"My father," exclaimed Hortense, "you do of yourself."

'The marquis now pointed out the necessit separation. He said that his age and infirmit but impede their flight, and render it vain; he himself would even be safer alone. To Hortense had but one reply: "No, no, I will n you—never!"

'An hour was spent by the marquis in end to combat this resolve of his grandchild. The safety was fast passing by, for Isidor had been that Carrier's detestable body-guard were to morning, to meet him and receive his prisoners. finding Hortense still resolute, the marquis a saying solemnly: "Isidor, remember your dut *wife,*" went into a little side-apartment. In a *the sound* of a pistol indicated that the old man *ficed himself* to terminate the scruples of his *and enable* her to be saved!

'It was with great difficulty, and only after a long
ay, that Isidor could separate Hortense from the body
ıer unfortunate parent. But he finally prevailed upon
to quit the castle. The pair entered the forest, and
r walking till dawn, reached the banks of the Loire
he village of Broussards. They had the hope, if they
ld procure a boat to convey them across the river,
they would then be in comparative safety; and they
e on the point of entering one, when some soldiers,
nging to one of the roving bands of the republican
y, were drawn to the spot. The extraordinary beauty
lortense attracted the admiration of these ruffians, and
attempted to stop the embarkation. Isidor ordered
ı to desist, announcing himself as the commandant
lisson; but his words only bred suspicion, and he was
pelled to draw his sword and repel them by force.
e of the wretches came to the spot, however, and
unhappy lovers were both seized and hurried off to
tes, which was close by, for examination. The anxiety
ny person to escape was in those times fit cause for
ehension and execution.

)n that day,' continued Lormet, 'I myself had been
wn into prison. I was seated on a bench amid a
rd of other unfortunates, not one of whom had even
pe of life, when my attention was attracted by a
ersation close behind me. "We shall at least die
ther, Isidor!" said a low female voice.

No, no, you shall not die, Hortense!" was the reply;
much youth, and beauty, and innocence, must find
e even with these monsters."

If you love me, Isidor, do not even wish such a thing.
ave seen my father expire, and death awaits my
band—yes, my husband, Isidor, and no power shall
vent me sharing his fate."

The two speakers wept for a time in each other's
ıace. "But what a death, Hortense!—Oh, you know
*all its horrors!*"

*We may escape, Isidor,*" said she, in a whisper almost
*ltation; "we are not* without the means,"

'I turned round as she spoke, and saw that her featur bore the marks of the deepest despair.

'It was now that I spoke to the ill-fated lovers, a that the deed was consummated which has made n spend my days in solitary prayer far from the dwellin of men. Isidor and Hortense knew me instantly, and, i the contemplation of my misfortunes, forgot their ow for a moment. But this forgetfulness could not last lon I told them I had overheard all, and Isidor, with ind scribable eagerness, besought me, if I could, to rescu Hortense from the horrible indignities of a death suc as Carrier gave his victims. I understood him too wel About my person I had a small quantity of poison—th necessity was dreadful. Why linger on the issue? B lieving that I was conferring a benefit, and, indeed, feelin that I was making a great personal sacrifice, I gave it t the unhappy pair. It saved them from all sense of th barbarities that followed in a few hours, when one hundre and twenty-five unfortunates, men, women, and childre were taken on board a boat, tied together by pairs, an drowned in the Loire, in presence of Carrier and his ban The accompanying brutalities of the scene are not to b told. These were the too famous *Noyades* (drowning of La Vendée!

'I saw,' concluded Lormet, 'the bodies of Isidor an Hortense committed to the waters of the Loire. I myse underwent the same doom, but by a train of accident circumstances, which have no particular interest, foun myself rescued from death. For all that has happen to myself, I might still be among men, but I prefer remain in solitude, and feed my thoughts with the r membrance of the unhappy pair with whose fate I w connected—a pair such, in person and mind, as Heav has seldom lent to earth.'

## BOUTS RIMÉS.

are some things in this world which severely
people are apt to think very silly, but which
ertheless, useful things enough, seeing that they
many people to pass, in a very agreeable way, and
armlessly to others, time which would otherwise
eavily on their hands. Bouts Rimés take their
nongst those things. They are of French origin
ention, as befits their light and playful character.
ian poet of the seventeenth century, named Dulot,
made the strange complaint in company, that he
l three hundred sonnets stolen from him. The
of this lot of poetical property astonished every-
Oh,' said he, 'they were only blank sonnets or
(*bouts rimés*) of all the sonnets I may have occa-
write.' He had, it appeared, employed himself in
up columns of rhyming words in the form of
with the design of filling in the lines and the ideas
could get leisure, or when the Muse might so
ur him. The idea was too whimsical not to pro-
impression, and we are told that, in consequence
t's statement, all the wits in Paris immediately
it making up sonnets, on the principle of fixing
mes first. A quarto volume of bouts rimés was
d in 1648, the first work of the kind we are aware
ot the last. The art, or sport as it may be called,
ds found its way to other countries, and to our
ongst the rest. Horace Walpole was not guiltless
frivolity, for, on having prescribed to him the

—

brook,
why,
crook,
I,

ntly produced the following verse, to which he

BOUTS

gave the title of

I sits with my toes in a
And if any one asks me for
I hits 'em a rap with my
And 'tis sentiment kills me,' sa

It is of course obvious, that a party o
spending a winter evening together, m
amusements, resort to that of scribblin
may not be alike quick or ingenio
prescribed rhymes; but the wits of
and, while some of the resulting ve
amuse by their felicity, others will
heartier burst of laughter by th
emptiness. Those nearest a mat
each other in bringing the verse
bringing out a good verse; a
making up verses of their own,
proceedings of the readier wi
pleasure in *backing* one clever
lady, against another. Muc
attend such an intellectua
perhaps, some little sharpe
consequence. At the leas
have spent two or three
and do not like each ot
have been indulging in
It is well, in such a
but this
exercise
the exp
in com
find th
'Ha, h
if put
be incl
regard
a sho

conse

spending a winter evening together, may, amo
amusements, resort to that of scribbling bouts r
may not be alike quick or ingenious in filli
prescribed rhymes; but the wits of all will be
and, while some of the resulting verses will su
amuse by their felicity, others will perhaps occa
heartier burst of laughter by their very lam
emptiness. Those nearest a match will be eag
each other in bringing the verse quickly out, as
bringing out a good verse; and those who
making up verses of their own, may take an inte
proceedings of the readier wits, and find a di
pleasure in *backing* one clever fellow, or one sn
lady, against another. Much jocularity must
attend such an intellectual competition as
perhaps, some little sharpening of mind may a
consequence. At the least, the party will find
have spent two or three hours innocently an
and do not like each other the worse for the dr
have been indulging in together.

It is well, in such a case, if clever verses are
but this is not absolutely essential. In suc
exercises of the poetical talent, people do no

n upon the game by chance, as a means of whiling y the time between tea and bread and cheese, and t of whom had never before heard of bouts rimés. merit of the verses will, we expect, be considered oderate; but that is exactly what is required to ince them of the merit of the game as a means of g amusement, for we can assure our readers, that the uction of these verses kept the party laughing for nost part of an evening.

e rhymes given out on this occasion were all of alternate rhymes for a verse of four lines. The first as composed of the words, *grant, ask, shan't, task;* of the verses consequently produced, the following the best:—

If from good nature you begin to grant
Whatever favours folks may choose to ask,
'Twill grow more difficult to say 'I shan't,'
And courtesy you'll find a heavy task!

Sweet one, I pant for what you can grant;
What is it? dost thou ask;
'Tis a kiss that I want, so don't say 'I shan't,'
When assent is an easier task.

e next rhymes given were *wave, lie, brave, die;* of the verses written thereupon, we give three mens—

Dark are the secrets of the gulfing wave,
Where wrapped in death so many heroes lie;
Yet glorious death's the guerdon of the brave,
And they who bravely live can bravely die!

Whenever I sail on the wave,
O'ercome with sea-sickness I lie;
I can *sing* of 'the Sea,' and look brave—
When I *feel* it, I feel like to die!

High o'er the ship came on the whelming wave—
One crash! and on her beam I saw her lie!
Shrieked loud the craven, silent stood the brave,
But hope from all had fled—'twas only left to die!

*ove, why, love, calamity,* gave birth to the following as:—

*Of Baxter I cannot ap-* prove,
*And the reason is obvious* why;
*For the church he'd* nor favour nor love,
*So him I'd with* Calamity.

In life we mingled joys and sorrows prove,
Confused, and none can give a reason why;
Hate quickly treads upon the heels of love,
And morning bliss quells night's calamity.

Others produced were as follow:—

What is life?
What is death?
Continued strife—
The want of breath!

Last night we viewed a lovely star,
And all admired its joyous light;
Yet to my thoughts were clearer far
The lustrous eyes of Laura bright.

Next came the following apologetic strain from fair Laura herself:—

I am not quick as thought,
Indeed I'm dull as night;
In fact, I'm fit for nought,
But just to follow light!

One or two more, and we have done with the compositions of our evening-party—

Few things appear more sad
Than to see an old man weep;
And few make the mind more glad
Than a crying child asleep!

The purity and joy of heavenly love
For earth's dull regions is too bright a thing,
Yet may the hope of future joys above
To denizens of earth some pleasure bring!

About forty years ago, or rather less, it so happened that a set of poetical wits resided in or about the town of Anstruther, in Fife, all of whom became very much knit up in the bonds of good-fellowship together, contrary to all precedent in their proverbially irritable and mutually repulsive fraternity. Finding much pleasure in versifying, and shewing their verses to each other, they at length agreed to embody themselves into a society, and become subject to the regulations of some *and periodic* meeting. 'The brethren were according *to quote* their own words in one of their publications, 'constituted into an *union* of rhymsters: their ex

ns was framed and sanctioned; diplomas conveying a ence to rhyme and scribble in all shapes and manners, re worded in language fully as important and sounding as se of universities for doctors in divinity. Long strings rhymes were no sooner issued by the Presiding Bard, to supplied with thought, than those dry bones and clatter- skeletons of Poetry stood, to our astonishment, before in all the fatness and bloom of completion. In short, the ociated rhymsters swore eternal friendship and good- nour over the altar of that heathenish god whose fire heir brain's inheritance, and uttering a joint ejaculation his powerful assistance, they bowed the knee before ir inspiring idol.' The Muso-maniac Society, as it was y enough called, met and rhymed, and rhymed and , if not to the production of much good poetry, at t to their own immense gratification; and it has been spered, that even learned persons from Edinburgh ld occasionally appear in the Fifan burgh, having formed a journey by sea and land of thirty miles, for other purpose than to participate in the gaieties of this ry corps. At length, unable any longer to keep so much llery to themselves, they ventured to present to the ld a thin volume, entitled *Bouts Rimés, or the Poetical times of a few Hobblers round the base of Parnassus,** g dedicated 'to the lovers of Rhyme, Fun, and Good- wship throughout the British Empire.' This volume long ceased to be seen on the counters, or even the ves, of all ordinary booksellers; but, by the favour friendly Muso-maniac, we became possessed of a copy, h will enable us to make the merry doings of the s a little better known than heretofore.

'e find in this volume no fewer than fifteen distinct independent exercises on the rhymes, *sublime, time; bay; dawn, lawn; moon, noon; entire, fire; lake, shake;* , *bring; few, adieu:* and all of these, we have reason their respective signatures to believe, were the uction of *different rhymers*. It is extremely curious

* *Edinburgh: printed for A. Mackay, High Street; W. Cockburn, ther, &c. 1815.*

to observe the diverse character of the various set verses, some being solemn, some sentimental, and s comic, notwithstanding their all being bound to end the same words. It is also curious to note how various versifiers contrive to get over, by different e dients, the one awkward word in the set of rhym namely, the word *entire*—as also to see the same made to tell impressively in one production, and dr in another. Out of the fifteen, we shall select four different from each other as possible—

THE POET.

With eye of fire, and haughty brow — sublime,
The poet fears thee not, destructive — Time!
He toils unmindful of the passing — day,
To gain at last the never-fading — bay;
He courts the beauties of the golden — dawn,
He dwells delighted on the dewy — lawn;
But, chief at night, when the resplendent — moon
Climbs the blue heaven to gain her silent — noon,
Entranced he stands—wild fancy reigns — entire,
And his high numbers burn with more than mortal — fire!
Heedful he views the calm unruffled — lake;
Careless he feels the earth with thunders — shake:
He soars aloft on fancy's eagle — wing,
From her high halls her airy forms to — bring;
Or, snugly seated with a chosen — few,
Bids the vain world and all its pomp — adieu!

THE LAST DAY.

How dread, methinks, how awfully — sublime,
When the last trump shall stop the march of — Time!
What shall avail, on that tremendous — day,
The hero's laurel or the poet's — bay!
Methinks I see the rosy-finger'd — dawn
Shed her last ray o'er every hill and — lawn.
Never to rise hath sunk the fulgent — moon;
The sun may rise, but never reach his — noon.
From earth, from heaven, with ripen'd force — entire,
Bursts the wild sweep of all-devouring — fire,
From heaven's high arch to the infernal — lake,
*Shall all* creation to her centre — shake.
*Its fearful flight* the trembling soul shall — wing,
*And to its* God each vice and virtue — bring.
*Oh!* may there then on earth be found but — few
*Not well* prepared to bid the world — adieu!

MORNING :

*Written on Arthur's Seat.*

| | |
|---|---|
| On Arthur's lofty top | sublime, |
| Seamed by the iron hand of | Time, |
| I sit, and view the coming | day |
| Smiling from Portobello | bay. |
| On Abercorn the ruddy | dawn |
| Tinges each tower, and tree, and | lawn ; |
| On high the waning pale-faced | moon |
| Is lost ere she attains her | noon. |
| But see, with radiant orb | entire, |
| Beaming, appears the god of | fire ! |
| O'er Duddingstone's enchanting | lake, |
| While scarce a leaf the breeze doth | shake, |
| The wild-duck skirrs on rattling | wing, |
| Condolence to its mate to | bring. |
| Few are thy charms, Edina ! oh, how | few ! |
| With scenes like these content, I'd bid thee long | adieu ! |

JOHNNIE DOWIE'S.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Though far from low, yet not | sublime, |
| Here we pass our joyous | time; |
| Excluded from the light of | day, |
| Here sit the children of the | bay. |
| What care we for the orient | dawn ? |
| What care we for the dewy | lawn ? |
| What care we for the pale-faced | moon ? |
| What care we for the sun at | noon ? |
| Here sparkling foams Bell's best | *entire ;* |
| There blazing burns John Dowie's | fire : |
| What care we for the breezy | lake ? |
| What care we though the mountain | shake ? |
| Fancy, be gone on eagle | wing ; |
| Come, Meg, another bottle | bring. |
| Come, bring us bottles not a | few ; |
| A dozen yet we'll drink ere we bid John | adieu ! |

Upon another set of rhymes, we have seven sets of exercises; but of these we shall select only one, being that which appears to us the most easily and happily concocted in the whole book :—

THE GOLDEN AGE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Aid me, O Muse, to laud in | rhyme, |
| The golden and primeval | time, |

* An old-fashioned tavern, situated in a dark alley in Edinburgh, and in which *only one room had* a window, all the rest being *illuminated during the day by* candles. It was once a favourite *haunt of the poet Burns. For some* years, a roadway has gone over *the site of this ancient temple of* conviviality.

Old Saturn's happy day,
When Virtue over every clime,
Danced with young Pleasure in her prime,
And chased, with joyful shoutings, Crime
And Sorrow far away.

Then, free and happy, sinless man
Exulting o'er earth's valleys ran;
Whilst in the starry frame,
His meditative eye began
The finger of his God to scan,
As musing on the Almighty's plan,
He fed devotion's flame.

It seemed as if his sacred train
Of thoughts, pure issue of the brain,
To Virtue's lyre did chime;
It seemed, as if in lieu of rain,
The skies dropped honey on each plain,
Whilst grateful Earth sent up again
Hymns holy and sublime.

The Anstruther Muso-maniacs had their prepare
their extemporaneous effusions. The above are
former character. The extemporaneous class con
of shorter and more careless pieces, generally a
verse in alternate rhymes. A few of these are no
considering the manner of their production—such a

What is this life? a smoke, a bubble;
In this gay world, a foolish jig;
A joyless field of barren stubble,
And what is man?—a whirligig!

My heated brain begins to bubble,
With joy I dance the airy jig,
My hair lies flat (once stiff as stubble),
While round I fly—a whirligig!

---

The Brahmin of the East who doth
Wash in the Ganges river,
Thinks he doth soul and body both
From future pains deliver.

Oh wretched is the man that doth
Fall in a rocky river;
For why? he's drowned and murdered both—
No aid can him deliver.

Mark Tully was a clever chiel;
His fame is spread through all the nations;
He would have stunned the very deil,
And knocked him down with his orations.

Will Pit, he was a clever chiel,
He understood the laws of nations;
His eloquence would posed the deil;
Tully ne'er uttered sic orations.

---

In mathematic lore, dear George,
We own thou like a king dost reign;
But, haply, on Apollo's forge
Thou hammerest poetry with pain.

---

One would suppose a silly pen
A shabby weapon in a scuffle;
And yet the pen of critic men
A very hero's soul would ruffle.

lo here end the humours of the Muso-maniac Society struther.

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## ANCES OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT IN SAILORS.*

IE are many cases on record of individuals who, with scarcely any other education than what they ived to give themselves while serving in subordinate laborious situations in the camp or on shipboard, attained to great familiarity with books, and some- risen to considerable literary or scientific distinc- The celebrated English navigator, Dampier, although id been some time at school before he left his native ry, yet went to sea at so early an age, that, consider- e for a long time led a vagabond and lawless life, he have very soon forgotten everything he had been it, if he had not, in the midst of all his wild adventures, great *pains both to retain* and extend his knowledge.

* *have found this article in a printed collection of anonymous and are therefore unable to name its author.*

That he must have done so, is evident from the accounts of his different voyages which he afterwards published. We have few works of the kind more vigorously or graphically written than these volumes; and they contain abundant evidences of a scientific and philosophical knowledge of no ordinary extent and exactness. Along with Dampier's, we may mention an older name—that of John Davis, the discoverer of the well-known strait leading into Baffin's Bay. Davis also went to sea when quite a boy, and must have acquired all his knowledge, both of science and of the art of composition, while engaged among the duties of his profession. Yet we not only have from his pen accounts of several of his voyages, but also a treatise on the general hydrography of the earth. He was the inventor, besides, of a quadrant for taking the sun's altitude at sea. Robert Drury, too, who wrote an account of the island of Madagascar, and of his strange adventures there, deserves to be remembered when we are making mention of authors bred at sea. Drury was only fourteen when he set out on his voyage in a vessel proceeding to India, and he was shipwrecked on returning home on the island we have mentioned, where he remained in a species of captivity for fifteen years; so that, when he at last contrived to make his escape, he had almost forgotten his native language. He afterwards, however, set about writing an account of his life—a task which he accomplished whilst acting in the humble capacity of a porter at the India House. The work is composed in a plain but sensible style, and contains many interesting details respecting the manners of the natives of Madagascar. It is perhaps somewhat better for having been compressed by one of the friends of the author, whose original manuscript is said to have extended to 800 large folio pages.

Falconer, the author of *The Shipwreck*, as is generally known, spent his life from childhood at sea. He was *probably* born in one of the small towns in the county of *Fife, which* border the Firth of Forth; but nothing is very *certainly* ascertained either as to his native place or h

vantage. Nor has any account been given of how he quired the elements of education, with the exception a report, that he found an instructor in a person of the me of Campbell, a man of some literary taste and acquire-ents, who happened to be purser in one of the vessels which young Falconer sailed. However this may be, lconer appeared as an author at a very early age, having en only, it is said, in his twenty-first year when he gave the world his first production—a poem on the death Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III. was ten or twelve years older when he published his *ipwreck*, which is said to be founded in a great measure the personal adventures of the author. Falconer did permit the success of his poetical efforts to withdraw from his profession, in which, having now transferred self from the merchant service to the navy, he con-ued to rise steadily till he was appointed purser of a p-of-war. Some time after attaining this promotion, published the other work by which he is chiefly known is *Universal Marine Dictionary*, which was very favour-y received, and is still a standard work. He had viously to this written several other poetical pieces temporary subjects, which have long been forgotten. rtly after the publication of his Dictionary, he sailed Bengal as purser of the frigate *Aurora*. This vessel, wever, was never heard of after she passed the Cape of d Hope, having in all probability foundered at sea.

liordani, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the enteenth century, was originally a common soldier on rd one of the pope's galleys. In this situation his acity and good conduct attracted the attention of his iiral, and as a reward he was promoted to the post of ser of one of the vessels. It was his appointment to situation which first formed his mind to study. ving accounts to keep, he soon found how necessary ras that he should know something of arithmetic, of ich he was till *then quite ignorant*; and he determined, *refore, to teach himself the* science, which it is said *id without assistance*. By pursuing his studies from

this commencement, he eventually acquire reputation as a mathematician; and, hav several able works, was appointed at last t ship in the Sapienza College at Rome. Gi the year 1711.

Mr John Fransham, who died at Norwicl altogether one of the most eccentric cha found in the list of self-educated perso suggests itself to us here from the circun having passed part of his early life as a co He had been originally apprenticed to a whom he remained for about two years, this situation that he taught himself math although he obtained the situation of clerk t his restless disposition would not allow hin his desk; and after wandering for some t country, he enlisted in the army, where, did not keep him long, finding him quite un Indeed, it was by this time become pretty his mind was not a little deranged—a ma shortly after put beyond doubt by renou anity, and making a formal profession Although he published several works, howe of his peculiar theology, and in other resp himself with great eccentricity, he contriv himself by teaching mathematics, in which is said to have displayed very considerabl resided and took pupils for some years in L what similar to Fransham's history, is tha Oswald, who is said to have taught himself and Arabic, while holding a lieutenant's co regiment of infantry in India. He afterw to England, where he published a successi and political pamphlets, making himself the same time by various singularities of opinions, and especially by a rigid abstinenc food, and a professional predilection for doctrines of the Brahmins. When the re out in France, Oswald went over to th

tered the service of the Republic, in which he obtained
a rank of colonel. He was at length killed in battle.
Columbus, one of the greatest men that ever lived—
the grand ideas grandly realised that constitute great-
ss—while leading the life of a seaman, not only pursued
iduously the studies more particularly relating to his
fession, rendering himself the most accomplished
grapher and astronomer of his time, but kept up that
intance which he had begun at school with the
erent branches of elegant literature. We are told that
was even wont to amuse himself by the composition of
in verses.

was at sea, too, that Cook acquired those high scien-
, and, we may even add, literary accomplishments,
which he shewed himself to be possessed. The
nts of the celebrated navigator were poor peasants,
all the school education he ever had was a little
ing, writing, and arithmetic, for which he was indebted
he liberality of a gentleman in the neighbourhood.
was apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, to a shop-
per, in the small town of Snaith, near Newcastle;
it was while in this situation that he was first seized
a passion for the sea. After some time, he prevailed
n his master to give up his indentures, and entered
ne of the crew of a coasting vessel engaged in the
trade. He continued in this service till he had
hed his twenty-seventh year, when he exchanged
r that of the navy, in which he soon distinguished
self so greatly, that he was three or four years after
pointed master of the *Mercury*, which belonged to
uadron then proceeding to attack Quebec. Here he
shewed the proficiency he had already made in the
ntific part of his profession, by an admirable chart
ch he constructed and published of the river St
rence. He felt, however, the disadvantages of his
rance of mathematics; and, while still assisting
*e hostile operations carrying* on against the French
*e coast of North America*, he applied himself to the
*of Euclid's Elements*, which he soon mastered, and

then began that of astronomy. A year or two after thi while again stationed in the same quarter, he commun cated to the Royal Society an account of a solar eclips which took place on the 5th of August 1766; deducin from it, with great exactness and skill, the longitude o the place of observation; and his paper was printed i the *Philosophical Transactions*. He had now completel established his reputation as an ablo and scientific seaman and it having been determined by government, at th request of the Royal Society, to send out qualified person to the South Sea, to observe the approaching transi of the planet Venus over the sun's disk—a phenomenon which promised several interesting results to astronomy- Cook was appointed to the command of the *Endeavour* the vessel fitted out for that purpose. He conducted thi expedition, which, in addition to the accomplishment of it principal purpose, was productive of a large accession o important geographical discoveries, with the most con summate skill and ability; and was, the year after h returned home, appointed to the command of a secon vessel destined for the same regions, but having in vie more particularly the determination of the question as t the existence of a southern polar continent. He wa nearly three years absent upon this voyage; but s admirable were the methods he adopted for preservin the health of his seamen, that he reached home with th loss of only one man from his whole crew. Havin addressed a paper to the Royal Society upon this subjec he was not only chosen a member of that learned body but was further rewarded by having the Copley gol medal voted to him for his experiments. Of this secon voyage he drew up the account himself, and it ha been universally esteemed a model in that species o writing.

All our readers know the termination of Cook's di *tinguished* career. His third voyage, undertaken for th *discovery of* a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacifi *along the* north coast of America, although unsuccessf *in reference* to this object, was fertile in geographi

ries, and equally honourable with those by which it
as preceded, to the sagacity, good management, and
ic skill of its unfortunate commander. The death
ain Cook took place at Owyhee, in a sudden tumult
natives of that island, on the 14th of February 1779.
ws of the event was received with general lamenta-
t only in his own country, but throughout Europe.
s were bestowed on his widow and three sons by
ernment; the Royal Society ordered a medal to
ck in commemoration of him; his eulogy was
ced in the Florentine Academy; and various
onours were paid to his memory, both by public
and individuals. Thus, by his own persevering
did this great man raise himself from the lowest
ty to a reputation wide as the world itself, and
to last as long as the age in which he flourished
remembered by history. But better still than even
fame—than either the honours he received while
or those which, when he was no more, his country
nkind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted
in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had
r himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and
nature, and taken a high place among the instruc-
d benefactors of mankind. This alone is true
ess—the one worthy end of human exertion or
n—the only satisfying reward of all labour and
nd virtuous activity or endurance.

he example of Cook, if it were necessary, we might
ose of others of his countrymen, who, since his
ave shewn in like manner the possibility of uniting
ltivation of literature and science to the most
performance of the duties of the same laborious
ion. For instance, Vancouver was a sailor formed
Cook; and to him we owe an interesting and ably
account of the voyage which he made round the
in 1790, and the four following years. Lieutenant
s commanded the expedition sent out in 1801, to
*the coast of New Holland*, and afterwards published
*unt of his voyage*, accompanied by a volume of

charts, which are considered as placing the author in the highest rank of modern hydrographers.

Nor ought we here to forget the late Lord Collingwood, second in command to Nelson at Trafalgar, and, in all respects, a man of first-rate merit, who, although he never sent any production to the press, has been proved by his correspondence, published since his death, to have been in reality one of the best of writers. Yet he was only thirteen when he first entered the navy, and during the remainder of his life he was scarcely ever ashore—circumstances which used to make his acquaintances wonder not a little where he got his style. He had always, however, been fond of reading and the study of elegant literature; and he found that even a life at sea afforded him many opportunities of indulging his tastes for these enjoyments.

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## JOHN METCALF, THE BLIND ROAD-SURVEYOR.

THE wonderful extent to which nature compensates the deprivation of one important faculty, by endowing the rest with additional acuteness, has been frequently the subject of remark. The particulars related in the following memoir strikingly illustrate this point, and shew to what a degree the power of habit, and the exercise of good sense and ingenuity, are capable of overcoming seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

John Metcalf was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in the year 1717. His parents, though decent people, were not wealthy; and the greater was considered the misfortune, therefore, when, at the age of six years, while attending a district school, John was seized with small-pox, and lost his eyesight in consequence. He had *been noticed* previously to possess good natural talents, *but* it was chiefly after the loss of his vision that he *began* to be thought a remarkable boy. Within a few

is after that event, he had taught himself to walk his father's doors nearly as well as before, and in succeeding years, he could readily find his way to any part of Knaresborough. At the same time, s accustomed to associate freely with boys of his ge, and became noted for his skill in climbing and juvenile amusements. He also learned to ride, rew so fond of that exercise, that he ventured edly to follow the hounds of a gentleman of the y, Mr Woodburn, who was very fond of his com- in the chase. Swimming was another of young lf's accomplishments, and he performed feats in lepartment which astonished everybody. On one on, when two men were drowned in the Nidd, he mployed to dive for their bodies, and succeeded in ng up one of them.

ic, the usual resource of the blind, was not neglected etcalf. Before he reached the age of sixteen, he cquired such proficiency on the violin, as to be ed as a performer both at Knaresborough and at gate, where he was much liked and caressed. It be admitted, that some of his favourite diversions period of his life were not of the most commend- ind. He became fond of cock-fighting, and kept ber of these creatures under his own care. This ment divided his leisure time with bowling and . Strange to say, with the assistance of an accurate edge of the ground, and other helps, he grew very l at bowls, and could judge of distances so well as ne off frequently the winner. With his earnings usical performer, he bought a horse, and not only requently in the hunting-field, but ran his horse for plates at York and elsewhere. On one occasion, he ed, for a considerable stake, to ride his own horse times round a circular course of a mile in length, it another party. As it was believed that Metcalf never be able to keep the course, large odds were against him; but by the ingenious plan of stationing with bells at different points, he not only kept

the circle, but won the race. His skill in horseflesh, as phrase runs, was astonishing, considering that the g faculty which determines the judgment of others wa him a blank. He actually made considerable profits the purchase and sale of horses.

At the age of twenty-one, John Metcalf was six one inch and a half in height, and extremely robus person. He was so lively in spirits, and so quick in motions, that few suspected his want at a casual gla Nor durst any one presume so far upon his defects, a ill-use or insult him. With his opponent once within grasp, he could well avenge any injury offered to l He even protected his friends against aggression, an one instance acquired the thanks of everybody, by flicting severe chastisement on a noted bully who misused one of his associates. Nor did his defect of vi prevent him from being a favourite with the fair Between him and Miss Benson, the daughter of a spectable innkeeper at Harrogate, a mutual affec sprang up; and notwithstanding that the lady's mo opposed the match so far as to get the banns publi with another, Miss Benson remained faithful to her b lover, and they were ultimately united in private. A his marriage, he continued to perform during every se at Harrogate, increasing his income by keeping a ch or two for hire. Being indefatigable in his search means of bettering the condition of his family, he travelled, at intervals of professional leisure, to the c for fish, which he brought to the markets of Leeds Manchester. Such was his quickness and ingen that no accident ever happened to himself or his ho on these journeys.

When the Rebellion broke out in 1745, Metcalf's stir spirit led him to join the English army as a music and he remained with them up till the victory of *Jodon.* He then returned home, but not until he *formed* a plan of future employment from what he *learned*—for we can scarcely say observed—in Scot He *adopted* the idea, that a number of the cotta

rated manufactures of the north would sell well in igland, and accordingly he made one or two journeys ck to Scotland for these stuffs, which he disposed of in rkshire. Among a thousand articles, he knew exactly at each cost him, from a peculiar mode of marking. ll this trafficking did not prove suitable for a perma- nt line of life, and in 1751, he commenced driving a ge-wagon, twice a week in summer and once in winter, ween York and Knaresborough. This employment parently drew his attention to the subject of roads, l fixed him in the pursuit which finally gained him his af celebrity, and proved a source of no slight advantage his country. During his leisure hours, he had studied nsuration in a way peculiar to himself; and when tain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, ld reduce its contents to feet and inches, or could ing the dimensions of any building into yards and feet. short, he had formed for himself accurate and practical des of mensuration. At this time, it chanced that a w piece of road, about three miles long, was wanted tween Fearnsby and Minskip. Being well acquainted th the locality, he proposed to contract for it, and his fer was accepted. The materials for the road were to taken from one quarry; and there, with his wonted tivity, he erected temporary houses, hired horses, fixed cks and mangers, and set the work agoing with great rit. He completed the road much sooner than was pected by the trustees, and in every way to their tisfaction.

Thus commenced the most remarkable portion of this an's life. Metcalf soon undertook other road-contracts, nd, strange to say, succeeded in laying down good lines here others were hopeless of success. In Yorkshire, ancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, during a period of early forty years, he pursued the employment of road- aking and bridge-building, being by far the most noted nd esteemed follower of such occupations in those parts. he large *bridge at Boroughbridge*, and various others, *ight be named as proofs of* his abilities and success.

An anecdote is told, which will exhibit the inge in which he overcame difficulties which stagge surveyors. Among the numerous roads for contracted, was one on the Manchester line Blackmoor and Standish-Foot. The original took the new line over deep marshes, whic opinion of the trustees and all concerned, see passable by cutting or digging the earth till a so was found. This plan appeared to Metcalf te expensive, and he attempted to prove to the tr such was the case; but they were fixed in the views, and only permitted the blind road-make his own way, on condition that he should execute their plan if his own failed. Metcalf his task. The worst part of the line was o Common, where a deep bog existed, which impossible to cut a road through. Metcalf set work in cutting a line, and draining off the wa as that was possible. So little progress, how at first made, that everybody laughed at the man, who, it was thought, would have given u in despair, had he had his eyes like other peopl theless, he proceeded unweariedly until he ha the bog across; and he then ordered his men heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles could span with their hands. These bundles down close together on the cut line, and successi laid over them again, after which they were co pressed down with stones and gravel. The that this portion of the road, when complete remarkably firm and good, that it needed no twelve years, while other parts required freque Even in winter it was perfectly dry.

It was Metcalf's custom, in making purchase hay, or stones, to span the articles with his then calculate the amount mentally. Havir *the height*, he could tell with great accu *number* of square yards were contained in *grain*, of any value between L.100 and 1

memory was astonishing, and it was no doubt principally y this faculty that he was enabled to traverse so many wns, and ride along so many roads. While in York, a one occasion, a friend of his, the landlord of the eorge Inn, asked him, as a personal favour, to guide a ntleman towards Harrogate. This place lay in Met-alf's own way, and he agreed to the request, upon condi-on that his blindness was kept a secret from the gentle-an. The pair accordingly started, both on horseback, d Metcalf taking the lead. By a little dexterity, Metalf contrived to pass some gates without leading to a spicion of the truth, and finally the travellers entered forest beyond Knaresborough, where there was as yet turnpike. Evening came on, and by asking his com-nion if he saw lights in particular directions, Metcalf ught the journey to a safe close, though in those days an with all his eyes about him might well have strayed m the path. On landing at the Granby Inn, the two velers took some warm liquor, after which Metcalf tired. Having noticed some difficulty on the part of s companion in lifting the glass, the gentleman remarked the landlord, that his guide had surely taken drink ce his arrival. 'I judge so,' added he, 'from the ppearance of his eyes.'

'Eyes! bless you, sir, don't you know that he is blind?'

'Blind!' cried the traveller; 'blind! gracious Heavens!'

'Yes, sir; he is blind as a stone.'

Metcalf was called in, and his late companion, yet mbling with agitation, exclaimed: 'Had I known your ndition, sir, I would not have ventured with you for a ndred pounds.'.

'And I,' said Metcalf, 'would not have lost my way for thousand!'

The nicety of touch which Metcalf had acquired was ry wonderful. He could play at cards with no other ide; and when persons were by on whom he could pend, he frequently played for serious stakes, and won, ough the advantage of his uncommon memory. Even n no friend was near him, it would have been very

difficult for an opponent to have taken unfair advan
such was his acuteness of ear and powers of observa
One occasion is mentioned where he won eighteen gu
from strangers at cards.

In the summer of 1788, Mr Metcalf lost his wife,
had brought him four children. He had before
realised a handsome sum by his road and bridge cont
but he lost considerably in his old days by some o
speculations into which he was led by his enterpr
spirit. In 1792, he gave up his extensive engagem
and settled at Spofforth, near Wetherby, in his n
county. Here, having retained as much of his fortu
to secure a comfortable independence, he spent his l
days in happy ease, in the bosom of his family. He
in the year 1802.

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## NARRATIVE OF THE PERILOUS VOYAGE OF 'AVON' FROM DUBLIN TO LIVERPOOL.

BY A PASSENGER.

On Sunday evening, 6th January 1839, I started
Liverpool in H. M. mail-packet *Avon* (Captain Tow
from Kingstown pier. There were sixteen passe
besides myself on board (twelve gentlemen and
ladies), also a little daughter of Madame Dulcke
musician, who had been performing publicly in Dul
When we had cleared the Dublin Lights, the evenin
in rough, with an uneasy swell; but the sky was
serene, some heavy masses of black clouds, edged
copper, lying to the southward.

Being used to rough nights at sea, I did not antic
anything unusual, but retired tranquilly to bed at
o'clock. My berth was so situated in the state-cabi
to enable me to see every person in it, and what
*going* forward there. Several of the gentlemen rem

at the cabin-table long after I retired, some talking politics, some drinking brandy and water, and others playing backgammon. I had been asleep about two hours, when my head was dashed suddenly against the side of my berth, which awoke me in alarm. Upon looking out, I was surprised to see all my fellow-passengers standing in the cabin, partly undressed, and in great consternation. Some had left their berths in terror, and those who were lying upon sofas had been pitched off about the cabin floor. The hurricane had began in reality, and with such sudden violence as nearly to deprive us of expression. The vessel was now rolling and pitching at a very furious rate, but we only gazed at each other in silence, with pale faces, in which fear was strongly depicted. Three hours more wore on, during which the hurricane had been momentarily increasing, so that at about four o'clock on the following (Monday) morning, the storm was raging at its highest pitch of fury.

I did not get up with the rest, but lay still in my berth, looking out upon my frightened fellow-passengers, and listening fearfully to the wild roaring of the elements. At times, the mad whistling of the winds through the masts and rigging was like the unearthly shrieking of demons in the air; these dreadful sounds appalled me more than the constant pitching of the vessel and creaking of her timbers. About five o'clock this morning, we were aroused from our stupor of fear by a loud crash; it was one of the masts which had given way, and fallen upon the poop. A deathlike silence ensued, and the vessel began to labour in the trough of the sea, as if tired out by straining and unnatural exertion. Before the 'dreadful morrow' broke, the men who were lashed to the helm cried out: 'Captain overboard!' This news was indeed a severe blow to us, as we were depending entirely on the captain's skill to save us. Hope was for awhile completely extinguished. *This, however,* proved to be a false report: *the captain was not swept* overboard; he was only *carried off the quarter-deck* by a dreadful sea, and

pitched forward amongst the anchor chains, lay for awhile insensible, until one of th stumbled over him. They wanted to carry l cabin, but the brave little commander would nc and, although much injured, he insisted up being fastened across the quarter-deck, in the which was a noose, that, whilst it held him allowed him to move about the deck.

I had so much confidence in our captain's e as to feel assured he would be able to mak gallantly if the darkness of night were once pa with this hope, I got out of my berth, a anxiously for daylight; with great difficulty I way to the top of the cabin stairs, where I st looking out upon the most awfully grand sigh ever beheld. The fury of the winds had sligh but the agitation of the sea had increased tc height. At the moment I looked out, the v just descended the sloping side of a mountain was labouring darkly in the trough of the enormous walls of green transparent wat themselves far, far above the vessel!

> ——— 'the mountain wave
> Recumbent, with its weight of bursting waters

I rushed down to the cabin again, under the that these immense masses of water would fall in upon us, and strike her to the bottom! wrong, for the next minute she emerged from ful gulf, and was ascending another mountain only to be again plunged into a similar abyss.

The hope I encouraged during the night vanish; the long and anxiously-wished for da there indeed, but the sea-drift prevented the seeing five yards beyond the vessel. Night c now all the same to us, for she became *unmanageable*. The men at the wheel decl *labours* to be useless, as she continued drift *in* despite of all their efforts, towards th

unds on the Welsh coast where the *Rothesay Castle* was
ost.

This melancholy day, up to five o'clock in the after-
oon, was spent in vainly endeavouring to turn her head
ut to open sea, from the certain destruction towards
hich she was rapidly drifting. As the cabin door had
een made fast early in the day by the captain's orders,
nd no passenger allowed on deck, we were informed
hrough the broken poop, that the captain had determined
pon making a final experiment, in order to effect what
e had been all day trying at in vain. This *dernier*
*esort* was to put on all her canvas, place four men at
he helm, and force her head round out to open sea.
uch a proceeding in such a gale, we were told, might
e fatal, and we were desired to be prepared for the
orst consequences.

The uproar upon deck was now heard above the
torm; the hoarse voice of the captain's speaking-trumpet
as answered by shrill whistles, and loud 'ay, ays,' when
uddenly we spun round with a report like a volley of
usketry. It was the noise of the mainsail, which was
lown into pieces! The success of this skilful manœuvre
ave us a little hope; we were now at open sea again,
ut without coal, and consequently without steam, and
ur captain confessed himself to be ignorant of his exact
ituation. The second night now came on, more terrible
han night ever appeared to me before.

About seven o'clock, a dreadful sea struck our bows,
hich made us recoil a great distance, and settle heavily
n the trough of the sea. The general feeling was that
he had struck, and was filling fast. Mr Lucas exclaimed
oudly: 'We are gone at last! Lord, receive our souls!'
l wild rush of the terror-stricken ladies into our cabin
rom their own, disturbed our devotions; the prospect
f death banished all nice distinctions, for they clung
rantically to whoever they could grasp, and cried aloud to
hose undressed *and miserable* 'lords of the creation' to
ve them.

*As I was the only passenger* that remained in berth at

this period, I looked out upon the unhappy group as re actors in a *real* tragedy. Poor Madame Dulcken, i attempting to reach her husband, was precipitated hea foremost against the rail of my berth; she fell back wards on the cabin floor, and lay there senseless an unassisted. Her husband (Monsieur Dulcken), sat nea the spot where she fell, with his little daughter crouchin in his lap; but so powerless was this poor German, tha he did not move; he sat shivering in his scanty dres and looking unutterable anguish.

Things were in this state when the cabin door wa hammered open, and in rolled three drenched and black looking engine-men. The foremost laid down his lantern and after wringing the sea-water out of his woollen ca he raised a circular piece out of the cabin floor, an handed up some reserve lumps of resin and coal to h companions. Some of the passengers addressed thes men, and begged to know if there was any hope, bu their answers were brutal and reckless.

One of the gentlemen (Captain O'Grady) had a favourit mare on deck; I heard him often during this day regre his inability to go out and give her some assistance; bu now that the cabin door was opened, he seized a large cas bottle of brandy, and made his way to her crib. Whe he reached her, she was little better than alive; th bulwarks, which formed part of her shelter, had been a carried away, consequently, every sea washed over th prostrate and stiffened form of poor Bess. This fin hearted young fellow knelt down beside his favourit and rubbed her with the brandy, and poured some dow her throat, until he restored animation: during thi operation the sea was washing over both horse an master. In some time after, he returned to the cabin quit drenched but seemingly much happier. I am glad t say that the mare lived.

*When* these savage engine-men left the cabin, we wer *again* fastened down, and left to bitter reflection. W *really* felt the sickness of heart which is caused ' *hope* deferred ;' despair was in every countenance. '

and proud men I saw so happy at the cabin table
e night before, were now weeping and praying
, and pressing their foreheads in an agony of

still in my berth, and felt that *my hour was surely*
During thirty hours I had not even tasted water.
xhausted, and longed to wet my lips; but I saw
useless to ask for anything, as the steward lay
s face on the floor in a state of stupefaction.
d to collect my thoughts, and prayed in simple
rent terms to God, to avert the death which
arily threatened me, and to prolong my life for
s of my wife and child.
this I felt more calm and resigned to my fate,
nes and incidents in my life, from my boyhood
present, rose vividly to my mind. I wondered
my body would be washed ashore or not; and
hether kind hands would bury me. Extreme
ion was succeeded by a slight delirium. I
that F—— was there dressed in mourning,
our baby with a tiny black bough in her cap,
s so near me in the berth, that I often stretched
y hand to touch them. After lying some time
state, I sank into insensibility. It is said, when
come to the worst point, they change; for, on
t (Tuesday) morning, we were aroused by the
the captain, who had burst in the cabin door,
uted out: 'Thank God! I have you anchored
mauris at last!' This was like an electric spark
We started, but could not speak. 'Three cheers
brave little captain!' cried O'Grady. The attempt
s was made, but such a faint sound issued from
hed lips, that it could be only called the *ghost* of

s I had recovered sufficiently to remark the
around me, I was struck with the appearance of
ain. *His face, after the last* forty hours' exposure
*rricane, was a mixture* of colours, in which red
*were predominant,* and his eyes bloodshot. He

was incased in oiled linen, with a sou'-wester tied under his chin. Yet he appeared to me more than Adonis; I grasped his hand, and thanked hir my heart. About ten o'clock on Tuesday mornir January), I came upon deck, having at last left the I thought I should have died in.

Madame Dulcken was already there before me, i ing the amount of injury done by the sea to her sp piano. Captain O'Grady was also on deck, lookin the recovery of his mare. This gentleman ha two beautiful small dogs on board; they were c with a small chain, and placed in the caboo warmth; notwithstanding this precaution, the s reached them, and the smaller one perished. much struck with the mute sorrow of the su dog, as he sat shivering and looking down upon hi companion.

Before leaving the vessel, I sat down and wr address to Captain Townley, which, having been mously approved of, I had the pleasure of readi presenting to him. We then made a collection f crew, and came ashore in small boats at Bango having endured and (through the mercy of Providence) escaped the most awful hurrican remembered.

[The vessel afterwards proceeded to Liverpool, it arrived safely, but after a passage of extreme di and danger.]

## HUMOROUS TRAITS OF AN OLD HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN.

w private persons have occasioned more amusement their day and generation than Francis Macnab of nab, a gentleman of Perthshire, who died at an anced age about thirty-seven years ago. We pro- e giving a short account of this eccentric personage, the hope of communicating to a wide circle some e of those singular personal traits and humours which ed the living man to be never alluded to in his own mediate neighbourhood without a smile.

Francis Macnab, as far as his worldly status was con- ed, would have appeared to English eyes simply as proprietor of a small and much encumbered estate in thshire. In Scotland, however, he had the additional much higher honour of being the chief man of an ient family, forming one of the Highland clans, though one of the most numerous. He was Macnab of that , or Macnab of Macnab; or, by a more modern and less ant style of designation, the Laird of Macnab—the onal centre of a little district peopled chiefly by men his own name, and all of whom, from the gentleman to cottager, looked up to him with a kind of filial venera- n. His estate was situated at the head of Loch Tay, the neighbourhood of the beautifully placed village Killin; but it was latterly a mere shadow of what it d been a few hundred years ago, having been, in parti- lar, much reduced in consequence of the loyalty of e Macnab of the time of Charles I., who was a zealous ly of Montrose, and fell at the battle of Worcester. he family is believed to have drawn its descent from a mber of the Macgregor family, who was abbot of nkeld about the year 1130, Macnab being expressive the words *Son of the Abbot.* The subject of this notice for nothing more remarkable than a proud sense of

amongst his native hills, or in the habiliments
gentleman of the eighteenth century upon th
Perth or Edinburgh, he never failed to be l
some degree of wonder. His mental faculties
vigorous; but a defective education, the prej
dental to his position in society, and perhaps
stitutional peculiarities, had given him a str
eccentricity, insomuch that almost everything
did was peculiar. Though possessing little b
was extensively informed; and though a h
displayed on most occasions no small degree
shrewdness. He had all the warmth of heart,
same time all the irritability and wrathfuln
Scottish mountaineer. It was the custom of
indulge much in drinking, and Macnab was en
in that day for his great powers as a bo
Individuals enjoying what now appears the
notoriety of being able to drink three bottle
the table, while Macnab appeared as fresh a
not tasted a glass. It was indeed wonderful
liquor he was enabled by his great strength
rally healthy mode of life to consume. In this
habits, Macnab was much affected, no dou

First, with regard to the pride of Macnab. It will doubtless surprise an English reader to be informed, that any untitled man in these islands should object to having the word *Mister* prefixed to his name. Yet such is the case with the Highland chiefs, and such was particularly the case with Macnab. A Highland chief is styled by the name of his family alone: thus, the chief of the Macintoshes is MACINTOSH, the chief of the Macnabs is MACNAB; and so on. So far did our friend the laird carry this point, that, hearing a stranger ask for him one day at his door, as *Mr* Macnab, he ordered him not to be admitted; but next day, when the gentleman, having in the meantime been tutored, inquired for MACNAB, he was not only shewn in, but met with a most cordial reception. He would remark: 'There are mony *Maister* Macnabs; but may the auld black laad hae me, if there's ony but ae MACNAB!' On this subject, a clever reporter of some of the laird's humours* has given us some curious illustrations. 'It was quite enough,' we are informed, 'to put him in a frenzy, to dignify with the title of chieftain any one, however high in title or fortune, who he thought had no claim to that super-imperial rank. It is not to be supposed that this was ever done for the pleasure of beholding the laird in one of those passions which resembled one of his mountain storms. No; he was by no means the man to hazard such a joke upon; and could he have suspected for a moment (a supposition, indeed, almost impossible) that any person whatever attempted to play upon him, miserable would have been the fate of the unhappy wight who made the experiment. The narrator of this anecdote had a narrow escape from the overwhelming indignation of this genuine Gaelic worthy. It occurred after dinner, the good laird being a little mellow—for as to being drunk, oceans of liquor would have failed to produce that effect, at least to the length of prostration. The party on whose account the chief's bile *was so powerfully* excited, was indeed blessed

* *See Literary Gazette*, 1827, p. 684.

with an infinitely more lofty and sonorous cognomen th himself. If it did not indisputably stamp the owner an ancient feudal baron, an ignorant Lowlander mi well be excused for thinking so. We shall suppose it be Macloran of Dronascandlich—a name trying enou certes, for the utterance of any common pair of ja Thus commenced the unlucky querist: "Macnab, you acquainted with Macloran, who has lately purcha so many thousand acres in ——shire?" This was m than sufficient to set the laird off in furious tilt on genealogical steed. "Ken wha?—the paddock-stool c creature they ca' Dronascandlich, wha no far byga daured to offer siller, sir, for an auld ancient estate, an estate as auld as the flude, sir—a deal aulder, si siller, sir, scrapit thegither by the meeserable deevil India, sir; not in an offisher or gentleman-like way, si but making cart-wheels and trams, sir, and barrows, the like o' that wretched handywark. Ken him, sir ken the creature weel, and wha he comes frae, sir; so I ken that dumb tyke, sir—a better brute by half a score o' him! And wha was his grandfather, sir, a puir wabster in Glasgow! That was the origin Dronascandlich, sir, and a bonnie origin for a Highl chief—ugh!"'

Pride being a leading element in his character, affected all his ideas. He not only was proud of his c lineage and name, but of whatever he was connected w from his clan or his county neighbours up to his coun men at large. When the local militia was raised in 1 he held rank in one of the corps raised in his county, soon after, being in Edinburgh, he thought proper to ap to the storekeeper in the castle for the supply of a required by the men. Overlooking the formerly cor name, which was the Fourth Perthshire Local Militia, asked for arms for the Breadalbane Corps, to which *storekeeper* answered, that he did not know of suc *corps*. Hereupon Macnab, in high contempt, but *more coolness* than might have been expected, rep '*My fine little storekeeper*, that may be; but you

assured we do not think a bit the less o' oursels for *your* not knowing us.' In proportion as he thought much of his own countrymen, he thought less of some other nations; and it appears that he had in particular contracted a great contempt for the Russians. A gentleman having on one occasion spoken approvingly of Russian heroism, the laird burst forth into a frenzy. 'Haud you there, sir—haud you there, sir; ye have said a great deal mair than ye can mak amends for, were ye to live as lang as auld Methuselah. It's doonright blasphemy! What, sir, wad ye ever, in ae breath o' your unhallowed jaws, even * oor glorious lads o' the hill and the heather, whilk are a marvel to the haill warld, to the oily bastes o' Russians? A wheen cannibals, meeserable wretches, wha, till they cam west, had naething to cram their craving gude-for-naething kytes wi' but stinking stranded whales, or an ora sealgh, whilk was a perfect Godsend to them. Bonny wives, ugh! I mind weel the time, about twenty year bygane, a cheeld ca'd Admiral Siniavin, or some other sic name, cam into the Firth wi' a squadron o' these monsters mang men. Dootless it was a veesitation for oor sins. Whatever they laid hand on, was momently turned into ulye.† I was ae day taking a dander alang Leith shore, when I saw ane of the loathsome brutes gang into a hawker's shop, and buy a bawbee *bap*,‡ and spying a barrel o' ulye, in he dreeps the bap, and sookit it as ye wad do a jergonel peer. Sune after, a' the lamps in Leith Walk and ither places gade out, withoot ony veesible reason. A' the folk were bumbazed§ about it, and auld wives thocht that Sathan was playing cantrips wi' the lichts. Some were knockit doon, and ithers got off wi' their pockets turned inside oot. And what was the cause o' a' this hobbleshow, think ye? What! but the oily beasts o' Russians. They were catched speeling‖ up the lamp-posts and taking oot the cruizes and drinking the ulye, wick and a'. What think ye noo o' your Russians, sir?—*are they* o' ony use on God's earth,

* *Compare.* † *Oil.* ‡ Half-penny roll.
§ *Astonished.* ‖ *Climbing.*

recklessness in using it, in general kept him
vocation ; but on one occasion a thoughtless
was but slightly acquainted with him, had the
to incur his wrath in a dismal manner. Th
appeared one day at Leith Races on a small l
oppressed by his great weight, fell down und
died on the spot, its back being literally broke
ing him next year mounted on an animal not n
this individual went up to him, and said, in
manner: 'Macnab, is that the same horse y
year?' 'No, billy,' replied the laird; 'but it
*whup*,' and with that instrument felled the
to the earth.

Macnab had an intense antipathy to excise
he looked on as a race of intruders, commissio
the blood of his country: he never gave them
name than *vermin*. One day, early in the l
was marching to Stirling at the head of
Fencibles, of which he was commander. To cor
words of the writer already quoted—'The p
but the pen never can, adequately portray
picturesque, and magnifique appearance of t
Celtic chief. Goliah of Gath, Alexander,

head was the Highland bonnet, surmounted by waving lofty plumes, which added fearfully to his gigantic height. His puissant limbs were incased in no constraining habiliment: no, gentle reader, the ancient fillibeg formed his sole nether covering. His warlike hand sustained an enormous claymore, flashing lightning to the sun's rays, and clearly indicating its owner's ardour for immediate conflict.

'About seven miles from Stirling, a numerous band of excisemen assailed the rear of the regiment, declaring to the adjutant they had positive information that in the baggage-carts was concealed a large quantity of smuggled whisky. The adjutant, knowing it would be of little use to argue the matter with them, rode hastily up to the front, and told the commandant the scrape they were in. Without saying a word, away to the rear furiously gallops the laird, brandishing his Andrea Ferrara in a most terrific style, his visage inflamed with wrath and indignation. When he came up to the aqua vitæ, "Hounds!" he roars out in a voice of thunder, "what the foul fiend want ye here, ye abortions of the human *specie*, ye unworthy, pitiful vermin o' abomination! Wad ye daur to stop his majesty's offishers and men on their way to fight for their king and country, and, what's mair, e'en for the like o' sic wretches as you, ye unchristened whelps o' Belzebub." The laird was enough to fright Belzebub himself, and no wonder he horrified such personages almost into convulsions. After a long pause, during which he regarded them with a truly diabolical aspect, one of the boldest mustered courage enough to display his badge of office, intimating in a trembling voice, that what they did was in the line of their duty. "Line o' your duty!" vociferated the chief. "By a' that's gude, if I thocht ye worth my while, I ken ae line wad fit ye a deal better!" Then turning to the rear-rank, he cries: "My lads, this is like to be a critic business—*load wi' ball!*" The effect of this appalling order was *electrical*: the discomfited gaugers fled *in all directions, leaving the victorious* chief in undisturbed possession *of the much coveted* mountain-dew.

'Like many other proprietors of large but unproducti estates, the Laird of Macnab was often under the nec sity of compromising his dignity by granting bills : his various purchases. These bills for many years w always discounted at the Perth Bank; and when d he no more dreamed of putting himself in the slight degree out of the way by honouring his scraps of pap conformably to the established rules of trade, than paying the national debt. In fact, it would have bee dangerous experiment to have hinted to him the p priety of what he considered a most degrading a unchieftain-like practice. The directors of the ba knowing their money to be sure, humoured him, as bei a character of no ordinary description. His acceptan were therefore never (strange to say) noted or protest indeed such an impertinent procedure on their p might have brought down like a torrent the furi chief and a score or two of his gillies, to sack gr Perth.

'Unluckily for him, one of "thae *bits o' paper*" fou its way to the Stirling Bank, an establishment with whi the laird had no connection. Agreeably to his *auld* *and wont*, he gave himself no trouble about the matt It was in due course noted and protested, of which proj intimation was sent to him. The laird treated the various notices with the most sovereign contempt. I was, however, effectually roused, by the alarming inf mation that a writ of *horning and caption* had be taken out against him; and that, in consequence, a cle belonging to the bank, accompanied by two messenge would proceed on the following Friday to Achlyne Hou for the special purpose of taking him into custody. Ev this dire communication the laird received with unruffl composure.

'On that portentous morn which threatened h *with* durance vile, he took aside an old woman w *had been* long attached to the family, and who w *highly* regarded by her master for her shrewdness *well as* fidelity. "Shanet," said he, "there are

nd-loupers, a clerk and two limbs o' Satan in the shape
' messengers, coming ower the hills the day frae Stirling,
) tak me awa bodily, and to clap me within the compass
' four stane wa's; and for what, think ye?—a peetiful
art o' a guse's feather—deil cripple their soople shanks!
; would ill become me to hae ony hobbleshow wi' siclike
rmin; so I'll awa up to ma lord's* at Taymouth, and
ave you, my bonnie woman, to gie them *their kail rough the reek.*" Having thus primed the old lady,
) departed.

'The transaction now recorded having occurred upwards
'half a century ago, it is proper to mention, that the line
' travelling between Stirling and Achlyne was of a
ost rugged and toilsome description, and only passable
r pedestrians. The clerk and his legal myrmidons,
erefore, did not reach the place where they expected
eir prey till it was nearly dusk. The ancient carline
d been long on the outlook, and going to meet them,
e invited them into the house in the most *couthy* and
ndly manner. "Oh, sirs," quoth she, "ye maun be sair
roughen wi' your langsome travel. Our Hieland hills
e no for them that hae breeks on, I reckon. Sit doon,
t doon, and pit some meat in your wames, for atweel
ey maun be girnin' and wamling like knots o' edders.
e laird's awa to see a freend, and will be back
mently. What gars ye glower at that daftlike gate,
n? There is what ye're wantin' in that mucklo kist,
bonnie yellow goud, fairly counted by his honour this
ssed mornin'. Wha wad hae thocht ye wad hae
en sae langsome in coming up here; chields like you,
at are weel kent to be greedy gleds after the siller.
t bide ye till the laird comes in, and ye will get what
) want." So saying, she spread before them an abundant
ore of mountain delicacies, not forgetting a plentiful
pply of Glenlivet; and, in short, she put them beyond
e power of proceeding further in their business that
ght, and *they were fain to stay* in Janet's cottage till

* *The Earl of* Breadalbane.

he opened the window-shutter—when t
which saluted his astonished organs of
petrified him into stone. The sight, ind
alarming—a human figure dangling in
heaven from a branch of an ancient oak
the house.

'As soon as the wretched minister o
recovered what small sense he possessed, l
to stagger to the bedside, and roused his b
lation, who, when he beheld the horrid
assailed with the most dreadful agonies
consternation. To add to their miseries,
locked. Bells there were none in the
those days, but they stamped and kicke
with dreadful energy and clamour. Aft
poor wretches in a state of unspeakabl
space of time which appeared to them a
old woman unlocked the door, and pres
in which were expressed all the united ho
nance attributed to the infernal furies. "
fiend gars ye mak sic a din for?" shou
beldam. Quaking in every limb, the on
lips could give utterance to were: "What

Now, what almost frightened into convulsions two such
ximately sensitive personages as messengers are in
eral, was a bundle of straw, artificially stuffed by
et into some ancient garments of the laird's, which
had suspended from the tree in the manner des-
ed. The innocent clerk, during all this stramash,
quietly reposing in his bed; and if he dreamed at
f suspensions, it was that of the writ of *horning and*
*ion*. When he got up, he was surprised at the non-
earance of his companions, nor could he extract the
llest information on the subject from trusty Janet.
ng therefore deprived of his legal tools, no other
urce was left for him but to "plod homewards back
weary way."

To conclude: so tremendous an account did the
engers give of their expedition, that no tempta-
could have induced twenty of them to venture on
milar errand, unless backed by a regiment of a
sand strong.'

Many anecdotes could be added to these, to illustrate
character of this extraordinary man; but our limits
id. The Laird of Macnab, with all his oddities, ceased
xist on the 25th of May 1816, when he had reached
age of eighty-two.

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## A ROMANCE OF REALITY.

The town of Havre-de-Grace, not many years ago,
e lived an aged couple, M. and Madame Dupré.
themselves, these personages were worthy and re-
ted, but circumstances of a remarkable and romantic
re connected with their family, rendered them
cts of peculiar interest, not only to their neighbours
fellow-*citizens, but to all* who visited the town
*Havre. One of the near* relatives of this vener-
*pair was destined to* a career in life such as we

shall only find a parallel to in the pages of fiction.

Aline Dupré was born at Martinique in the y Her father possessed one of the best estates on tl and spared no pains or expense in educating his whose rare natural qualities, both of person a well merited the most careful development. A of fourteen, when womanly charms are almost in that clime, Aline was the pride of her family admiration of the upper circles of the colony. I society, no one surpassed her in vivacity of spiri ball-room, the graces of her person and moveme unrivalled; and she possessed musical talents wel enhance and complete the impression made by he ance and address. Such was Aline Dupré, when a seen accident gave a sudden turn to her pros fortunes. Excited by oppression, real or ima numerous band of negroes made their escape fr masters, and spread the most serious alarm over t island. Profiting by the scantiness of the milit stationed there at the time, these runaways c various outrages, and made threatening demor at many different points, calling everywhere u fellow-slaves to join their standard. None of th in the employ of M. Dupré had acceded to the band; but the station of that gentleman, and opinion entertained of his talents and activity, ca to be pitched upon as the leader of the militia r the suppression of the mutineers. M. Dupré with energy and success the duty intrusted to hi fugitives were surrounded and captured, but on desperate struggle, in which M. Dupré received injury. He survived it long enough to permi receive from France the Cross of St Louis, w governor of the colony, the Marquis de Bou *requested* for him. Soon after receiving this re *Dupré* died, recommending with his last br *daughter* Aline and his only son to the ca *governor.*

The Marquis de Bouillé did not neglect the charge mitted to him. It had been the purpose of the late . Dupré to return to France, where he had a small rimonial property, and where various members of his ily were settled. This intention had been partly med with the view of completing the education of ine and her brother, and in the hope of seeing them ll established there in life. The governor of Martin- e determined to fulfil the wishes of the father in this pect. Finding the young Dupré, who was a year or o older than Aline, to have an inclination for a military , the marquis arranged that he should go to France, d enter the regiment of Bouillon, while the sister was be placed for a time in the seminary of St Cyr, the best institution then existing for persons of her sex. ine and her brother, accordingly, embarked in a vessel und for France. That vessel, however, *never reached destination.* Its fate remained unknown for seven rs, at the end of which time a letter, containing closures regarding it, was received by one of the ends of the Dupré family residing in France. This ividual was a young lady who had spent some years of r youth in Martinique, and had been the playmate and r friend of the young Aline. The letter alluded to was livered by an ambassador of a great power, and it was m his sovereign—his crowned queen. That queen was ine Dupré! The strange vicissitudes which placed ine in this position were detailed, in the communication her friend, nearly as follows :—

The vessel which bore the brother and sister, intending land on the western coast of France, reached the Straits Gibraltar in safety. Soon afterwards, however, when passengers, attracted by the beauty of the evening in it latitude, had assembled in a group on deck, an old ress in attendance on Aline, pointed out a dark spot the sea at a distance. The captain was present at the *ment, and was observed to* grow pale as he turned his *on the object pointed out.* But he made no remark, *the passengers retired for* the night. In the morning,

Achmet, as the merchant was called, intended
l to Constantinople. Zara likewise added, that
eemed to take a strong interest in her restora-
alth. This last piece of intelligence was anything
ng to the poor captive, and her mind was so
pressed with a foreboding dread of the fate that
l await her, that she resolved to escape from
cost of life. No other way of effecting this
s in her power save that of starving herself.
days she maintained this determination; and
dy beginning to feel her strength diminishing,
ie proceedings on the part of Zara changed
the train of her thoughts. The old negress,
of her race, affected a power of reading the
of telling fortunes, and she artfully led her
istress to express a wish to know what would
other's fate, the subject ever uppermost in her
Zara used the opportunity given to her most
ly. Consulting the cards, she assumed, after a
spect of great joy. 'Your brother will yet be
great! the cards declare it! And by *you*—by
he be saved!' The suggestion of such a pos-
ade an instantaneous and striking impression
ie, and raised in her a new train of thought.
ihe resolved to desist from her course of
e, and to preserve her life, in the hope that,
might be her own fate, she might yet have it
wer to alleviate the sufferings of her beloved

the vessel arrived at Smyrna, it chanced that,
imet was getting on board his other captives,
ie French consul in society, and mentioned his
ith him a beautiful slave of French descent.
il immediately requested to see her, and, after
culty, this was accomplished. On seeing Aline,
L—— generously offered to purchase her from
*nian, and set her at liberty.*
*other,' said Aline;* 'will you set him, too, at

'Alas!' said the consul, 'that is not possible. How could he now be found out? The intervention of the sultan alone, I fear, could avail to discover his retreat, and procure his freedom.'

'The sultan!' replied Aline, and for a few moments she remained in thought. 'Well,' continued she at length, 'I cannot, and will not, since such is the case, accept of liberty for myself.' The consul pressed her to alter her resolution, but the generous girl held firmly by her purpose. The slight hope which existed of her finding in Constantinople some means of liberating the poor captive of Algiers, kept her fixed in the determination of remaining with Achmet. It seemed to her as if some secret power urged her onwards to the Turkish capital.

But, as she sailed thither, doubts and fears took possession of her mind. Her whole chance of success was founded on the vague possibility of her personally seeing the sultan Abdul-Hamed, or some great courtier, from whom she might beg the life and liberty of her brother. But she remembered, and shuddered to remember, that she might become the purchased slave of some rich but obscure Turk, and might be shut out for ever from the light of day among strangers. With these thoughts in her mind, she proceeded to the presence of Achmet, and, assuming a firm and bold tone, she said: 'Armenian, *your* fortune and *mine* are now in your hands. If I have observed aright, you do not confound me with these poor ignorant slaves, who have bodies, but no souls. Such as these subjugate the eyes, but not the heart. My character is different from theirs, and so will my destiny be. It will be a high one, and your fortunes shall rise with it. Introduce me to the presence of the sultan, and depend upon my eternal gratitude.' Achmet seemed to be struck by these words, and the confident tone in which they were uttered. His manner assumed a semblance of respect very unusual between master and slave, and he expressed his intention to gratify the wishes of Aline if possible. Accordingly, when the vessel entered the port of Constantinople, and the party were conveyed to

of Achmet, he shewed his intentions by bringing to
ne of the richest dresses to be found in the city, this
a proper preliminary step, as he thought, to the
tion of her design. But Aline declined assuming
rb, and contented herself with one of the most
s kind. To his surprise, the Armenian was com-
to admit that her appearance was more captivating
at than with the rich attire obtained for her.
ugh Achmet seemed thus desirous of fulfilling her
s, day after day passed away without any notice of
proach of that event on which Aline rested every
of procuring her brother's liberation. At last,
er, Achmet announced, that it was impossible for
lf to introduce his beautiful slave to the presence of
ltan in any way. 'But do not despond,' said he; 'I
sold you along with Zara to Isaac-Aga, son of the
ief of the royal guards. He has promised to place
the way of seeing the sultan.' Aline at first thought
he was deceived with false promises, but such was
ne case. Isaac-Aga was faithful to his word, and
obtained her wish. She was brought before the
. It is needless to linger on the issue. The skill
ne in music was exerted to charm Abdul-Hamed,
ot in vain. It was not long ere his passion for the
plished captive grew so deep and strong, that he
her his legitimate wife; and she had also the
re of embracing her brother, liberated by the
's orders from the slave-chains of Algiers. Under
tle of the Sultana Validé, Aline outlived Abdul-
d, to whom she bore the Sultan Mahmoud.
moud did not immediately succeed his father, but
in seclusion during the intervening reigns of Selim
Mustapha. The civilised spirit of Mahmoud may, in
be traced to the instructions of his mother, the
na Validé. She discovered the retreat of her
ves in France, and, as has been said, sent them
s, *which were accompanied* by magnificent presents.
*d Madame Dupré*, the aged pair described as
*r at Havre-de-Grace*, were her uncle and aunt,

and shared liberally of her bounty. The Sultana Validé died in 1817, at the age of fifty-four.

[We find this romantic story told as a fact by M. Jouy, in his *Hermit in the Provinces;* a work professing to detail authentic and curious matters relating to the various provinces of France. M. Jouy describes himself as receiving the present story from the lips of M. and Madame Du***, who were aided in the narration by the actual letters of Aline.* If true, the story presents a parallel to that of the poor Scottish girl who became empress of Morocco. The undeniably veracious history of the Empress Josephine, is also in several points similar to the present story.]

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## HAMMERSLEY'S BANK.

THE following account of Messrs Hammersley of London and their bank, which, some years ago, stopped payment, is given in the *Circular to Bankers.* The manner in which Mr T. Hammersley is described to have been led on from one speculation to another—the new scheme always to redeem the loss from that which preceded it, but always making matters worse—gives a startling insight into the higher walks of business in this commercial country:—

Some sixty or seventy years ago, the old and eminent banking-house of Herries & Co. was the only firm in England which had adopted the practice of issuing notes payable on presentation, or at a few days' sight, at various large towns throughout the continent of Europe: it was a circulation of the greatest possible convenience, safety, and utility to travellers and temporary residents in

* The name set down Du*** by M. Jouy, we have called Dupré, for convenience of printing and reading.

ries, and it was very properly, and with
it as to the consequences, so arranged by
rs of the practice, as to render the accom-
he applicants or the public easy and econo-
n, so that they always felt obliged for the
f resorting to it. It was also, no doubt, a
l of business to the issuers of the notes.
of this circulation must have been greatly
the French revolutionary war; but still it
n exclusive field, and it had, as may fairly
rendered a good return to the enterprising
om the practice originated. The war must
ıd those who were in possession of the field
and were acquainted with all the circum-
s, persons, and details necessary to the con-
nagement of such a business, would have
ges on the renewal of intercourse with the
Europe. Few persons knew anything about
the profits of this kind of banking business;
ose few would be the confidential clerks of
es, and one of them was the late Mr Thomas
the father of Mr Hugh Hammersley, now

ersley quitted his position as clerk, and
copartnership with Messrs Morland and
er the firm of Morland, Ransom, and Ham-
is firm did not remain united many years,
derstood, on its dissolution, that there was a
s to be borne by each of the several parties.
be a very large one, at least not amounting
; could materially impede the operations of
ubstantial London banking firm; but sup-
e not more than L.20,000 for Mr Hammers-
was to that extent a load on that gentleman's
his subsequent struggles. He then, upwards
's ago, formed a copartnership under the
*ersleys, Montelieu*, Greenwood, Brooksbank,
*union which* would seem to promise great
*it, seeing that* Mr Greenwood was in the

high tide of prosperity as the leading army-agent and the confidential friend of the Horse Guards, and that other members of the firm were capable, by their connections, of introducing valuable business to the new banking-office.

It happened, however, that the new firm was under the principal direction of a mind deeply imbued with the bold and confident spirit of the times—a spirit which is in perfect contrast to that which governs the conduct of almost all experienced bankers of the present day. They pushed their accommodation for the purpose of acquiring business, or they granted such accommodation on the representations of parties too readily. Among these was a bank at Honiton, in Devonshire, which failed many years since. It is said, that the accommodation granted to this bank at its highest point considerably exceeded L.230,000. It was given principally in the shape of bills, accepted by Messrs Hammersley & Co.; and it was an understood arrangement between the parties, that the sum of this kind of circulation to be constantly kept afloat should be about L.200,000. Bills of this description, drawn on purpose to obtain bank-notes by discounting them, could not at this day be made to work at all; they even then moved heavily in certain quarters, and, we believe, if it had not been for the friendly aid and co-operation of a director of the Bank of England, now deceased, the whole scheme of raising money by this kind of circulation would have broken down much sooner than it did.

Before the failure of this Devonshire bank, Messrs Hammersley & Co. reduced the balance from its highest point, which is variously stated at sums between L.280,000 and L.300,000, as well as they could, by getting available securities and otherwise. For the final balance, which, after all practicable reduction had been effected, amounted, *we believe*, to L.180,000, they accepted, we were many *years* since informed, 1s. or 1s. 6d. in the pound; consequently, the real loss upon this account would not be *less than* from L.160,000 to L.170,000. It would be

ructive if we could tell by what means and gradations rowers contrived to involve Messrs Hammersley & Co. this large and ruinous liability. The bankers at niton made a great show of possessions in land, upon ch securities for the advances would be given; but, rding to our information, these were no further avail- for the payment of the great debt than we have ve stated. Whether the then existing partners of the n of Hammersley & Co. took each his share of this rmous amount of loss, or it was left as an incubus on bank, to be liquidated by the accruing profits of that blishment, we do not know. The latter seems the e probable, seeing that the firm was gradually stripped very one of its members, except the lamented Mr h Hammersley.

Whilst the firm was subject to the aforesaid influence amely, was under the direction principally of its der, Mr Thomas Hammersley—other losses of consi- able magnitude were incurred, either by that gentle- n individually, or by the house over which he presided. re was one with an office-bearer in his majesty's sury, amounting to a sum approaching to L.40,000. at portion of this sum may have been subsequently idated by the connections of the party on whom the gation rested, we do not know. Then there was a h larger sum, which Mr Thomas Hammersley advanced firm for the manufacture of soap, carried on in the ough of Southwark. The loss here, we believe, was le, if anything, short of L.80,000. The history of this p-manufacture would be interesting and instructive, if ted circumstantially in detail; we must episodically ert to some of the leading facts, for they are pregnant h warning to men of property, and such as have the mand of large sums of money.

An ingenious person, of the name of Phelps, professed art of making soap of a better quality than any other nufacturer of *the article* could produce. The profes- *was not a vain one,* no regard being had to the *as the product exhibited* bore evidence. On this

showing, he induced men of great property with capital, without careful examination; were raised, and the best plant was formed materials, and money could furnish. They however, that profit did not ensue from this and Mr Phelps then suggested, that the gr in the making of alkali, and the firm conseqn took the manufacture of that article; still t profit, and the adventure had at this stage much money to admit of the considerati from the enterprise. "Go-ahead" was the flag of the times; so the firm turned me would fetch their tallow in their own sh Petersburg. It was during the war; the ships were seized, and carried into one of islands. This was a great blow to the firm; a their property, they mustered a sufficient for attempt to cut out and retake the ship or this they succeeded. One large ship was o home from the Danish port, with a cargo more than L.40,000, when the captain and c a smaller vessel, to which they gave cha intention of capturing it; but which, whe near to it, they found to be an American, country we were at peace, and they dared They then steered for London, but the ship an burned before they reached port, the crew alo and the underwriters refused to pay one shil the ship had been out of the prescribed co of the American. In this, and such other w manufactures on novel plans are incident hundred thousand pounds were lost by M & Co.

We continue the recital. Mr Phelps s getting for his copartner Mr Bracebridge, Aston Hall, near Birmingham, the park *mansion* of which estate is now in the occu *Watt, the* son of the celebrated James Wat *bridge* set up a bank at Warwick; but he w

out of that field from sheer unfitness to conduct so responsible an office; he paid all the creditors of the bank, and gave it up. The losses, however, from his mercantile adventures had reduced him to such straits, that he was constrained to sell his reversionary interest in those two valuable estates of Aston Hall, in Staffordshire, and Brereton Hall, in Cheshire. And we believe it to be not extravagant to say, that if this gentleman had been content to live within his income, and had not turned banker and soap-boiler, he would have been in possession of landed property worth very little short of L.1,000,000 sterling, which is for ever alienated from his family. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the different consequences flowing from providence and improvidence, than the fact that a part of that same estate of Aston Hall was purchased by Mr Whitehead, banker of Warwick; and from its proximity to Birmingham, it is likely to become a property of great value.

Why do we refer to these circumstances? Because they are, even in this naked sketch, pregnant with instruction. A great London bank has stopped payment, holding deposits which are stated to amount to L.650,000, and having promissory-notes circulating in all parts of the continent of Europe, amounting to a very considerable sum; and, as we believe, it is brought to this state, not from any misconduct on the part of the late possessor and director of the office, as far as the management of the funds intrusted to him is concerned, but from the misconduct of those who preceded him. Mr Hugh Hammersley inherited a lucrative business encumbered with dreadful losses. A long course of years might have brought about solvency, and laid a solid foundation of wealth. We are bound to explain these things, and to trace the evil to its sources. These sources are mainly—

1. A loss on Mr T. Hammersley leaving the firm of Morland, say, . . . . . L.20,000
2. A loss with the *Honiton Bank*, which we put down, . 160,000
3. A *loss in the soap-factory*, . . . . . 80,000

L.260,000

We believe that, under the management of t
Mr Hugh Hammersley, this large sum was in the
of gradual liquidation from regularly accruing
There is no doubt that a very valuable descrip
business had been attracted to the office, and we
if the disaster had occurred a few years soo
creditors would have received a smaller divide
assets being, at the time this was written, state
equal to the payment of about 15s. in the poun
rapid sliding away of property from opening the s
improvident confidence, and the slow recovery
care and circumspection—for a quarter of a cen
elapsed since any of the losses here stated were i
—are notable facts, worthy of the consideratio
bankers and merchants.

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## A WHALE-CHASE IN AUSTRAI

THE *South Australian Record* gives the following
tion of a whale-chase, from the journal of a ge
lately returned from South Australia. The charac
Fell and Frank, two whalers at Encounter Bay; f
Sanguine (fictitious name), the guest of Fell and
and, though a novice, a devoted sportsman; and
Dick, two natives:—

In the midst of breakfast Bob entered, bawli
'There she clouts (spouts)! there she clouts
started up, and told his guest that it was a wh
that he would now have an opportunity of gratif
longing desire. The boat was instantly manned,
Sanguine, by Fell's instructions, took the midship
of the men being left out, as such boats are only
contain the crew and no more. The whale was
shore, and a few strokes brought them alon

laid out lustily at his oar, and was excited to the itch, but ever and anon kept peeping over his for a sight of the object of pursuit, whose spout- ould only hear. 'Come, come, Mr Sanguine,' 'a good whaler minds only his oar, trusting to man for the rest; but never mind. Stand up, Frank was instantly on his feet, and the whale r the bows of the boat. 'Give it her, my lad!' ; and in a moment the iron was buried in her ak your oar, Mr Sanguine,' said Fell. Although er did not understand the phrase, yet he was ugh to do as the rest did, and that correctly. was by this time flying out, and the fish sound- trice she commenced running, and a turn being h the line round the lugger-head, the boat was ming the water with great velocity. Solomon, is hands, hitching his shoulders, and seeming jump overboard, in the height of ecstasy, l: 'This is glorious! Talk of the Manchester ingham Railways! they are nothing.' But here was interrupted, and his frenzy cooled, when s eyes at each side of the boat, and observed : rising high above the gunwale. It may be here to state, that it is only the rapidity of the at prevents the water from rushing in and filling n these occasions. Solomon had no time to phi- ; but seeing the water several inches above the f the boat, he did not know how soon it might y feet; so he inhaled a prodigious quantity of voked the whole host of Neptune to aid him in ey to the shore, as he was no great hand at . His fears were, for the present, groundless; began to rise, and his attention was now by the rowers hauling in the line, with their ed inwards. Solomon did as he saw the rest his gigantic strength was perceptible enough on *for, by the time that* the whale reached the *bowman had hold of* the harpoon shaft. The *Fell, from his* proximity, was enabled to have

'a set on' the fish with the lance, which had such a
that it sickened and sounded, so that they were ob
slack line again.

The calf which belonged to this female, in th
and fright having lost its mother, mistook the l
her, as often happens, and coming alongside, rub
boat with its noddle, and endeavoured to clasp it
fins, to the great detriment of the boat's equi
Solomon, not much liking this visitor, called out t
'The little creature is more plague than its moth
any sake give it a poke and send it adrift, or it v
us topsy-turvy.' Fell only laughed; but, to ease
his terrors, struck it gently on the head, and down
The respite was but short, for the mother, whi
head first, close alongside the boat, almost
Solomon, who viewed it with a mixture of aston
and awe, as, like a huge black rock, covered with ba
it emerged from the deep. His taste for the ma
was further gratified by observing her carrying
cub on her fin. His feelings were fast rising to a
when the whale spouted blood to a terrific hei
gurgling sound of which drew Solomon's attenti
way; but he only turned his head in time to dis
falling column, which descended with great
on his unfortunate pate, half choking him a
filling the boat. 'Sampson slaying the Philist
Whitechapel on a Friday, is mere shakings t
shouted Mr Sanguine. But, alas! his troubles w
beginning; for the irritated creature, passing un
boat, with one blow of its enormous tail sent
the air, and the crew into the water. For a
every one was immersed; but when Fell rose
surface, he beheld Solomon, who had alighted
whale's back, lying at full length there, puffin
ing out, and struggling, with all the appearan
drowning man contending strongly for life.

'Keep up a good heart, my boy,' cried Fell, t
such scenes were everyday work; 'and make
bottom of the boat!'

omen, who, from the first, seemed recalled to a state
sciousness by Fell's friendly voice, looked wildly
, and replied: 'That's all very good, but a swimmer
capabilities had better remain where he is.'
, pushing a pair of oars before him, towards Solomon,
red: 'Yes, yes; but your foundation is about as
le as the house that was built on sand.'
Jupiter! that's true,' said Solomon, 'so here's for
d casting himself from the whale, with one or two
ly strokes seized the blade of an oar, and was thus
to the boat, on the keel of which he mounted, and
his fiery locks much after the fashion of a New-
and dog. His first inquiry was if they were all
and being answered in the affirmative, asked for a
tobacco, as he observed all his companions busy
g, and which he considered must be necessary
such circumstances.
lief-boat, manned with black fellows (Bob Heads-
nd Dick Steersman), came up, and Fell and his
umping into it, left the black fellows, who were
their element, to right the boat, while they followed
he whale, which had gone but a short distance, and
picked up the line, soon terminated its existence.
n, in the height of his excitement, strongly be-
Fell to kill the calf also, as he considered that it
en the cause of all their troubles. But on Fell
that nature's law hardly allowed us wantonly to
r that which was of no utility to us, and might
er be of great benefit, he at once coincided with
d asked how he behaved under the trying circum-
. Fell briefly replied: 'Like a man!' which seemed
he the last billow of his wrath.

whale was towed home, and the newly-elected
r ceased not for a moment on the way to expatiate
apturous enthusiasm on the splendid sport of the
t the same time venting his spleen on the pap-
at home, and *picturing* the benefit they had that
*nferred on mankind*, as well as holding forth
*ly on the happy* prospects that this new world

stances. They were horrid-looking creatures, pa
the latter, from the quantity of blood clotted
them. Mr Sanguine was, however, quite uncor
his odd plight, and was with difficulty prevail
strip, scrub, and put on dry clothing. It was d
Fell entered; the dinner was just set, and Mr
was looking himself round, and extolling his
dress to the skies. 'How easy it sits, how comf
feels, how handsome it looks!' said he; 'and a
price of a pair of fancy-slippers. What silly
they in England, and the higher in life the mor
as poor as church mice and as proud as Lucifer-
less as calves, ay, ten times more so than wha
But here he was interrupted by Fell, who was
beside him, highly delighted at the happiness of
as well as amused at his ideas of utility and con
foppery. 'Yes, Mr Sanguine,' said Fell, 'how
we see the whale's calf, newly ushered into t
shew considerable instinct at self-preservation.
one to-day sink beyond the reach of our stroke
harm; how often do we see them cling to their
paps, or take shelter under her fins, as she bou
them through the deep, flying from her foes.

, preferring present death to flying for her life and ing her lost offspring.' Mr Sanguine here inter- l Fell by observing, that 'it is very fortunate, , that they take care of their young for the sake serving the breed.' Fell resumed: 'How many s do we see of the human species who, in of natural affection, would bear but a miserable rison with the whale! How many mothers are in the polite circles, who bring forth and send hildren abroad to be watched by the alien and anger, regretting only the pains they endure, the ey are shut out of society, the inroads made on eauty, and only looking anxiously forward to the t when they will again be able to rush into new of dissipation! But the whale's greatest delight s to be in nourishing its young, and shielding it anger, until her tender trust is able to shift for ftimes eighteen months and upwards.

his time they were unconsciously seated round the table; the cook had shewn great justice to the —the flavour of the soup, made of the kangaroo's s beyond anything that Solomon had before tasted. ngaroo steaks were, in his opinion, only surpassed fried smell, a part of the whale near the tail which delicate eating, to which Mr Sanguine did ample , and praised it as much. In the middle of his ent he did not forget to deplore the degeneracy of e, and its apathy for any great or noble enter- and calculated how many families could live com- y for many days on the delicate parts of the whale ad killed. Afterwards, the tale and song went y round, to which Mr Sanguine contributed abun- ; and in the midst of his joy he was heard re- ly to declare, that he never knew what happiness fore.

# THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

At an early hour in the morning, and before railways were established, a gentleman arrived in a post-chaise and-four at Winchester, on the road from Southampton t London. Having obtained fresh horses, he proceeded without a moment's delay; and had scarcely left the in door when another carriage, from the same direction, wit a single individual in it, drove up.

There was something in the countenance of this perso whose complexion indicated long residence in a warme climate than that of England, which shewed anxiety an the contemplation of some important subject; nor di the waiter fail to notice in one of the pockets of his chais when it stopped at the inn door, from which the othe traveller had just started, either a case of silver-mounte pistols, or some instruments resembling those deadl weapons.

The first traveller, who had obtained a glance at th other, appeared considerably disconcerted, and immedi ately desired his postboys to drive as fast as possible He was obeyed, and reached Papinlane in a very shor time: here he changed horses, and proceeded in th same rapid manner; and was congratulating himself o his progress, when, to his surprise, he perceived at a turn of the road, about a mile behind him, a chaise which h conjectured to contain the same person who had so nearl overtaken him at the first stage, and whom he suppose to be at least four miles in his rear.

'This is most vexatious,' said he; 'after all my efforts I shall be too late! I must move faster.' But he had o this part of his journey to deal with a steady, solemn kin *of postilion* on the near wheeler, who, having terribl *overworked* his horses during the preceding month

Ascot Races, and justly considering that ten miles an
r was now a very fast pace for them, was deaf to
traveller's earnest solicitations for increased speed.
he gentleman threatened—that had no effect; coaxed,
in vain. Jem shook his head; grunted out that: 'The
is never vent no vorser nor 'eavier for 'orses.' The
enger shewed gold between his forefinger and thumb.
drivers both declared, like honest and humane men,
as are rarely met in similar circumstances, that
y vouldn't hilltreat their cattle.'
he traveller inside became agitated, and doubled his
ed bribe for a gallop. 'I von't kill my 'orses,' said
indignantly, 'for hany money.'
ie gentleman threw himself backwards in despair;
a moment or two he leaned forward, put out his
, and then put it in again—seemed to labour with
oppressive secret which he was about to impart.
ll you,' said he in a voice almost inarticulate from
arnestness—'*will you then drive to save a man's*
'

ie postboys looked back at him for an instant. He
evidently in extreme anxiety: his whole heart and
were engaged in the object which had occasioned
ourney; and now that they were informed of an
uate cause for haste, they became at once alive to its
ssity. 'Yes,' pursued the gentleman, who saw at
the sensations he had happily produced; 'if I am
with the high-sheriff of the city of London this day at
o'clock, an innocent man will be hanged!'
A man hanged!' rejoined Jem, tickling the flank of
orse with his only spur; 'a man's life against 'orse-
hany day. I'm blowed but ve'll make the cattle go
is in 'em.'
nd they did go at a frightful rate. Had an axle
en, a wheel come off, or any collision occurred with
her vehicle, the results would probably have been
disastrous; and even the breaking of a trace, or the
*bling of a foundered horse*, might have rendered all
*efforts unavailing to* save the life of the poor convict,

now poised, as the drivers had been told, in such a c
and appalling state of peril. It was altogether a hal
of intense and absorbing interest.

As they entered on a common, Jem's hat was
off by a gust of wind. He hastily pulled up a litt
he had a regard for the beaver, independently
value, and looked significantly at the traveller, wh
counting minutes, as if he would have said: 'May
down and pick it up?'

'No, no,' quickly and decidedly said the other;
take mine.'

Jem's head was incased in the new envelope; h
quite satisfied, and drove manfully to Basingstoke,
there was a solitary post-house.

'Turn out four posters instantly!' roared the
man. 'How many pair have you at home?' inqui
breathlessly, of the head-hostler.

'Five pair, sir.'

He paused a moment. 'Let a chaise-and-four
this moment before me to Hartley Wintney; tu
another chaise-and-four for myself; and let the rem
pair go with another chaise instantly to Papinlan
remain there until evening. Can any other hor
obtained here, or near us?'

'No, sir! replied the hostler in astonishment, th
that the supply was already quite sufficient fo
individual traveller.

'All right,' said the gentleman; who, having fir
that the chaise-and-pair was despatched in a gallop
Papinlane road, and the two four-horse chaises ready
all this was effected in five minutes—jumped into
them, and, preceded by the other, dashed off at a f
rate.

The information had been passed from Jem a
comrade to the fresh postboys, that a man's life dep
on their driving, and that the fees were munificent.
stage was run with speed accordingly. 'Out wit
*horses* immediately,' was the order again issue
*obeyed* with promptitude at Hartley. The second

, was allowed to stop—and why that unoccupied had been driven there as a pioneer to that in ie traveller sat alone, was a mystery to every one llage who had witnessed its entrée, and especially ostilions, who could not comprehend why the entleman should have ordered it out in such a id paid them so liberally, for no apparent object at had the life of the condemned man to do with ments of the empty chaise?

ystery was not solved by the supposition, that it ı sent for a physician, surgeon, accoucheur, or ady; nor did it contain even a case of duelling- or anything that could have furnished a solution use for which it had been rattled along at such ate rate; nay, the puzzle was increased by the ion of the postboys, that a third chaise, without a r to occupy it, had been despatched by the same all haste back to Papinlane.

oor was again closed, the order to drive on , and the gentleman within, amidst endless ons, rolled away as before.

ost probable conjecture was, that the poor gentle- ı deranged in his intellects, and under some tion had engaged the post-carriages, and driven sly. Yet, as he paid so very liberally for his un- ble whim, and had sufficient cunning to detect osition practised to keep back any of the o attempt was made to oppose his extraordinary ngs.

excitement of the gentleman, from whatever riginated, was rather increased than diminished e jumped from the chaise into a cab, and ed the city along the Strand. The interposition cles of every kind at Temple Bar and Ludgate as, in the state of his mind, intolerable, and he ve cried with vexation as his way was blocked ws of wagons and coaches.

*rossed; he pulled* the check-string, and before *an could look* about, was running along the

flagway in old Broad Street. The cabman roar
him—the traveller ran the faster—the hue and c
the man without the hat increased—the purs
rather fat and thick-winded, and was soon overta
collared by the pursuing police. In vain he expo
blustered, and proffered bribes; he threw his purs
captors, told them to pay the cabman as much
pleased, and assured them that he was Sir B
Bustle, knight, alderman, and a city magistrate.

The policemen, who were lately nominated
district of the city, and unacquainted with his
very naturally disbelieved his assertion; and see
without his hat, and hearing the cabman, who had f
in their wake, declare that 'the "gemman" wa
unscrewed in the 'ead,' were about to form th
conclusion, and conduct the prisoner to the
lunatic asylum, when, by one of those lucky coin
which are not of frequent occurrence, a passer-by,
in the neighbourhood, recognised and identif
hurried and persecuted traveller as the real Sir B
Bustle, and obtained his liberation.

The two gentlemen walked off arm in arm, a
first movement, through the noisy and laughing
was to a hatter's shop, where Sir Benjamin—
however, earnestly the whole way to his friend—p
himself with a new hat, but with so much preci
that it was unfitted to the head for which
purchased.

His liberator seemed now as much disposed to
of motion as the other; they both entered a
together, gave directions to the driver to stop at
two houses, and then dismissed him.

The clock of one of the principal public edifice
city had just struck four, as the friend of the t
came out of the building with the jaunty step of
had effected an important purpose. He was imm
*met by* Sir Benjamin Bustle, who whispered some
*in his ear*, to which the answer appeared most sati
*for the* knight instantaneously exchanged his

de and doubt for that of self-satisfaction and
he walked alertly along with his friend, his
ye, rapid enunciation, animated action, and
s he seemed to detail the circumstances of
urney, shewed that he was at that moment
nd happy man—he seemed at peace with all
d on especially good terms with himself.
se observer of the human character had
entire conduct and demeanour from the
ening at Southampton to the conclusion of
nd his present deportment, he would have
at Sir Benjamin had been charged with an
ssion of very difficult accomplishment, and
erfectly succeeded: he would readily have
the life of a fellow-creature—as intimated
ys—was the stake for which the indefati-
had run his rapid and anxious course. And
opist would have honoured him for such
warm and active benevolence.
however, were these. Sir Benjamin Bustle
wn in a stage-coach on the preceding day
ton, on some mercantile business: at the
stopped was a gentleman who had just
Lisbon, and who was evidently too much
his voyage to proceed to London without a
.
lers supped in the same room, and being
mercantile body, entered into conversation
al subjects: in the course of which an
ncautiously escaped from the Lisbon indi-
, if known on the Stock Exchange, would
ly produce a most influential effect upon
se funds, in which the London merchant
eculated, and in which the other also was
sted.
in, being a very shrewd man, said nothing
ly-formed resolution of starting at daybreak
*ning for the city*, in order to have a new
*the Portuguese* funds completed before the

arrival of the other gentleman in town, or any po communication from him, by which the important in gence could transpire before his own arrival.

Having at once perceived the bearings of the matt assumed an air of indifference, and avoided subse allusion to commercial subjects as much as possible; for the time, succeeded in satisfying the Portu trader, that the importance of the disclosure he had t tunately made had not been appreciated by his temp companion; and, at all events, that there was no bability of the knight's going immediately to Lo whence he had only that evening departed. A however, of the vast importance of being himself in metropolis, or communicating with his partners a earliest possible hour next day, our Lisbon friend or a chaise to be ready at four o'clock in the morning departed at that hour precisely. His amazement, t fore, may be imagined, when he perceived tha carriage in advance of him at the first stage, containe portly and unmistakable person of the alderman, v movements now left no doubt of the real state of aff

This accounts for the race between the parties Sir Benjamin's apparent extravagance in engagin the horses at Basingstoke, in order to have them o the way on the arrival of the foreigner, who coul in such a case overtake the other, who had fresh h the whole way onwards, and the start of some mi besides.

It has appeared that Sir Benjamin arrived crit in time for the attainment of his purpose. His avai funds were applied by Mr Bankstock—a stockbr and the gentleman whom he so opportunely met in street when detained by the police—according to instructions given by Sir Benjamin, who felt assured the transactions of the next day proved that he was i *that* by this knowledge of the circumstances whicl *occurred* in Portugal at the departure of the merchan *fast sailing* packet from Lisbon, he must in a few *realise* L.50,000.

He had unexpectedly derived the information on which he success of his speculation hinged, and taken advantage f it; and so far, perhaps, his conduct was not blameable n a worldly point of view, though his stratagem to revent the progress of the rival speculator, and his ssistance to the postboys of being employed on an errand f mercy, were unquestionably so. This, however, gave im little self-reproach, and he now congratulated him-elf on his exceeding cleverness in outwitting so many evoted fellow-worshippers at the shrine of Mammon.

Thousands of men, like Sir Benjamin Bustle, would ravel far, and exert themselves to the utmost, to make e most of their pecuniary talents, who would not move fty miles to save the soul or the body of a fellow-creature supposing them to possess the power in each respect—hose diligence in such a cause would be sloth, and hose solicitude would be apathy.

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## SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

SEASE in the brain, organic mental disorder, hysterical l epileptic affections, deranged digestion (producing *irium tremens*), and a plethoric state of the blood-vessels, known to produce spectral illusions. An unsound te of the organ of vision itself may also cause them.

Abercrombie mentions two cases strikingly illustra-e of this fact. In one of these, a gentleman of high ntal endowments, and of the age of eighty, enjoying interrupted health, and very temperate in his habits, s the person subject to the illusions. For twelve rs this gentleman had daily visitations of spectral ures, attired often in foreign dresses—such as Roman, rkish, and Grecian—and presenting all varieties of the man *countenance, in its* gradations from childhood to *age. Sometimes faces* only were visible, and the

countenance of the gentleman himself not unfreq
appeared among them. One old and arch-lookin
was the most constant visitor, and she always
tartan plaid of an antique cut. These illusory appea
were rather amusing than otherwise, being, for th
part, of a pleasing character. The second case mer
by Dr Abercrombie, was one even more remarkabl
the preceding. 'A gentleman of sound mind, i
health, and engaged in active business, has all l
been the sport of spectral illusions to such an exte
in meeting a friend on the street, he has first to
to the sense of touch before he can determine whe
not the appearance is real. He can call up figu
will by a steady process of mental conception, a
figure may either be something real or the composi
his own fancy.' Another member of the family was
to the same delusive impressions.

These very curious cases indicate, we think, a de
condition of the retina, which may be held as one c
and specific source of spectral deceptions. That de
condition seems to consist in an unusual sensiti
rendering the organ liable to have figures called u
it by the stimulus of the fancy, as if impressed by
external objects. In ordinary circumstances, on a
being vividly called to one's remembrance, or
mentally form a complete conception of his fa
figure in their minutest lineaments. 'My father!
Hamlet, 'methinks I see him now!' 'Where, my
'In my *mind's eye*, Horatio.' In Hamlet's case, ar
rition is described as having followed this delineat
the memory, and so may a vivid impression of any
or object be transferred from the mind to the
where the latter organ is permanently or temp
in a weak or peculiarly sensitive state. In this w
spectral illusions seem to have been habitually ca
the two cases described. There the defect in the
*was the* fundamental or ultimate cause of their exis
*and the* fancy of the individual, the power which
*lated their* frequency and character. Slighter

nature are of comparatively common occurrence—
s in which the retina is for a short time so affected
) give the impression of an apparition. Every one is
re, that a peculiarly bright or shining object, if long
d upon, does not leave the retina as soon as the eye
ithdrawn from it. It remains upon the nerve for a
iderable time afterwards, at least in outline, as may
bserved by closing the eyelids on such occasions.
retentive power, when aided by the imagination,
perhaps by a little bodily derangement with which
senses sympathise, may be carried so far as to pro-
) an actual and forcible spectral illusion. A gentle-
, who had gazed long and earnestly on a small and
tiful portrait of the Virgin and Child, was startled
ediately on turning his eye from the picture, by
ig a woman and infant at the other end of his chamber
ie full size of life. A particular circumstance, how-
, disclosed in a moment the source of the appearance.
picture was a three-parts' length, and the appari-
d figures also wanted the lower fourth of the body,
shewing that the figures had merely been retained
ie tablet of the eye. But the retina may retain an
ession much longer than in this case; or rather may
ll, after a considerable time, an impression that has
very vividly made at the first. A servant-girl,
g in a family where there were some phrenological
, and, among others, a conspicuous one of Curran,
te her bed-companion one morning with the alarming
mation, that the ghost of Curran stood at the foot of
bed dressed in a sailor's jacket, and having on his
face the unwonted and unbust-like ornament of an
ense pair of black whiskers. The other servant
l see nothing, though the apparition seemed to her
panion to remain visible for some minutes. On the
being told, a pretty strong light was thrown on the
er. The master of the house had a yacht, and its
rs at that period were frequently about the premises.
ig to bed *much fatigued,* and having her dreaming
*hts divided between* her household duties and some

gay whiskered beau of the yacht, the girl's fancy had dressed up Curran's bust, an object most familiar to her retina, in the way mentioned, giving him the sailor's person and whiskers as a fitting appendage. Had the object called up to the eye in this case, instead of being a bust of Curran, chanced to be a portrait of some wicked ancestor or ancestress of the family, as might easily have occurred from the greater comparative impression made on the mind by portraits of that cast, then should we have had a splendid instance of the preternatural appearance of a spirit stung by remorse, and haunting restlessly the scene of its mortal guilt. The girl, without imposture, might have conscientiously reiterated her conviction of the reality of the vision, and the possession of a haunted chamber would have most certainly been assigned to the mansion, inspiring such terror, that renewals of the illusion might really have taken place in consequence. Where the whole affair is not a fiction in such haunted-chamber cases, some solution of this kind may be with certainty applied.

It appears, then, from the cases described, that the eye, through defectiveness of its parts, or through the power of the retina in retaining or recalling vivid impressions, may itself be the main agent in producing spectral illusions. From one particular circumstance, we may generally tell at once whether or not the eye is the organ in fault on such occasions. In Dr Abercrombie's case, the spectral figures *never spoke*. This is equivalent to a positive indication, that the sense of hearing was not involved in the derangement; in short, that the eye, and not the whole of the senses, or general system, constituted the seat of the defect. This is an important medical diagnostic.

Our readers have now seen, that there are various modes in which the system may be so disturbed as to produce spectral illusions, and that, in the majority of *these cases*, the parties subject to them might seem to *be not only* of sound mind, but in perfect bodily health. Another mode of explaining cases of this description

indicated. Many of the apparitions which
ached for by those subjected to them, have
ı neither more nor less than *vivid dreams.*
ıe phenomena of dreams are so well known
that it is needless to enlarge upon the force
eness which they may occasionally assume.
bear upon an interesting and important
peculiarly natural that they should deeply
d, and perhaps leave the parties to whom
, in permanent doubt as to whether they
dreams or supernatural visitations. We
ote a case remarkably in point, and one
ıentioned in English works on this subject:
he compiler of *Les Causes Célèbres.* Two
ıen, the Marquises de Rambouillet and De
ing to two of the first families of France,
ement, in the warmth of their friendship,
who died first should return to the other
f the world to come. Soon afterwards, De
vent to the wars in Flanders, while De
ed at Paris, stricken by a fever. Lying
and severely ill, he one day heard a
ı bed-curtains, and turning round, saw his
nbouillet in full military attire. The sick
over the bed to welcome his friend, but
eded, and said that he had come to fulfil
ıaving been killed on that very day. He
hat it behoved De Precy to think more
'orld, as all that was said of it was true,
self would die in his first battle. De Precy
by the phantom; and it was afterwards
ı Rambouillet had fallen on that day. De
ed, went to the wars, and died in his first

a compact—the very conception of which
ıusness or weakness of mind—we not only
he *parties left* in anxiety about the other,
*iolent fever,* and aware that his friend
ı *a bloody* war. That a spectral illusion

should occur in such a case, is a thing not at all to be wondered at, as little as the direction and shape that the sick man's wanderings took. The fulfilment of the prophecy is the point of interest; and regarding it we would simply use the words of Dr Hibbert in referring to the story of Lord Balcarras and Viscount Dundee. Lord Balcarras was confined as a Jacobite in the castle of Edinburgh, while Dundee was fighting for the same cause; and on one occasion the apparition of the latter came to the bedside of Balcarras, looked at him steadfastly, leaned for some time on the mantle-piece, and then walked away. It afterwards appeared that Dundee fell just about the time at Killiecrankie. 'With regard to this point,' says Dr Hibbert, 'it must be considered that, agreeably to the well-known doctrine of chances, the event [of Dundee's death] might as well occur then as at any other time; while a far greater proportion of other apparitions, less fortunate in such a supposed confirmation of their supernatural origin, are allowed quietly to sink into oblivion.' This observation applies equally as well to the case of De Precy as to that of Balcarras, each of whom knew that his friend was then hotly campaigning, and could most probably even guess, from the latest bulletins, on what day the hostile armies would decisively meet. We are not told whether or not Balcarras, like De Precy, was in ill health; but the Scottish lord was confined on a charge of high treason, and on Dundee's life or death, victory or defeat, the fate of the prisoner must have been felt by himself to rest. This was enough to give his lordship a vivid dream, and even to give him a waking portraiture of Dundee, after the fashion of the bust of Curran case.

But though explanations may thus be given of the common-run of apparition cases, it may seem to some that there are particular ones not to be so accounted for. *Of this* nature, such readers may say, is the well-warranted *story of* the Irish lady of rank, who, having married a *second time*, was visited in the night-time by the spirit of *her first* husband, from whom she received a notification

d period of her own death. The lady
fied, but regained her courage. 'How shall
ow morn,' said she boldly to the spectre,
a delusion of the senses—that I indeed
spirit?'
a token to thee for life!' said the visi-
ping the arm of the lady for an instant,

ng, a dark mark, as if of a fresh burn,
wrist, and the lady kept the scar covered
ived. She died at the time prophesied.
told with great unction by some memoir
circumstances are said to have been long
he lady's family. For argument's sake,
e most striking points of the case to be
e circumstance of her death at the time
ell known how powerful imagination is
lment in these cases; and, at all events,
such a fulfilment is no great marvel amid
lures. But the black mark!—what of it?
the reader, that if we had actually seen
ie hand of the lady, we should not have
nearer to the admission of supernatural
st respectable merchant-captain told Sir
following story, which will well illustrate
consideration:—While lying in the Tagus,
ig to his ship was murdered by a Portu-
port soon spread, that the spirit of the
ed the vessel. The captain found, on
, that one of his own mates, an honest,
in, was the chief evidence respecting the
e affirmed, that the spectre took him from
t, led him about the ship, and, in short,
e out. The captain knew not what to
but he privately resolved to watch the

He did so, and at the hour of twelve
*art up with* ghastly looks, and light a
*hich he* went to the galley, where he
*dly for* a time, as if on some horrible

object. He then lifted a can filled with water, spri
some of it about, and appearing much relieved,
quietly back to his bed. Next morning, on being
if he had been annoyed in the night, he said: 'I
was led by the ghost to the galley, but I got hold, in
way or other, of a jar of *holy-water*, and freed mys
sprinkling it about, from the presence of the hc
phantom.'

The captain now told the truth as observed, a
mate, though much surprised, believed it. He was
visited by the ghost again—the deception of hi
dreaming fancy being thus discovered.

Had the mate burned his hand with the candle, a
the same mode of reasoning which led him to beli
the banishment of the ghost by holy-water, form
conclusion that the spectre had touched his ha
imprint on it a perpetual mark, what would have
said of the matter by his comrades and himself
morning, supposing no watching to have taken
They would assuredly have held the scar as an indul
proof of the supernatural visitation, and the story
have remained as darkly mysterious as could be d
If the reader imagines that the pain must have awa
the somnambulist, we beg to point to a well-authen
incident, stated to have occurred in England a few
ago. A respectable young man rose from his be
went out in his sleep by a high window, dislocati
shoulder by the fall he received. He afterward
trived to place a ladder against the wall, reascende
went to bed. For the first time did he learn the
when, in the morning, the open window, the ladd
his disjointed arm, told him that the occurrences
he believed to have taken place in a dream, had b
far a reality. It is also well known with what ea
rapidity the mind can *invent* circumstances in al
accord with any passing *sensation*. A dream that
*to involve* a long and complex train of event
*sometimes* occupy not more than a single mom
*time*—the whole is a rapid shoot of a half-aw

r instance, a pistol-report that actually awak-
per, has been known to give him an instanta-
seemingly extended series of adventures, in-
narrel, a challenge, and a *duel*. Metaphysicians
een aware of these phenomena.
ler will have no difficulty in seeing the appli-
these circumstances to those apparition cases,
ı a thing as a *mark* is shewn as a proof of a
al visitation. The Irish lady may readily have
r sleep, burned her hand against the bedroom
conscious of an unpleasing sensation, though
ned by it, her fancy may have formed the
y of the preternatural visitation, precisely as
mate invented the circumstances connected
ly-water. When we find that such an expla-
the matter is accordant with observed and
able facts, it would be irrational to overlook
: a solution in a supposed breach of the laws

let us think of the apparent reasons for the
spectral communications, supposing them to
tural. Can we deem it accordant with the
that great Power which orders the universe,
it should be sent to warn a libertine lordling
of his death, as was held to be done in the
se of Lord Lyttleton? Or that a spiritual
should be commissioned to walk about an old
se, dressed in a white sheet, and dragging
ains, for no better purpose than to frighten old
l servant-girls, as said to be done in all haunted-
ses? Or that a supernatural being should be
th the notable task of tapping on bed-heads,
rn plates, and making a clatter among tea-cups,
ase of the Stockwell ghost, and a thousand
The supposition is monstrous. If to any one
of this earth—a petty atom, occupying a speck
on a ball which is itself an insignificant unit
*ions of spheres*—if to such a one a supernatural
*ion was deigned*, certainly it would be for

some purpose worthy of the all-wise Communica
fraught with importance to the recipient of the
as well, perhaps, as to his whole race. Keeping
mind, how absurd do the majority of our apparitio
appear!

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## A STORY OF SWEDEN.

CHRISTINA of Sweden, only child and succe
Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, a
arm, as he was called, of the Protestant Faith, s
the throne of her ancestors at a very early age.
a woman of considerable talents, but more rem
for energy of character, and an indomitable will;
which she inherited from her father, and wh
position, as the uncontrolled head of an almost
monarchy, nursed into more than masculine
Her wilfulness always displayed itself in a rash
sometimes in a generous way; and in one of he
the latter kind, ere she had advanced far in
formally resigned her crown, for the good, as she in
of her people. The sacrifice was soon repented
too late for retrieval, and she spent her latter
retirement. It was this extraordinary woman's
wish, when on the throne, to be compared to E
of England, and she imitated that princess even
cold-hearted and unworthy coquetries. Hereb
the tale we have now to tell.

The young queen of Sweden gave a magnific
or masquerade in her palace at Stockholm. T
had a peculiar character, and one which dou
splendour and attractions, while exhibiting, at t
*time, the* ruling foible of the heroine of the
*Christina* wished, for one night, to have the ple
*openly and* expressly bearing the character of the
*princess,* and to resuscitate around her all that wa

hed at the court of her model. For this had given orders that her own courtiers for the time the characters of the various Elizabeth's reign, and, in particular cases, on individuals the honour of assigning to ts they were to play. This was rather a it must be remembered; for such parts as and Leicester had a significance attached could not escape remark. Any old states- y Burleigh, as easily as is done in Mr Puff's ; but no common man durst assume the ither of the two noblemen before mentioned. ant for royal favour, however, might venture of a Raleigh, and more than one young ppear in the guise of Sir Walter on this ing. The Swedish queen was delighted lt of her project. A strict etiquette had ied for the regulation of costume, and in a better rule of guidance in this particular, been at the pains to send for portraits of al personages to be represented. Thus the of the scene was rendered perfect.

individuals who attracted most interest on by their appearance and manners, were a r and an elegant woman, who kept much nother during the evening. They were ished for the high-bred ease and grace ments, and this circumstance alone, inde- the language in which they spoke to each have served to mark them as foreigners. th, indeed, from France. They seemed to st confidential terms; but there was one of discrepancy apparent between them. ed willing and even desirous to shew herself crowd, whereas her companion evidently p himself as much as possible out of the and, in particular, to avoid the notice of the moved from place to place in the splendid timately, the young cavalier appeared to

succeed in bending his companion to his wishes on this subject, and the pair retired to the recess of one of the lofty windows, where they commenced an animated conversation, though in low tones. Young and light-hearted, and possessing the spirited temperament of their common country, with a full share of its turn for raillery, they scanned from their secluded nook the whole of the vast assembly, and subjected every one who caught their eyes to a witty but good-humoured review.

'Ah,' said the lady, 'look at that little Leicester; what think you of him?'

'Poor fellow! he does not see that the queen wished to make a caricature of him, by putting him into such a garb!' said the gentleman in return.

'Lord Burleigh's representative,' continued the lady, 'has got the *wig* at least—but nothing more.'

'And see,' rejoined her companion, 'how Sir Christopher Hatton bears himself! The English chevalier, it is said, could dance well, but his personator is pleased to make himself a walking-minuet.'

In such a style did the cavalier and the lady chat for one another's amusement in the window recess. At last the lady with an appearance of nonchalance, but with a tone of voice that betrayed some deeper interest in the matter, said to her companion: 'Apropos—the queen herself—how do you like her?'

'The queen!' replied the cavalier in a low voice, casting around him a troubled glance.

'Yes,' continued the lady; 'do you think she resembles Elizabeth of England?'

'Between *us*—just as much as *Madame Laura resembles Maria Theresa of France!*' was the youth's answer.

As the last words left his lips, he grew deadly pale His companion alone seemed to enjoy the remark 'Admirable!' cried she, and signalised her sense of the *joke which* was conveyed to her by the words, by a hearty *laugh.*

*But her* mirth received a sudden check, as her eye

e personage who now stood in front of her and her
nion.
he is this *Madame Laura?*' said the Queen
ina, for it was she herself who now appeared before
valier and the lady, having overheard all that had
l.
this question the cavalier, previously much agitated,
mpelled to lean on the window. But he recovered
lf sufficiently to reply, though with an altered and
ng voice, to the queen's interrogatory: 'Madame
, please your majesty, is a Parisian lady, who has
nour to resemble the queen of France—both in
y of manners and beauty.'
istina looked on the speaker with an air of doubt
ndecision. 'Count d'Harcourt,' said she after a
biting her lips at the same time, 'this is a trait of
h gallantry for which the queen of Sweden may
you at some future period.'
lding slightly and haughtily to the count's fair com-
, Christina then turned away, and with majestic
noved to the spot where a band of courtiers were
ed at the card-table. Meanwhile the whisper
l from tongue to tongue: 'The queen has spoken
*ularly* to the young Frenchman; his fortune is
'

object of their remarks, on the other hand, was at
noment muttering to himself: 'I am ruined—lost!'
aking leave of his former companion, almost with-
word on either side, the Count d'Harcourt left the
bly.
istina, after speaking as has been related, went
ly to the ambassador of France, whom she drew
from the crowd. 'I have a favour to ask of your
ency,' said she, 'under the seal of secrecy.'
ur majesty has but to speak,' said the diplomatist
ly, 'and I shall be proud to obey you to the utmost
power.'
*ssure you,' returned* the queen, 'your power will
*severely taxed* at present. It is but a trifle—a

'Yes, Madame Laura,' said the queen : 'does your excellency know her?'

'Upon the diplomatist avouching that he life had heard of such a lady, Christina tappe restlessly with her foot, and appeared annc your excellency,' said she at length, with ε voice, 'will have the goodness to favour m out the lady. Let an express set out for Par and return without a moment's delay with respecting the position and character of t Laura.'

The ambassador bowed respectfully, an give immediate orders to a courier to pro extraordinary mission.

It has been said that the queen of Sweden at least resembled, Elizabeth in her fashion with some favoured noble of her court. Tl on whom, at the date of our story, the favour seemed to have fallen, was that young Fren exiled for political reasons from his own come to Sweden in the hope of obtaining mil The queen received him with peculiar mark tion, gave him a commission in her life-gua

, deceased Swedish noble. The baroness re-
arcourt's passion warmly, and the jealous eye of
ivised her of the potent rival with whom she
bat for his affection. On the occasion of the
l, Christina had herself deigned to suggest the
f Essex to the young Count d'Harcourt. The
hen informed of the circumstance, saw its full
, and was bold enough to venture on answering
the queen by a covert allusion of the same
ind. Finding a portrait of Lady Sydney,
ir Philip, whom Essex had privately made his
e baroness had assumed the character of that
risk of giving offence. Hence the unwilling-
'Harcourt to attract attention at the mas-
e baroness being then his companion. Well
ave been for the young noble had he been
tious with regard to his speech! But, in reality,
s of Christina, which had called from him the
remark about Madame Laura, was somewhat
The numberless frills of Elizabeth's usual
all its other stiff and stately points, were very
f place on the restless, careless, and petulant
Sweden. Perhaps she was partly suspicious
eflection, and the more galling was the idea
t object of ridicule to the man she favoured,
all, to her rival in his regard.
tient queen received an answer from Paris in
so actively did the courier fulfil the orders
adame Laura,' said the document which he
s a court-lady who has become *mad*. Her
ists in a belief that she is queen of France,
endeavour to rival the real sovereign, Maria
all her dresses and decorations. The poor
ses her life in this sole occupation. The queen
nes a habit, which is not seen immediately
on Madame Laura. As she is as inoffensive
s, nobody meddles with her, and she is every-
*n in Paris* by the name of the queen's cari-
*s dispatch* had additional details of the same

kind, and concluded by exhibiting a portraiture
Madame Laura, dressed as Maria Theresa, and
inexpressibly ridiculous.

The rage of the queen of Sweden knew no
She had conceived that there was some little po
D'Harcourt's comparison somewhat unfavourabl
find that she had been compared altogether to a
ridiculous madwoman—she, the heroine and pric
north—she, who had almost allowed the autho
gross insult to know that she loved him—she,
object of contempt to this strange youth and l
Sydney, the woman for whom he seemed to reje
—such a thought was torturing to the heart of t
and wilful princess. 'Wretches!' she exclaim
is the comparison you would have had me to l
compliment!'

Filled with such emotions, the queen again ch
look at the detailed account of Madame Laura. '
as the madness of the lady really is,' said one pa
paper, 'she is an austere sovereign, and by n
inclined to admit clemency among the royal
She speaks ever of executing justice.' The passa
with the state of the queen's mind. 'Yes,' cried
I am ridiculous, like her, I will be similar to h
things.' Then she set herself to discover a fit
ment for D'Harcourt. None appeared to her su
heavy, sharp, or sudden. In this temper passed
on which she received this galling document fro

Sleep, or the calm of night, brought a cha
her feelings. She arose with an altered mind f
couch, and in place of an order for his confinem
dungeon, she sent to D'Harcourt, on that morn
brevet of the additional rank of lieutenant-colone

The count, who had been preparing himself fo
Stockholm, was surprised and confounded on r
*this intelligence.* He was the more so, as he ha
*least doubt* but that the queen must have discov
*secret of his* allusion to Madame Laura from so
*Frenchmen* about the court. The conduct o

d to him in a most magnanimous light,
ary dangerous to his fidelity to the Baroness
Still more was this the case when, after
ut a few months, he was raised to the rank
id, subsequently, on the occasion of his per-
, gallant action, was honoured with the rank
d the key of chamberlain of the household.
ed also to become a naturalised Swede, as a
r greatness.
were now turned upon the rising young
nd it was thought that the premiership, if
honour, was within his grasp. He was in
ition. He was charmed with the queen's
heart, and believed that she must love him,
g but her kindly actions, and, it may be her
licated it hitherto; and he had never dared
such a subject. Indeed, dazzled as he was
ct of personal favour from a young, powerful,
vely princess, D'Harcourt still felt his heart
e Baroness de Steinberg. His fidelity to the
s ambition, came at length to a direct trial
for superiority. The Baroness de Steinberg
h mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, the
er lover, but the sense of pain predominated.
t ambition was estranging him from her.
ordingly, she wrote to him, announcing her
leave Stockholm that evening; but plainly
at if he yet loved her enough to retain her,
ot go. At the same moment, almost, the
d a letter from the queen, desiring his imme-
e at a private consultation with her council.
ivalent to an announcement of a new honour
. The count was deeply agitated by this
ambition, or what he would fain have called
he day. He neglected the invitation of the
l went to the palace, seals and portfolios
e his *mind's* eye by the way.
*vas seated* in council when he was announced.
*n the favourite*; but Christina signified her

wish for the whole to retire, and D'Harcourt alone with her. She was pale, and he also was It seemed to him as if the moment was come crown was to fall on his head. After a pause, t lifted a portfolio, stamped with the royal arms, th of supreme if not royal power, and holding it ' 'Do you desire it?'

The smile of the queen made the intoxicat noble interpret this into: 'Do you love me?' a on his knees, exclaiming in answer: 'Yes, I lo much as I reverence and admire you!'

He continued in this strain for a short tin the queen interrupted him—and what an inte 'Enough!' cried she in a tone that froze the the count's heart—a tone resembling that of who casts aside a mask he has worn for a tir dismayed count would have risen, but she im signed to him to remain. 'At length,' continue a tone of concentrated bitterness—'at length I *there*—and the hour of my revenge is come!' court fell back, with his head upon a *fauteuil*, d motionless. 'Yes,' resumed Christina, 'I knew *loved* me, but I wished to hear you declare it, now say, as a *woman*, what I might long since l as a *queen*, that I—scorn and despise you!'

A groan was all the reply of the undece unfortunate count.

'Yes, I have raised you,' continued the que for the enjoyment of this hour. Elizabeth re Earl of Essex step by step to place and honour. I done by you. But there is a further step. If be Elizabeth, as Madame Laura, whom I res much, and who is equally cruel as mad, I m finish the similitude. You remember the end o

'Death!' exclaimed the agitated count involu

'Yes, death on the scaffold,' said the queen. *taken care* to naturalise you in Sweden, and yo *my discretion*. But I will conclude this affair in *more worthy* of Madame Laura, and consequen

Christina bitterly. As she spoke, she summoned
ssellors to re-enter. 'This man,' said she to them,
ne. Let him be conveyed to the *madhouse!*'
k with horror, the Count d'Harcourt was taken
e royal presence.
dity really attacked the unhappy man. But from
derness of one woman he found a partial remedy
cruelty of another. On hearing of his doom,
as mitigated in time, the Baroness de Steinberg,
l of all her wrongs, flew back to Stockholm. Her
lays were dedicated to the solacement of the
spirited Count d'Harcourt.

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## )RY OF THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

: St Clair, the descendant of a respectable
family, succeeded in early youth to a considerable
r in one of our West Indian colonial settlements.
ents resided in England; but at the age of sixteen,
been attacked by some unpleasant pulmonary
ns, he had been sent out to try the sanatory
e of a more genial clime than that of his nativity.
ears afterwards, he became, by his father's death,
or of the estate upon which he was then resident,
ing acquired a liking for the country, he took the
on, although now perfectly well, of making it his
ent abode. Shortly after this determination was
, an incident befell him, the ultimate consequences
h, we imagine, will have some interest for our

e time to which we refer, the slave-trade existed
igour in the tropical colonies of Britain. Mr St
ough of a warm heart and generous feelings, and
oreover, for his kindness to those whom circum-
*ad made his bondsmen*, acted like his neighbours

in regard to the sale and purchase of t
when occasion required. It chanced th
alluded to, he had occasion to go to th
the town adjoining his estate, being
overseer to procure an additional worl
was not so far seared by habit as to like
a slave-market usually exhibited; bu
instance, there were but a few negroes
and nearly all of them were single men,
ratively cheerful, or at least resigned t
young proprietor soon fixed upon a tall,
young negro, as a proper person for
inquiry, he found that the man had be
in the colony, but by his side stood a yo
recently arrived, and who was his wife,
his bride. The same hard fate had bro
native land which had previously cause
met in the market, and received one a
of mingled joy and grief. Mr St Clair
this scene, but he was informed of t
others.

The two slaves belonged to different
St Clair became, in the first instance, t
the negro. Pitying the poor coloure
diately sought, against the counsels of
was along with him, to purchase the ne
their separation. To this he was urge
own feelings, and by the entreating loo
nate Africans. But Mr St Clair allow
become too clearly apparent, and th
whose temporary possession the young
took advantage of the circumstance to
price. The overseer, a man familiarise
the country, remonstrated with his mas
payment. Mr St Clair hesitated, and w
female slave became the property of an

*It is* disagreeable to have even to
*thing as the sale* of human beings, bu
*our story* that the particulars of thi

d. Mr St Clair, to use a common expression, ented of not completing this bargain but *once* t was always. More particularly did he feel o regret his indecision, when his new negro ll under his eye on the estate. He had given rders that the poor African should be well ery way. The man proved an excellent worker, most diligent in his duties, but he associated his companions, and always exhibited a degree and reserve, which either indicated a mind condition, or evinced his sorrow for the loss of es of his affections. Mr St Clair, when he the man, could not help imagining that both rated on his mind, and at last began to take so terest in him, as to resolve upon purchasing his y cost, and reuniting the two. The female been taken to the neighbouring estate of Mr , and thither Mr St Clair betook himself, with sounding his neighbour proprietor upon the a purchase or exchange. He found his friend, burn, not unwilling, for a sufficient price, to the negress, and that price Mr St Clair was give. The matter was not finally settled on ion, but our young and generous colonist held ict to be perfectly understood, and rode home ings of great satisfaction, anticipating the f bringing the separated pair together on the

vs were doomed to be frustrated. On that very ez, as the negro had been named, disappeared t Clair estate, and at the same time the female fled from the adjoining one of Mr Lightburn. ter circumstance Mr St Clair soon heard, for our held by the bargain as a thing virtually ; and the other, not being able conscientiously is, found himself bound to make his engage- . A search was ordered for the fugitives, but ruitless; and all that came out on inquiry was, er negroes on the two estates suspected two

of the interior, which must have given shelter
time, he thought, to the fugitives, were but to
to prove their grave. It was not that starvatio
readily overtake them, for in that rich clime th
produced fruits of itself in abundance, as fabled
the golden age, and even clothing was a work n
little labour or skill; but then the greater par
country was infested by animals deadly to man.
reflections increased Mr St Clair's regret at th
of Gomez. But time, that throws its pall over al
things and feelings, banished erelong the remem
of the fugitive. Mr St Clair saw many summ
winters pass away after the date of this eve
married, had children, and became a widower.
children, one daughter alone survived to matur
She, however, was a creature fitted to supply th
of many children, being singular alike for her
and excellence of disposition. It was the more fo
for her father that such was the case, as in his a
years, or, at least, when he had reached the age
misfortunes began to fall thick and sore upon h
he greatly needed a domestic comforter. His
were partly to be ascribed to the weather and
and partly to the law. A litigious neighbour, an

a peculiarly available kind in these countries, ed with by degrees, to an extent that materially the productiveness of the small landed estate n the wreck. Mr St Clair bitterly lamented the ı, as much from kind feeling towards his people ı regard to his own diminishing fortunes; nor regret less on their part, for to him they had lsmen only in name. In short, the latter years Clair were full of new and painful privations. eckoned by his neighbours a falling man, and phesied that his all would go from him, and his be penniless.

or Helen,' said he one day to his daughter, 'I ely bear to see you so cheerful. Do you know have lost? I fear you cannot comprehend it, uld be more downcast.'

r—I comprehend it well, dear father,' was the s reply; 'but I can look it all in the face, and erful. Besides, I know that much of your care ion is about me, and I wish to shew you that it d for. I do not vex and fret myself because I ger an heiress. If we have but enough to live l while you are with me, I am contented and es, happy.'

ther was silent for a moment, and then con- e conversation. 'Ah, I question if we shall e enough long, my poor girl. The remnant of rty is falling to wreck for want of proper culti- ıd more of it must be sold, I fear, to save the ', Helen, my love,' proceeded he after a pause, . thought how this must affect you otherwise? ear up against the cruel blow which must come ı in another way than by pecuniary losses— used by them?'

llude to my engagement with Captain Light- er,' said Miss St Clair, with a light and flitting such *a one as is* called to the cheek of youthful *one subject* alone.

*do, my dear,'* replied the father. 'My poor

Helen, be prepared for the worst. Mr Lightbu
has at length become cold, or rather inimical t
sinking father; the son will do the same, or will
least, be permitted to do otherwise.'

'No, no, you wrong *him*,' said the young lady
'Captain Lightburn has written to me; he is to b
in a few days, and he has pressed me to consent
immediate fulfilment of our engagement, thou
father, by letter, had requested him to break it
once, as he best may. Do him justice, dear father
is the purport of his letter. I received it yesterd
did not wish to vex you by disclosing it.'

'And have you answered it, Helen?' asked
Clair.

'I have, sir,' said the young lady; 'I fulfilled his
wish by setting him formally at liberty, and ex
my intention never to consent to any step of wh
father was not cognizant.'

'That is my own, my good Helen,' exclaimed
Clair, folding her in his arms. 'And can you
against this shock, my sweet child?'

Miss St Clair was silent for a few moments, a
tears fell fast in the meanwhile. 'Yes, dear fa
will try. And fear not,' continued she more
fully; 'it is my duty, and I will be supported
struggle!'

The partial sale of Mr St Clair's properties,
generally declining condition, could not fail to be
known. He had ever been well liked, and his misf
were the subject of general talk and general com
tion. The latter feeling was greatly strengthened
it became known that the marriage of two young
who had loved one another from their infancy—n
Captain Lightburn and Miss St Clair—was de
broken up from the same cause, the father of th
having forbidden the union. Mr Lightburn, it was
was not a bad man, but he was avaricious, an
formed the hope, it was supposed, of getting
bargain of the remaining St Clair property thr

neighbour's necessities. This expectation had led him to break his promise.

The very negroes of the neighbourhood were enraged at this conduct of Mr Lightburn. A group of them were standing in the street of the district village one day, and shewing teeth at a great rate against him, when one of them suddenly said: 'Massa Sanclare nebber do berry well after him no buy Gomez' wife. Ah, you no mind Gomez. Nebber mind, me am old. Me mind dem well.'

One of the others present, also an old negro, turned upon the speaker at these words, and exclaimed: 'What you say? Massa Sanclare berry good man—dat is, good for white man. Him buy Gomez' wife dat indonticklo night Gomez run away, and him nebber know noting at all about it.'

Here a second interruption took place. Unnoticed to any of the others, this conversation, with all that had preceded it, had been overheard by an elderly stranger negro, a wild-looking being, with a head of white wool, and a garment of the rudest and scantiest description even for the tropics. This man called on the talkers to repeat their words. They did so, and having listened to them with an air of suppressed eagerness, he turned away and disappeared.

Scarcely a week afterwards, a strange scene took place in Mr St Clair's dwelling. The proprietor was seated among with his daughter in the cool of the evening at an open balcony, the father more depressed in spirits than ever, and the daughter labouring with the tenderest affidence to soothe and cheer her parent. 'All will be well yet, dear father,' said she repeatedly; 'all will be well. Do not give way. Something will occur to our friend us, if you will but be cheerful and active.'

The dutiousness of the speaker deserved such be-friending, and at that very moment it was not far off. Great was the surprise of the father and child to behold, from *afterwards, a string of* negroes, more than twenty *in number, troop in before* them, headed by one old

[illegible] advanced also in years. The group [illegible] and a very slight observation [illegible] that the younger portion of it [illegible] appearance of a regular gradation in age, [illegible] and was composed of individuals [illegible] all members of one family, the [illegible] were the two old negroes alluded to. [illegible] were scarcely clad, but evidently redundant [illegible] They knelt before the master [illegible] and all followed the example of the [illegible] exclaiming: 'Pardon, massa! pardon, [illegible]

[illegible] broke suddenly on Mr St Clair's mind. He [illegible] in the group, and exclaimed: 'You are [illegible] massa, pardon.'

[illegible] to weary the reader with the explanation of [illegible] own words. On the occasion of his flight [illegible] had gone far inland, and, when almost [illegible] had alighted on a small colony of [illegible] like himself who had fixed themselves [illegible] and who there kept themselves in [illegible] many years, by mutual aid. Of this [illegible] became a member, and continued so [illegible] years. During all that time, he had only once [illegible] with great caution, visited the frequented [illegible] of the colony. On the last occasion, he had [illegible] things about Mr St Clair which made a deep [illegible] on him. The runaway negro had a warm and [illegible] heart, and he never had forgotten the kindness [illegible] master, to whom, moreover, he was intelligent [illegible] now, he was regularly bound by a legal pay- [illegible] of money, on the other's part. As his [illegible] their outlawed and precarious condition, [illegible] had often inclined him to give himself [illegible] ing of Mr St Clair's distresses, he went [illegible] with a fixed resolution to return to his [illegible] his wants by the hands of himself and [illegible] numbered twenty-one members. Even

med still but a part of his family, for two or
his elder children had united their fortunes
ie of other young persons of the original colony,
ew young, merry-eyed, white-teethed, grinning
, slung at the backs of the stronger members of
, had a right to call old Gomez grandfather.
was the story that Gomez told, and which he
the reiterated cry of 'Pardon, massa! pardon!'
lair, for many reasons, was deeply affected by
it. But his first answering exclamation was:
I can never hold myself entitled to a right over
ly.'
mple creatures, however, cried at his refusal,
hed when they gained his permission that they
least serve and work for him. And upon these
voluntary servitude did the healthy and happy
Gomez enter upon the St Clair estate. The pro-
it, however, insisted upon formally manumitting
nts, and the young ones remained as hired
ever afterwards.
ve say what was the consequence of this new
cultivators upon the estate of Mr St Clair?
e government of Gomez, the fields soon resumed
ner aspect, and the proprietor became a 'com-
man, if not quite so rich as before. Mr Light-
edily lost all hope also of getting a bargain of
erty, and was content to let it come into his
a more pleasant and respectable way—namely,
arriage of his son with the beautiful and dutiful

ends this TRUE STORY.

## A MODERN ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

In explanation of the subjoined narrative, which is translated from a foreign newspaper, it is necessary to remind the reader that the island of Mauritius, appertaining at this day to the English, was originally colonised by the French, and that the population yet consists, in a great measure, of persons of that nation, to whom, by a formal treaty between the powers concerned, their ancient laws and usages were preserved without any material alterations.

About fourteen years ago, the Sieur Clodomir Frenois, a rich merchant of the island, was found dead and frightfully disfigured in his own habitation. His body was discovered lying on the floor, with the head and face mutilated by means of a pistol, and all doubt as to the cause of the catastrophe was dispelled by the discovery of the fatal weapon by the side of the corpse, and also of a paper in the handwriting of the deceased. This paper contained the following words: 'I am ruined!—a villain has robbed me of twenty-five thousand livres sterling; dishonour must be my portion, and I cannot await or survive it. I leave to my wife the task of distributing among my creditors the means which remain to us, and I pray that God, my friends, and my enemies, may pardon my self-destruction! Yet another minute, and I shall be in eternity! (Signed) Clodomir Frenois.'

Great was the consternation caused by this tragic event, which was the more unexpected, as the loss alluded to in the note had never been made public. The deceased had been held in great esteem over the colony as a man of strict honour and probity, and was universally lamented. His attached widow, after endeavouring faithfully to fulfil his last wishes, found her grief too overpowering to permit her to mingle longer with the world, and took the resolution of consecrating her remaining

neighbour's necessities. This expectation had led him to break his promise.

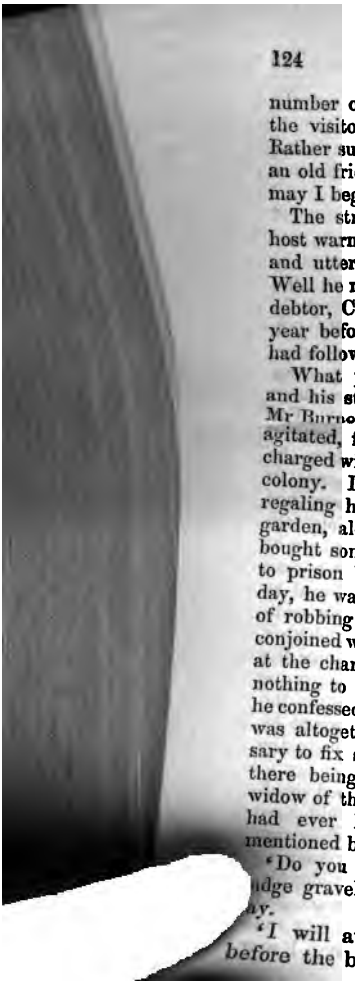
The very negroes of the neighbourhood were enraged at this conduct of Mr Lightburn. A group of them were standing in the street of the district village one day, and shewing teeth at a great rate against him, when one of them suddenly said: 'Massa Sanclare nebber do berry well after him no buy Gomez' wife. Ah, you no mind Gomez. Nebber mind, me am old. Me mind dem well.'

One of the others present, also an old negro, turned upon the speaker at these words, and exclaimed: 'What you say? Massa Sanclare berry good man—dat is, good for white man. Him buy Gomez' wife dat indonticklo night Gomez run away, and him nebber know noting at all about it.'

Here a second interruption took place. Unnoticed to any of the others, this conversation, with all that had preceded it, had been overheard by an elderly stranger negro, a wild-looking being, with a head of white wool, and a garment of the rudest and scantiest description even for the tropics. This man called on the talkers to repeat their words. They did so, and having listened to it with an air of suppressed eagerness, he turned away and disappeared.

Scarcely a week afterwards, a strange scene took place at Mr St Clair's dwelling. The proprietor was seated along with his daughter in the cool of the evening at an open balcony, the father more depressed in spirits than ever, and the daughter labouring with the tenderest patience to soothe and cheer her parent. 'All will be well yet, dear father,' said she repeatedly; 'all will be well. Do not give way. Something will occur to befriend us, if you will but be cheerful and active.'

The duteousness of the speaker deserved such befriending, and at that very moment it was not far off. Great was the surprise of the father and child to behold, *soon afterwards, a string* of negroes, more than twenty *in number, troop in* before them, headed by one old



number of the
the visitor was
Rather surprise
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The stranger
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and uttered a l
Well he might ;
debtor, Clodomi
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had followed to
What passed
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agitated, from
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colony. In the
regaling himself
garden, along w
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day, he was brou
of robbing the l
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sary to fix such a
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widow of the dece
had ever heard
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'Do you then
dge gravely, aft
ay.
'I will avouch
before the body o

these formed still but a part of his family, for two or three of his elder children had united their fortunes with those of other young persons of the original colony, and a few young, merry-eyed, white-teethed, grinning creatures, slung at the backs of the stronger members of the party, had a right to call old Gomez grandfather.

Such was the story that Gomez told, and which he closed by the reiterated cry of 'Pardon, massa! pardon!' Mr St Clair, for many reasons, was deeply affected by this event. But his first answering exclamation was: 'No, no; I can never hold myself entitled to a right over this family.'

The simple creatures, however, cried at his refusal, and laughed when they gained his permission that they should at least serve and work for him. And upon these terms of voluntary servitude did the healthy and happy race of Gomez enter upon the St Clair estate. The proprietor of it, however, insisted upon formally manumitting the parents, and the young ones remained as hired servants ever afterwards.

Need we say what was the consequence of this new horde of cultivators upon the estate of Mr St Clair? Under the government of Gomez, the fields soon resumed their former aspect, and the proprietor became a 'comfortable' man, if not quite so rich as before. Mr Lightburn speedily lost all hope also of getting a bargain of the property, and was content to let it come into his family in a more pleasant and respectable way—namely, by the marriage of his son with the beautiful and dutiful heiress.

And so ends this TRUE STORY.

number of the *Morning Post* in his hand. Th
the visitor was turned to Mr Burnett as he
Rather surprised to see a stranger conduct himse
an old friend of the house, Mr Burnett said alo
may I beg to know your business with me?'

The stranger turned round, and advanced to
host warmly and courteously. Mr Burnett star
and uttered a loud exclamation of surprise ar
Well he might: for before his eyes stood his fi
debtor, Clodomir Frenois, whom he had beheld,
year before, a mutilated corpse, and whom h
had followed to the grave!

What passed at that interview between Mr
and his strange visitor, remained for the time
Mr Burnett was observed to issue several times,
agitated, from his dwelling, and to visit the m
charged with the conduct of the criminal process
colony. In the course of that day, while John M
regaling himself with tea under the palm-tree
garden, along with a Circassian female whom
bought some time previously, he was arrested ar
to prison by the officers of justice. On the f
day, he was brought before the criminal court,
of robbing the late Clodomir Frenois, the crim
conjoined with breach of trust and violenc.. Moo
the charge with all the confidence of a
ing to fear. The judge having demand
fessed the crime, the accused replied, that
together absurd; that clear testimony
fix such upon him; and that, s
idence producible, n
any one person in
tended robbery e
his life.
ur innocence?' repl
g all that the othe

replied Mo
if that be

a thing often took place under the old colonial

n Moon,' said the judge in a voice broken by some
r emotion, '*it is before your late master* that you
ve now to assert your innocence, and may God
he truth appear!'
gnal from the judge accompanied these words, and
iately a door opened, and Clodomir Frenois, the
ed suicide, entered the court. He advanced to the
h a slow and deliberate step, having his eye calmly
rnly fixed on the prisoner, his late servant. A
ensation was caused in the court by his appearance.
g shrieks of alarm and horror, the females present
om the spot. The accused fell on his knees in
terror, and shudderingly confessed his guilt. For
, no voice was heard but his. However, as it
apparent that a living man stood before the
the advocate for the prisoner gained courage to

He demanded that the identity of the merchant
blished, and the mystery of his existence explained.
d that the court should not be biased by what might
o be a mere accidental likeness between a person
and one deceased; and that such an avowal as
the prisoner, extracted in a moment of extraor-
nary, was not to be held of much weight. 'Before
itted here as accuser or witness,' continued the
addressing the resuscitated merchant, 'prove
what you are, and disclose by what chance the
h so lately received your body, ravaged by
n given up its tenant, and restored you to the
e and health!'
n appeal of the advocate, who continued upon
s duty under circumstances that would have
the lips of most men, called forth the following
from Clodomir Frenois:—'My story may be
and it will suffice to explain my death;
vered the robbery committed by [illegible]
from the island, and I [illegible]
him would prove [illegible]

...ed ... and ... s
...ith ... expressions of surprise
...ho ... might ... before his eyes stood his
... Thomas Francis, whom he had befo
... a ... corpse, and whom
... with ...

What passed in that interview between
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... with ... evidence, and to visit the
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... with ... a ... female wh
... which ... the ... he was arrested
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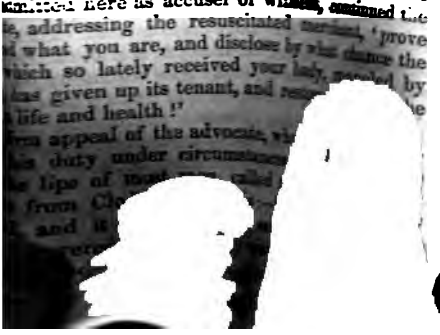
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which so lately received your body,
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life and health!'
rm appeal of the advocate, v
his duty under circumstance
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ruin and disgrace before me, and came to the resolution of terminating my life before the evil day came. On the night on which this determination was formed, I was seated alone in my private chamber. I had written the letter which was found on my table, and had loaded my pistol. This done, I prayed forgiveness from my Maker for the act of despair I was about to commit. The end of the pistol was at my head, and my finger on the trigger, when a knock at the outer-door of the house startled me. I concealed the weapon, and went to the door. A man entered, whom I recognised to be the sexton of the parish in which I lived. He bore a sack on his shoulders, and in it the body of a man newly buried, which was destined for my nephew, the physician, then living with me. The scarcity of bodies for dissection, as the court is aware, compels those who are anxious to acquire skill in the medical profession to procure them by any possible secret means. The sexton was at first alarmed at having met me. "Did my nephew request you to bring this body?" said I. "No," replied the man; "but I know his anxiety to obtain one for dissection, and took it upon me to come and offer him this body. For mercy's sake," continued the sexton, "do not betray me, sir, or I shall lose my situation and my family's bread."

'While the man was speaking, a strange idea entered my mind, and brought to my despairing bosom hopes of continued life and recovered honour. I stood for a few minutes absorbed in thought, and then, recollecting myself, I gave two pieces of gold to the resurrectionist, the sum which he had expected. Telling him to keep his own counsel, and that all would be well, I sent him away, and carried the body to my cabinet. The whole of the household had previously been sent out of the way on purpose, and I had time to carry into execution the plan which had struck me. The body was fortunately of the same *stature* as myself, and like me in complexion. I knew the *man;* he had been a poor offender, abandoned by his *family*. "Poor relic of mortality!" said I, with tears in *my eyes*, "nothing which man may do can now injure

; yet pardon me if I rudely disfigure thy lifeless
ance. It is to prevent the ruin of not one, but
ty families! And should success attend my at-
t, I swear that thy children shall be my children,
when my own hour comes, we shall rest together in
omb to which thou shalt be borne before me!" '
this portion of the merchant's narrative the most
y interest was excited in the court, and testified even
ears from many of the audience. Frenois thus
eeded :—'I then stripped off my clothes, and dressed
body in them. This accomplished, I took up the
l, and with a hand more reluctant than when I had
ed it to my own person, I fired it close to the head
e deceased, and at once caused such a disfigurement
ndered it impossible for the keenest eye to detect
ubstitution which had been made.
oosing the plainest habit I could get, I then dressed
lf anew, shaved off the whiskers which I was
tomed to wear, and took other means to alter and
ise my appearance, in case of being subjected by any
lent to the risk of betrayal. Next morning saw me
oard a French vessel on my way to a distant land—
native country of my ancestors. The expectations
h had led me to the execution of this scheme were
lisappointed. I knew that John Moon, the man who
robbed me, and who now stands at the bar of this
t, had formed connections in this island, which would
ll probability bring him back to it as soon as the
ligence of my death gave him the promise of security.
his I have not been disappointed. I have been
lly fortunate in other respects. While my unworthy
ant remained here in imaginary safety, I have been
essful in discovering the quarter in which, not daring
rst to betray here the appearance of wealth, he had
ed the whole of the stolen money. I have brought it
me, and also sufficient proofs, supposing his confes-
of this day to be set aside altogether, to convict him
*e crime with which he* stands charged. By the same
s,' *continued Clodomir* Frenois, with a degree of

honourable pride, in which all who heard him sympathise
'will I be enabled to restore my family to their place
society, and to redeem the credit of a name on which
blot was left by those who bore it before me, and whic
please God, I shall transmit unstained to my childre
and my children's children.'

John Moon, whose guilt was thus suddenly and strange
laid bare to the world, did not retract the confession whi
he had made in the extremity of his terror, and withou
separating, the court sentenced him to confinement f
life in the prisons of the colony.

The news of Clodomir Frenois's reappearance spre
rapidly, and the high esteem in which his character w
held led to a universal rejoicing on the occasion. H
was accompanied from the court to his home by a dens
multitude, who welcomed him with prolonged shouts.
would be vain to attempt any description of the feelin
of the wife, who thus saw restored to her the beloved
being for whose sake she had quitted the world. Sh
was released from her ecclesiastical vows, and rejoine
her husband, no more to part till the grave really claime
one or other of them as its due.

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## CAMILLA COLVILLE:

### A TRADITION OF THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

In the early part of the last century, Edward Colvill
who had realised a competency as a butcher and grazie
resided in a mansion called the White House, which ma
still be seen in the vicinity of Gateshead. The respect
ability of his character, and the style in which he lived
were such as to admit of his daughter Camilla attending
*the assize* balls in Newcastle, though these were then fa
*as exclusive* as they are at present. Gifted by nature
*with an* elegant person, and with some advantages

uilla was a young lady eminently qualified
ssemblages. It is not, therefore, surprising,
them she had the good fortune to attract
of a young nobleman, Lord Ossulton, the
he Earl of Tankerville. It occasioned no
n the room, when this gentleman, after the
ties, requested of Miss Colville the honour
ed to walk a minuet with her. She blush-
d, and rarely had the ball-room of New-
ed a more striking display of graceful
n what was displayed while this stately
the course of being performed. Lord
charmed beyond all measure by the beauty
, and, as he handed her to her carriage, or
r conveyance her father's fortune allowed
ed that the first should not be the last night
ntance.

y beheld the heir of the house of Tanker-
ur which would now be considered pre-
rly, calling at the White House, to pay his
fair tenant. Next day, and the next again,
visits; and, in short, his attentions became
, that the young lady's father, from being
d by the notice of a person of rank, began
eelings might arise between the parties
nly lead to disappointment. Perhaps he
er fears, which any one acquainted with
the gentlemen of that age will not deem to
ll unreasonable. It was only in the immo-
age that Richardson drew the character
e Pollexfen.

e made some efforts to keep Lord Ossulton
npany of his daughter, but with no great
ed admittance to the house, the young
ld beset her when she went abroad, seat
her at church, and get insinuated into
ial party where she was expected. Mr
*gth saw it* to be necessary to take very
*res, and* he resolved to place the young

lady for some time in a new and distant hom
relation of his had been long settled as a merch
Holland. In the hands of that gentleman he t
she would be quite safe from Lord Ossulton's add
He had also very opportunely a friend who com
a vessel of his own regularly between South Shiel
the ports of Holland and the north of France. By
of this friend, it was comparatively an easy matter
the young lady conveyed to her new home. It ma
be remarked, that the ship-owners, who in thos
navigated their own vessels from South Shields, w
highly respectable class of men, generally possessin
education and manners, and living, when at home
style of considerable dignity. Amongst the desce
of more than one of them, might be found memb
both Houses of parliament. They took the na
captain, and had, we believe, some solid groun
doing so, as trading beyond certain latitudes and
tudes specified by Queen Elizabeth, gave masters o
chant vessels a modified permission to assume tha
Captain Aubane readily entered into the views of his
Colville, and undertook to convey the young lady in
to her relative in Rotterdam. She was, accordingly
ducted in the most private manner to South Shields, a
on board his vessel. How she felt on the occasion h
been remembered by tradition; but if, as is likel
regarded her lover with affection, and deemed the
a compulsory exile, the authority of parents was in
days too awful and inflexible to admit of her n
anything like effectual remonstrance.

The voyage passed in safety; Camilla was con
to her father's Dutch friend; and Captain A
returned with the pleasing intelligence that all wa
If Mr Colville, however, believed that Lord Ossult
been 'thrown out,' he was mistaken; for before
weeks had elapsed, his lordship made his appeara
*Rotterdam*, and became as troublesome to the famil
*had charge* of his mistress, as he had formerly b
*her father*. The Linden Walks lent their shade to

f the lovers, and, when such meetings were
lordship made signals of affection from the
h Camilla could furtively read in the friendly
ecting from the parlour window. The Dutch
became more distressingly alarmed than ever
ıad been, in as far as a responsibility for the
another is more harassing than responsibility
s of one's own. He therefore resolved to get
ı as possible of his fair but perilous charge.
ubane, erelong, returned to Rotterdam for
go, and when he was about to sail, Camilla
ıore put on board his vessel.
ıe belle of Newcastle again at sea. But now
ı very different feelings that she crossed the
ean; and for this change there was no doubt

The Dutch coast had for a day been lost in
stance; sea and sky were the boundaries of
sight; and honest Aubane was congratulating
the prospect of soon committing Miss Colville
) her father's keeping, when, descending into
ıow was he astonished to behold, kneeling at
ıat very Lord Ossulton who was the cause of
rehensions, and whom he supposed to have
menting on the quay of Rotterdam! He soon
t the lover had contrived, by the connivance
and, doubtless, with the concurrence of his
) secrete himself on board the vessel a little
e it sailed. It was too late to think of return-
Dutch harbour to put Lord Ossulton ashore;
ıwing him to proceed on the voyage, Aubane
make him as little the better of his contrivance

. Exerting the authority which his position
he commanded the young lord to withdraw
abin, and not to appear there again, unless in
ıy, and by his express permission. He also
hat, while he was himself on deck upon duty,
.ton, to make sure of obedience to the rules,
*ain beside him*, at whatever time of day or
*under whatever* circumstances of weather.

...ne consent of George II.
...ge with a fine portion of
...land, long after having the
...ame of the most beautiful
... She survived her husband
...died in 1775, at the age, it
...this is probably a mistake,
...rm of years much exceeded
...children of Adam.

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## HIGHLAND CHIEF.

...f the manners of Inchcurry, a
...the old school, is given by Sir
... his *Traditionary Tales of the*

...y that the Earl of *Fife* was
...on his way over to his house of
... and having stopped at Castle-
...f his people across the meadow
...at he meant to honour him with a
...nvited at the door, was admitted
...ushered into Inchcurry's presence.
...in his accustomed, in fact genuine
...and—that is, as that most candour-

... Inchcurry," said the gentleman,
... said Inchcurry, turning to
...

The lover found himself compelled to submit to a restrictions; but the privilege of seeing his mistre a day, even in the presence of a third party, serve small degree to reconcile him to their strictness.

In the course of the voyage, which was not a sh the heir of Tankerville made a more favourable sion on the mind of Aubane than he had done on enlightened and more jealous nature of the youn father. Aubane became convinced that, however f or otherwise objectionable might have been the with which he at first regarded Camilla, he w inspired by an honourable affection. He was also to believe the young man when he protested, in t earnest manner, that the future happiness of depended on his obtaining the hand of Miss ( The South Shields ship-owner did not, indeed, l idea of encouraging a young nobleman in an objec must be regarded with dislike by his father an relations; but on this point also his scruples length overcome, doubtless by persuasives strict ourable. The consequence was, that on arriving a Shields, he allowed Lord Ossulton to become an of his house, in company with Camilla, until the of her father was obtained, and the necessary p tions were made for their marriage. With respec feelings of the lover's family, tradition is silent. V well believe that they were not favourable, for th of the pair is known to have taken place at Jarrow the ancient seat of the venerable Bede; a place of which, from some local prepossession, has been the resort of young couples seeking to enter the l wedlock without the consent of parents.

After the ceremony, the pair took up their re with the lady's father at Gateshead, where they for some years. At length the death of his fathe Lord Ossulton Earl of Tankerville, the second of th *and Camilla* Colville, as countess, became entitle *chief seat* in the splendid halls of Chillingham *Our heroine* was afterwards one of the ladies of

er to Queen Caroline, the consort of George II. ayed her part as a peeress with a due portion of r and spirit, and continued, long after being the r of three children, to be one of the most beautiful ı at the English court. She survived her husband ng dowagerhood, and died in 1775, at the age, it en said, of 105; but this is probably a mistake, ı it is likely that her term of years much exceeded dinarily allotted to the children of Adam.

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## NCHRORY, A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

ollowing sketch of the manners of Inchrory, a Highland chief of the old school, is given by Sir ıs Dick Lauder in his *Traditionary Tales of the unds*:—

happened one day that the Earl of Fife was ing up this glen, on his way over to his house of odge, in Braemar, and having stopped at Caochan-ag, he sent one of his people across the meadow o tell Inchrory that he meant to honour him with a The gentleman knocked at the door, was admitted goodwife, and ushered into Inchrory's presence. und him seated in his arm-chair, in the position he always occupied—that is, on the most comfort-de of the fire.

od-day to you, Inchrory," said the gentleman, g.

ıe same to you, sir," said Inchrory, bowing his very grandly and ceremoniously, but without g.

y Lord the Earl of Fife, who is halting at Caochan-ag, on his road to Braemar, has sent me over to *u, that he means to* step aside from his way to visit *aid the gentleman.*

"Well, sir," said Inchrory proudly, "what of th Tell him he is welcome."

'The gentleman, astonished with his reception, bow and retired, as an ambassador might have done fro royal presence.

"Well, sir," said Lord Fife to him, after he had rejoi him, "is Inchrory at home?"

"He is at home, my lord," replied the gentlema "but he is the surliest churl I ever came across."

"As how?" demanded the earl.

"Why, my lord, the little wretch never rose from chair," replied the gentleman; and then he repeated conversation he had had with Inchrory. "If your lo ship would take my counsel, you would e'en conti your journey, and leave the bear to suck his own paw his own den."

"Why do you not flit that insolent fellow?" said L Fife to James Macgrigor of Pitiveach, his factor, happened to be with him; "you are tacksman of farm, and so you have it in your power to turn him o

"Why, my lord," replied Macgrigor, "he and forbears have been there for generations; and tho he certainly is a great original, he is no bad fellow all that."

"So, so," replied the earl laughing; "the fellow is original, is he? Then I must see him. It is someth to discover so great a potentate, holding his undispu reign in wilds like these, so many miles from any o human dwelling. I must visit him directly."

'The fact was, that the earl had but recently bec possessed of these Highland estates, and Inchrory loo upon him as a new man, a Lowlander, whom it was duty, as it was very much his inclination, to despi whilst the earl, for his part, knowing that such wa feeling which naturally enough pervaded the minds *the High*landers, even on his own newly-acquired la *was determined* to do it away, by using all manner *courtesy* to every one with whom he might come *contact*. Above all things, he felt that the oppor

ı he now had of overcoming the prejudice of such
n as Inchrory, was by no means to be lost. To
ory, therefore, he went, without a moment's delay;
admitted into the house; and ushered into the
nce. "Good-day to you, Inchrory," said the earl,
ıg.
ood-day to you, Lord Fife," replied Inchrory, bowing
the same formality as formerly, but still keeping
at. "Sit down, my lord—sit down. Here is a chair
e me, for I always keep the *benmost* seat in my own
."
ery right, Inchrory," said the earl smiling, and
ıg himself accordingly beside his host; "and a very
rtable seat it seems to be."
ery comfortable," said Inchrory, setting himself
firmly into it; "and I hope that one is easy for
lordship."
ery easy, indeed," said Lord Fife. "A long ride,
as I have had, would make a hard stone feel easy,
much more this chair beneath your hospitable roof
chrory, and before your good fire, in this bitter cold

Vell, well, my lord," replied Inchrory, for the first
shaking the earl heartily by the hand, and very
pleased with the familiar manner in which his
r had so unexpectedly comported himself—"well,
an say is, that you are heartily welcome to it. Here,
vife! bring out the bottle. Lord Fife must taste
ory's bottle; and bestir yourself, do you hear, and
hat you can give his lordship to eat."
ıe whisky bottle was brought, and Inchrory drunk
rl's health, who, without any ceremony, hobernobbed
him in turn. Mutton, ham, cheese, broiled kipper
n, bannocks and butter, were produced and put
promiscuously. The earl ate like a hill-farmer,
artook moderately of the whisky, which Inchrory
owed in large and repeated bumpers to his lord-
*good health. He talked loud and joyously, and*
*rl familiarly humoured him to his full bent.*

They were the greatest friends in the world. The earl particularly delighted Inchrory by praising, caressing, and feeding a great rough deer-hound, which, roused from his lair in front of the fire by the entrance of the eatables, put his long snout and cold nose into his lordship's hand, and craved his attention. But this dog had very nearly ruined all; for the earl was so much taken with the animal, that having left the house after a very warm parting with Inchrory, he sent back his factor to him, to offer to purchase the animal at any price.

"What!" cried Inchrory, drawing himself up in his chair, and looking thunderbolts—"what! does Lord Fife take me for a dog-dealer? I would not sell my dog to any lord in the land. I would not sell my dog to the king on the throne. Tell his lordship, I would as soon sell him my wife!"

"What a stupid fellow I am, Inchrory!" said the factor. "Did I say that it was the earl that sent me? If I did, I was quite wrong. No, no; his lordship did no such thing. He only admired the dog so much, that he could speak of nothing else as he crossed the meadow to join his people. It was my mistake altogether. Hearing him admire your dog so much, I thought it would be a kind act for me to you, my old friend, just to ride back quietly, and give you a hint of it. 'I thought I had the best dogs in all Scotland,' said the earl; 'but that dog of Inchrory's beats them all clean. He is worth them all put together. He is a prince among dogs, as his master is a prince among men. Where could you find a master worthy of such a dog but Inchrory himself—the best fellow I have met with in all this country!'"

"Did the Earl of Fife say that?" cried Inchrory. "Here, bring me a leash. Now," added he, after having fastened it about the hound's neck, "take hold of that, and lead the dog with you to the earl, and tell him that Inchrory *begs he* will accept of him as a present."'

'*I have* yet one more anecdote of Inchrory, which brings *out his* character more than all the others. 'His wife, *Ealsach*, was one morning occupied in tending the cattle

*hieling* at Altanarroch. Lonely as this place of
is known to be, its loneliness was nothing when
d to that of the shieling of Altanarroch, where
cattle themselves could only exist for a month
during the finest part of the year. Now it
l that Ealsach, being in the family-way, became
y anxious and unhappy as her time of confine-
proached; and her anxiety went on increasing
l at last she began to think it very expedient
me to Inchrory. The distance was consider-
l the way rough enough in all conscience. But
ie spirit of a Highland woman within her, she set
ly on foot, and arrived at Inchrory at an early
the morning. Her husband met her at the door
ouse, where she looked for a kind welcome from
modestly signified the cause of her coming.
" exclaimed he proudly, and with anger in his
ow is this that you come on foot? How dared
ome home till I sent a horse for you, that you
ivel as Inchrory's wife ought to do."
ne saw how I came," replied his wife meekly.
nothing but the moorcocks and the peaseweeps
ill."
matter," said Inchrory; "even the moorcocks
peaseweeps should not have it to say, that they
wife of Inchrory tramping home afoot through
ier. Get thee back this moment every foot of
to Altanarroch, that I may send for thee as
's wife ought to be sent for."
poor woman knew that argument with him was
Without entering the house, therefore, she was
d to turn her weary steps back to Altanarroch;
was no sooner there, than a servant appeared,
by the bridle a horse, having a saddle on its back
with a green cloth, on which she was compelled
t forthwith, in order to ride home over the barren
ert moors and mosses, in such style as might
*e moorcocks* and the peaseweeps that she was
*of Inchrory!*"

and his family. That family was small—so small as scarcely to deserve a collective appellation—i members consisting of Stephen Lenoir and his Manon. Lenoir was a man of middle age, and fession a working-jeweller. He had learned his Paris, which was his native place, and bore s character for skill, attention, and industry, as t more employment than he could well accompl course, so far as his work was concerned, Ste brought into frequent contact with various classe community, as he executed tasks both for professi private employers. Otherwise, he dwelt with his in perfect solitude. In the midst of fellow-creatu associated with none. They had not only no fri even no acquaintances. Since Stephen Lenoir ha with his infant girl in his widowed arms, for fift years, scarcely a human being, excepting the tw inmates, had been seen within the walls of th dwelling. What was the cause of this? Wa sociableness of temperament on the part of the j Partly so, perhaps; but it arose still more f sufficiency of what he possessed within to satis wishes, and occupy his thoughts. Manon and his

was remarkable, and endeared her the more to her father, from recalling to him the memory of his wife, of whom she was the very image.

Day by day, month by month, year by year, Manon tripped up and down her paternal habitation, or sat by her low court-window, caroling gaily, like a happy though a prisoned bird. The floors, the tables, the walls, the ceiling, and, in truth, every spot and corner of the apartment, which, with the exception of a little garret and a small room with a bed-closet, formed nearly their whole house, were clean in the extreme; and the few table utensils that were arranged on the walls, glittered like a river in the sun. Oft, indeed, did Manon cleanse and scour what was never soiled. Then her bird in the window occupied a portion of her time, for she not only fed her starling duly, but taught it to repeat the airs which she had caught from poor street minstrels, and tamed it so, that it spent much of its time close by her side. Manon had her knitting and her sewing to attend to, moreover, these being the only arts which she had been compelled to learn out of doors; and duly as the cathedral bell tolled the morning and mid-day hours, her round and smooth brow, with the brown tresses clustering about it, and the blue eyes sparkling beneath, full of affection and cheerfulness, would be protruded within her father's workroom, and the announcement made, that she had the meal of the hour in readiness. Absorbed in these simple duties did Manon pass the years of her girlhood, having scarcely a thought beyond her own limited sphere.

She was seventeen years old, when an event of some moment marked the career of her sire and herself. Stephen Lenoir was compelled, in a case of peculiar emergency, to take an assistant into his workshop. He was very averse to this proceeding, but a piece of elaborate work required from him could not be executed otherwise in due time. The task, too, could only be performed under his own eye, and, if not executed at all, a *considerable loss would be* the consequence. Now, money *would become insensibly* dear to Stephen—how dear, he had

as yet no perfect conception. He had laid by a large sum, and, having few legitimate objects to it upon, such as most men have for the most plenty, it had become prized by him for *itself* growing passion had produced no perceptible cha his affection for his daughter, and perhaps it was view to her future comforts that he had at first pleasure in accumulating. However this may be, h on the present occasion felt such a pang at the tho losing the large sum to be gained by the executio required work, that he mastered his reluctance admission of any one to the privacy of his hou engaged an assistant for the term of a few weeks.

This assistant chanced to be a young countryma own, travelling for the better acquirement of skil trade. Bertrand Lafont was not a youth of very a appearance, but still he was comely; and his mode intelligence were calculated to win by degrees th tions of those around him. For several weeks daily in company with Manon at meals, and a times also for brief periods; and a mutual att between the two was the consequence. One day the absence of Stephen unexpectedly left them a dinner, Bertrand took courage almost to avow hi tion, and did not find himself discouraged by its and innocent object. However, no further oppo for an understanding between them happened particular circumstances occurred, of a nature cal to draw Manon's attention entirely to another subj

Since the entry of Bertrand into the house, a had been observed by her to come gradually ov father's conduct and temper. When he rose in the ing, it seemed as if his night's rest had done him n He looked pale and exhausted, and in the even would sit for hours in silence, as if brooding o *unpleasant* subject. He was late in retiring to re *Manon* even thought that she could occasionall *him stirring* late in the night, when her own fun *bers* were over. She at first thought that an

important task had brought with it unusual care and toil, and that he might be ill in body; and she affectionately pressed him to attend to his health, and take additional repose. To her great pain, her advice was repulsed with peevishness, almost with harshness. This was the first time in her life that she had found herself so spoken to by her father, and the gentle Manon dropped many a secret tear in consequence. Her grief was the greater, as her father grew worse day by day. When he was obliged to go out, she observed him, though covertly, to cast uneasy and even suspicious looks both at Bertrand and herself. The cause Manon could not guess at, or if she did guess at any cause, it seemed one quite inadequate to produce such effects.

One morning all the symptoms of her father's distemperament appeared to be aggravated. He sent out Bertrand upon some errand or other of business, and immediately afterwards called Manon to him. She went, and found him in visible agitation.

'Oh, Manon,' said he, taking her hand in his, 'my own Manon, daughter of my poor Louise, would you, could you deceive your father?'

'Not for worlds,' returned the daughter, into whose eyes the sight of her father's distress called immediate tears; 'not for worlds would I deceive you!' Stephen looked earnestly at her.

'I cannot doubt you,' said he at length; 'when I gaze at those innocent eyes, and think that they have ever beamed on me with duty and love. And yet, by night—and when you are away from my sight—oh, Manon, I have terrible thoughts!' The daughter was greatly shocked at this open avowal of distrust on her father's part towards her.

'Father, what have I done to incur suspicion from you?' said she, with swimming eyes. 'Oh, dear father, some evil spirit suggests these thoughts! If you have seen aught amiss, tell *me, and* believe that your Manon will *buy you before all the* world, and that she never could *can do anything to* vex the parent she so loves.'

Stephen was again silent for a moment. He kissed his daughter's brow, and said: 'I *believe* you, M Something has occurred to fret me. Go, my dear and think of this no more.'

However, matters were not mended subsequ Stephen altered his strange conduct but for a short and then relapsed, and grew daily worse; so much to treat Manon with habitual harshness. Her cons ness of Bertrand's affection could not make up t poor daughter for this alteration in her father's viour—a change wrought in but a few short weeks. open avowal of his love was finally made by Bert It was made one day when he found Manon in tears, her father's temporary departure from the house. simple girl made no attempt to deny that the young possessed her affections, but said at the same tim she would never quit her father.

'We may live with him, or at least *beside* him, M replied the lover. The young maiden sighed.

'Once I could have dreamed of such a thing not now, not now,' said she; 'and you, too, Bertran have friends and a home elsewhere.'

'I can have no home henceforth, no place worthy called a home, Manon, where you are not,' returne youth warmly. He took Manon's hand; it was not drawn from his grasp, and he proceeded to draw s picture of possible felicity for them, as made the girl's heart full almost to overflowing. The discou the pair, however, was suddenly interrupted by the of an approaching footstep. They separated from other's side with a degree of confusion inseparable the nature of their late converse. Stephen almost st when he saw them. For the first time he seemed to been struck with the possibility of an attachment sp ing up between them. On that evening he was *thoughtful* and gloomy than usual.

*The next* morning witnessed an unexpected and m *choly scene.* Stephen Lenoir rose from breakfast, *was in* the habit of doing, and entered his wo

tening the door behind him. Immediately afterwards, wever, he uttered a loud cry, and issued, exclaiming idly: 'I am robbed again—robbed of all! I am a ggar!' He sprung upon Bertrand at the same time, d accused him fiercely of the robbery.

'Father! dear father!' cried the agitated Manon, nging to her parent, 'he is innocent! he is innocent!' Stephen Lenoir turned upon his daughter, and shook her violently. 'Be silent, shameless and unnatural girl! u are his accomplice—yes, I am robbed by my own sh and blood! But I will have it back, or, by the aven above us, both of you shall die on the scaffold!' e excited tones of Stephen had by this time caused me of the neighbours to hurry to the door. The veller called to them to bring the street police, which y were ready and active enough in doing. In the antime, Bertrand allowed himself to be held by phen, but at the same time calmly declared his ocence. He also addressed a word of solace to poor non, telling her that 'her father would soon discover error.' Perhaps this appearance of mutual intelli- ce only served to irritate the jeweller more deeply. en the police came, he declared his conviction that he l been partially robbed several times by Bertrand, and last had been stripped by him of all his earnings. In oice husky from contending emotions, he also declared belief that his own daughter was an accomplice in the ne. A shudder ran through the frames of all present he charge. The solitary life of Manon had prevented one from acquiring a perfect knowledge of her cha- ter, but her youth, beauty, and distress, would have ved the coldest heart to pity. However, Stephen oir reiterated his accusation, and the final issue was, t Bertrand and Manon were taken into custody, and ducted to prison.

The examination of Lenoir brought out the following tement:—The fruits of his savings were kept by him *small strong-box in his* workshop. Soon after he had *n Bertrand Lafont as* his assistant, he had missed a

portion of his money. At this he was surprised beyond measure, being unable to conceive in what way it had disappeared. He at the very first suspected Bertrand; but on a second robbery taking place, which must have been effected between night and morning, he could not but conclude, that if Bertrand was the plunderer he must be assisted, as he did not sleep in the house, by one who *did* sleep there. The idea of Manon being concerned, however (Stephen said), had been originally rejected by him with horror, until a third robbery by night forced the suspicion strongly upon him. Yet he could not make up his mind to the belief that his child would injure him in thought or deed. At length, his strong-box was plundered between night and morning of all that remained in it; and having discovered on the previous evening that a private correspondence existed between Manon and Bertrand, he had been driven to the conviction of the truth. Hence the exposure of the pair. In answer to questions from the magistrate, Stephen stated that the box had always been opened without violence, though he had regularly kept the key in security in his bedroom.

The magistrate admitted that the circumstantial evidence seemed strong against Bertrand and poor Manon. With what conflicting emotions Stephen Lenoir's breast was agitated on that night, when he returned *alone* to his home, we shall not attempt to describe. Sometimes his wrath and avarice were in the ascendant, and at other times he wept bitterly, and was on the point of rushing out to bring his child back to her home, and beseeching her pardon. At length, he felt the necessity of sleep, and thought to secure it by a draught of spirits. He took a large one, and in replacing the glass, the tremulous state of his nerves was shewn by his allowing it to fall and be shivered to pieces. He then went to bed, and slept. It was broad morning when he awoke to a consciousness of *what* had passed. Slowly and sadly he was in the act of *rising*, when he became conscious of stiffness and pain in one of his feet. Throwing off the bed-clothes, he beheld

ared with clotted blood. A large wound was the
Reflecting with surprise and alarm upon this
ht, he remembered the fall of the glass. But at
me his foot had been covered by a thick shoe. The
as by the bedside; he took it up, and found not
ghtest mark upon it. Stephen lay back on his
in thought. Suddenly a strange idea occurred to
He started hurriedly from his bed, and rushed to
all retired closet whence he had taken the spirits
night before. On the floor of it he saw the broken
The largest piece had blood upon it. He *must*
een there in the night, and necessarily in his sleep!
r Stephen looked about him, and grasped a board
covered a small recess in the wall. The board
away in his hands, and there he beheld his hoarded
lying—the stores of which he had been deprived!
e knew those coins; he required not to count them.
Manon! my innocent Manon!' cried Stephen, strik-
forehead; 'the boy! the guiltless boy! My own
d sleepless avarice has been the plunderer of my
!'

never saw and knew Stephen Lenoir on that morn-
he rushed through the streets to the office of the
racy, believed that they saw a man rendered insane
misfortunes. But soon the story of the somnam-
-who, from an unhappy and diseased passion of
, had actually robbed himself—was noised abroad,
were glad at the surprising and almost accidental
ation of the young pair. It would be vain for us
mpt to describe how Stephen Lenoir's gray hairs
l the ground that morning at the feet of his own
nd how the gentle Manon embraced his neck, and
ht him to take comfort. Nor shall we endeavour
t how beautifully Manon blushed through her tears,
her penitent father placed her hand in that of
nd, and said: 'My son, if you truly forgive me, we
art no more!'

, *gentle reader, is* a story as true as the Proverbs
*non.*

# BLACK HUGH CAMPBELL:

## AN ANECDOTE.

GENERAL STEWART, in his work on the Highland R
ments, presents a pleasing picture of the relation wl
existed in those corps between the officers and r
The former being generally the sons and other r
relatives of the chiefs, and the latter the sons of
clansmen and tenantry, matters remained much on
same footing between the parties as while the w
resided in their native glens. Regimental discipline
comparatively little regarded, being in fact superseded
rendered unnecessary by the devoted attachment of
soldiers to the officers, and their genuine anxiety to
a brave and honourable part in their military ca
Animated by high feelings of affection and duty,
Highlanders made excellent though somewhat irreg
soldiers. It is lamentable to have to relate, that
government did not sufficiently appreciate the char
of these men, and often violated the engagements u
which they had entered the militia and volunteer ser
by draughting them into the line, and sending the
foreign stations. It was with reference to this cus
that the late Sir Ewen Cameron, head of the Came
broke one day in upon the Duke of York with the sto
defiance: 'You may tell your faither to send us to [
he mentioned a very terrible place] if he likes—and
*gang tu*—but he daurna dhraft us!'—a defiance not
gether without some serious meaning, when we remem
that Ewen's uncle was one of a few who, not many y
before, had shook the British throne. With all the
sentiment which existed between the officers and me
*could not*, nevertheless, be but that sometimes most u
*litary-like* proceedings would take place in the High
*corps*; and one of these it is now our purpose to re

Old Campbell of G——, in Argyllshire, had sent so many sons as captains into the army, each attended by a company of his clansmen, that his territory had become almost depopulated. Under these circumstances, when his youngest son came from college, he thought of devoting him to some peaceful profession; but just at this juncture the American war broke out; a fresh call was made upon the Highlands; and the laird, making a desperate effort, was able to raise one other company, which he sent with the young man to take its place in a forcible corps posted in a town upon the borders of the low country.

The raising and constitution of this company, which gave so much joy to the old heart of the father, hurled a corresponding mass of confusion on the young head of the son. The latter discovered, when rather late, that even at home, in those stirring times, there was something more intricate in the study of the art of war than the pleasant dream of love and idleness, which he had fancied to form the 'be all' and the 'end all' of a military life. The mysteries of fortification and tactics were hard indeed in the initiation. But these were trivial to the perplexities arising from the Highland habits of his men. Being naturally looked upon as responsible for their conduct, some of the notions on which they acted proved equally prejudicial to his peace and patience. Amongst other things, their contempt for strict discipline was only paralleled by their dislike to strict attendance. They seemed to have entered the service on the single understanding of obtaining 'leave of absence' whenever they ceased; and 'leave of absence' they would have. Hamus o' ta' muckle mouth, for instance, had suddenly ot notice that divers of his wedders had gone a woolgathering for themselves, 'And, to be shurely, how could he ay?' Evan Mohr had 'Ta pit up ta sheillin' for her ainsell's wife, and her wife's bhairns, and it was onpossible *she* could *bhide!*' After this fashion, the young ird *soon found it a moral* impossibility to get more an *a tithe of his Highlanders* to render his majesty

simultaneous service. Erelong, therefore, he was issue, through his favourite sergeant, positive inj against even the making of applications for f except on great emergencies. The men th believe, resorted to the simple expedient termed ' leave.'

Another source of the young chief's distractic one which he conveniently devolved on his subor arose from the difficulty of distinguishing amon Campbells those whose Christian names cha correspond. Without some device, the predc patronymic 'Hugh,' which amongst the men the (who could have specified to the splinter of a hairs the relationship of each to the other) was no so inconvenience, would have led, in the muster unutterable confusion. Every day, therefore, drill-sergeant arrived at the many Hugh Campl all shapes and dimensions, arranged on parade, he supplied an affix or prefix, with the tacit assent parties concerned. The most obvious epithets cam such as '*Muckle* Hugh Cammel' and '*Little* Hug mel,' '*Red* Hugh Cammel,' '*Black* Hugh Camm '*Brown* Hugh Cammel,' and so on through every creation, until the wit of man could name no mor then the indefatigable sergeant would sink his s voice as he entered on the more common-place quets of 'Hugh Cammell, *nummer wan*,' 'Hugh C *nummer twa*,' till the end of the chapter. These ments were utterly lost on the captain, who deem precious distinctions to be distinctions without a diff Some people were malicious enough, however, to a his perplexities, his obtuseness, and a certain air of in his demeanour, to an innocent young lady d near the barracks.

In consequence of the interdict laid on the de *for furlough*, a keen competition arose amongst th *for the* favour of their superiors. They hoped t *standing* well there, they might possibly have be occasionally relaxed in their behalf, or at least b

larities more lightly considered. Amongst those dopted this policy, none was more zealous in prac- it than the individual who has been specified as Hugh Campbell. The light active figure of this had drawn, on more than one occasion, an encomium the lips of the captain, whose mind was probably g on a subject for softer praise. The rule against ing for furlough was not only suspended in favour s person, known to the captain, in his indifference to stinctions of the muster-roll, simply as Hugh Camp- but he was to have his reasonable desires in that ct as soon as asked.

le Hugh Campbell was not long master of the ledge of this favour, when he availed himself of it. ed by the conviction of its being the proud reward rit, he was returning one evening, in eager haste to e more at his post, from a hay-cutting, the scene of lay in the immediate vicinity of quarters. ppy man that he was!—whom should he encounter is lawful superior, the captain, in full regimentals, a dashing young lady hanging on either arm! The n had just been vaunting of the distinguished appear- of his corps, especially of that section of it that owed to his lofty house. Now, Little Hugh was in all ts, at this moment, the *beau-ideal* of a tatterde- n. He was habited in a worn-out fillibeg, whose udinal dimensions alone rendered it unfit for its ; an old military-coat, which looked only the more able from the gaiety of its original colour; and he moreover, most admirably besmeared with the ulated traces of many a hot day's haymaking, g which his person had never tasted of ablution. ver much Little Hugh might dread to face his in in this atrocious plight, there was nothing for it o offer the passing salute. *It was not returned!* ircumstance was one so unusual to Little Hugh, that htened him into a forgetfulness of his condition; *eflecting only on* the possibility of the captain's *ving him to have* passed without the customary

ceremony, he judged it expedient to overtake him without delay; which done, he made no scruple of rendering assurance doubly sure, by tapping his superior's shoulder. The captain turned abruptly at the intrusion, and Hugh, upon the instant, bent his wretched body before him. The captain had not been unmindful of his previous obeisance in passing, with which he could, under the circumstances, have gladly dispensed. His conviction now was, that the fellow before him, whom he fully recognised, intended a deliberate insult. He raised his foot in vengeance for a kick; but of this movement Little Hugh knew nothing. His duty (as he conceived it to be) discharged, he had turned quickly away, impressed with the reasonable belief that enough of him at that season might be quite as good as a feast.

'Bless me, Captain Campbell!' exclaimed the ladies in a breath, 'surely *that* was not one of *your* men!' It was enough to drive the young hero mad. Disposing, therefore, of the fair ones as fast as etiquette would permit, and burning with indignation, he sought the barracks. Instantly on reaching his apartments, he commanded the attendance of Sergeant Campbell. With accustomed promptitude, that athletic dignitary of the drill presented his muscular self before his officer.

'Sergeant!' began the captain in a rage, 'Hugh Campbell was out of barracks to-day?'

'To be shurely,' assented the sergeant—for many of the name had, to his certain knowledge, been strolling off duty, and, aware that the individual identity of the precise person indicated would not be so easily settled with the captain, he took refuge in this general acquiescence.

'Then,' responded the captain with vehemence, 'send him to the guard-house immediately!'

To hear was to obey with the sergeant, when he knew how. In this instance he had avoided Scylla, and fallen on Charybdis. He had avowed his knowledge of a fact *of which he* was ignorant, and now he was called upon to *act on his* avowal.

'*Please* yer honour'—— stammered the sergeant; but

short, with a clear notion of being fairly
his eye caught the look of mingled astonish-
ger turned on him by Captain Campbell.
!' growled the captain.
ase you, your worship,' inquired the sergeant
y, '*which* of them?'
f them?' echoed the captain in a pet; and
ning the entire force of his lungs, he voci-
iot! did I not tell you—Hugh Campbell!'
ase your honour,' persisted the sergeant,
ie wrong end of the muster-roll first, on a
surmise of the truth, 'was it Hugh Cammel,
—or Hugh Cammel, *nummer twa*—or Hugh
*nmer three*—or Hugh Cammel, *nummer fower;*
*ckle* Hugh Cammel, yer honour, or *Little* Hugh
*Red* Hugh Cammel, or *Black* Hugh Ca'——
top there!' cried the captain, rising and
partment to soothe his ire, as the full recol-
s dingy bowing acquaintance rushed back on
he cognomen 'black'—'stop there!—*that's*
n! The *black-hole*, I think, will just suit the
'
ant wondered; but it was none of his busi-
ad played long enough with the lightning
, accompanied by a file of the guard, he
barrack dormitory, for it was now late, with
h he could; and, sword in hand, he thundered
ame of '*Black* Hugh Cammel.' A second
as necessary ere he was answered by the
wledgment, 'She 's here,' vented in tones
both chagrin and surprise.
igh Cammel,' said the sergeant peremptorily,
ered to the gaard-hous!'
teevil for wad she du wi' me at ta gaard-
. time o' night?' remonstrated Hugh.
ugh Cammel,' reiterated the sergeant, with
gnity, 'you are ordhered to the gaard-hous',
*t shust go to* the black-hole, because you are

Remonstrance being fruitless, Black Hugh was lugged unwillingly away, and, half awake, and scarcely half dressed, was instantly immured in the adjoining hermitage, familiarly known as the black-hole. It was not without abundance of Highland ejaculations, expressive of rage, that the honest fellow submitted to his unmerited fate.

Days passed gloomily away, and Black Hugh Campbell appeared not amidst his comrades. No charge of any kind had been preferred against him; but such was the awe with which the simple mountaineers regarded the commands of the son of their chief, that scarce a murmur arose in which the prisoner's name was whispered. In fact, the captain, resolved upon punishment, but disinclined, for reasons of his own, to prefer a regular charge, had made up his mind that the matter should rest where it was during his good-will and pleasure; and there it probably would have rested while the captain's pique endured, had not an accident disclosed the situation of the prisoner.

An officious gentleman, from the mess-room, having taken a fancy to visit the guard unseasonably, and purely for the pleasure of making the men turn out to salute him, caught them napping, as he expected. As certain dolorous sounds, however, were emanating from the prison hard by, curiosity induced him, before beginning to exercise his authority, to listen to the voice of lamentation. This, as the reader may well conjecture, was the disconsolate wail of his friend *Black* Hugh Campbell, who was mournfully haranguing the walls of his dungeon. As the officer listened, he thus proceeded with his soliloquy:—

'Hoogh! ta teevil o' this can pe porn; tare was ta first week tat ta captain pegan to ca' her *Muckle* Hugh Cammel, she was shust hawled awa tu ta ospital! An' syne anither week, be't reason be't nane, an' he ca'at her Hugh Cammel *nummer wan*, an' sent her tu ta awkward squad! An' syne she's ordhered oot on gaard, wi' a' her paggage, for Hugh Cammel *nummer* twa! an'"——

'*Who's* there?' inquired the officer.

Tare!' cried the Celt, starting to his feet with sur-
e, and using the privilege of his country by answering
question with another: 'Ay, to be surely, wha's *tare?*'
I say, who's there?' repeated the officer.
An' wha'd pe speirin'?' rejoined Hugh.
I ask you, sir—who are you?' insisted the officer.
Her nainsell—Plack Hugh Cammel,' answered the
mer subduedly, distinguishing the tones of authority.
he officer knew the speaker very well. 'Why, Hugh,
lad,' said he, 'you used to be a well-behaved soldier.
r came you here?'
She couldna shust say; ye see, she wasna shust telt.'
Told!' exclaimed the interrogator; 'not told! You
ly know what you have been about?'
Hoot,' cried the soldier, 'fa'at cud her nainsell peen
t—teevil a thing; they shust clappit her here for
t naething!'
But—you had committed some offence. You had for-
yourself in some way or other. How long have you
here?'
Maybe twa days, maybe three; unless she could tell,
cudna shust say; there's nae day frae nicht here.'
This is very strange,' said the officer. 'I must inquire
it.' At his back, aroused by the altercation, stood
guard as stiff as a row of lamp-posts. He did not
to rebuke them, for Black Hugh Campbell, although
ubsequently became the narrator of this story, was, it
be stated, a general favourite. The officer, forthwith,
ght the retreat of Sergeant Campbell, and roused that
tionary from his blest repose.
Sergeant! you've got a man in the guard-house.'
Shurely—to be shurely,' said the sergeant dryly.
Black Hugh Campbell,' said the officer.
Yes, and shurely,' said the sergeant.
Now, I should like to know the charge on which he is
fined,' observed the officer.
Sharge!' ejaculated the sergeant with Highland sar-
n; *'by ordhers of Captain* Cammel.'
*'ery well,' replied the* major (for such was the officer's

rank), catching fire at the insolence of Captain Campbell's *factotum* the sergeant; 'Captain Campbell certainly arrests his men upon public grounds. Shew me to the captain; this affair appears mysterious.'

Marshalled by the sturdy sergeant, and arrived in presence of Captain Campbell, the major began by apologising for the untimely nature of his visit, and ended by detailing the circumstances that had occasioned it.

The captain perceived that the hour for concealment of the offence for which he intended Campbell should suffer was over. He therefore recited, not without acrimony, the insulting part played towards him by the supposed offender. But, as often happens, his anger evaporated, with a consciousness of the irregularities into which he had fallen in seeking his revenge. And he added with a smile, which the major accepted as a signal to relieve himself of an immoderate fit of hitherto suppressed laughter, that he believed *Black* Hugh Campbell had already suffered sufficient punishment, and might be liberated without delay.

Our dark Celt thus regained his liberty; and here our tale might have come to a close, for, with the equanimity of a Turk, Hugh would have been satisfied with any confinement, directed by the sovereign authority of his captain. Neither would the major have said more upon the point, much as he respected the rights of a good soldier, and Black Hugh was certainly a promising one. But there was another concerned in the business, whose brains just entertained the conception, that his commander had been insulted egregiously by Black Hugh Campbell. This was the worthy sergeant. The tornado of native abuse and incoherent threats with which Black Hugh was consequently assailed by his liberator, would certainly have ended in 'trial by battle,' had he not eloquently demonstrated to the sergeant 'tat it cudna' pe her!'

The result, however, provided Captain Campbell with a morning salutation from Black Hugh, as, in spite of every opposition on the part of the captain's servant, he made good his way into his private quarters. The

ained enough of alarm, on ascertaining who
der, to have his pistols at hand as Black
the room. But what was the surprise of
hen, in place of the dirty little varlet who
such foul disgrace, the fine figure of *Black*
ell met his gaze! It needed no elo-
nvince the captain 'tat it cudna' pe her,'
h breath was spent on the subject by his

mpbell was again in requisition; but as he
g to recount the distinguishing character-
rejoicing in the common name of Hugh
captain became doubtful of his ability to
sergeant's descriptions any more. Many
s were put to the question, and still the
established was, 'tat it cudna' pe her.' The
ultimately saddled with the responsibility
he real Simon *im*pure. But as the nature
by no means thoroughly transpired, whilst
ith a profundity of native cunning, kept his
uspicion settled down on no individual,
ighted on many. It was known, however,
in had been insulted—the Highland blood
impeachments were showered around like
. In short, within the lapse of half an hour,
ernity of the Campbells were engaged in a
in the barrack-yard, with dirk, claymore,
To quell the fray, the regiment was beat
combatants were disarmed; and, in the
did that or any other guard-house contain
ber of the name of Hugh Campbell. It was
, from that day forth, the captain was
er acquainted with the muster-roll. If,
tudies ever suggested to him the real style
e author of the imaginary insult, to use the
uage of Black Hugh Campbell, he kept it
umb.'

## STORY OF A BEAR-HUNT IN THE PYRENEES.

At the distance of a league from Bagnères-de-Luchon, on the declivity of the hill, stands a small building called the hospital, which serves as a halt or station for travellers journeying to Spain. In October 18—, a little higher up than the hospital, a small temporary-looking hut was to be seen, supported and sheltered by a huge rock. It was covered with branches and dry leaves, and built with loose rough stones, constituting a rude but welcome refuge for the highland hunters. It was but the habitation of a day, being regularly destroyed and carried off by every winter's storm. The approaches of autumn are terrible in the Pyrenees; and at the time mentioned, a fearful storm was bursting over the mountain. It was evening; every object was buried in darkness; but through the chinks of the door of the hut darted at times a few glimpses of light. This door was also occasionally opened; a man's head would then appear through the lightened aperture, and be immediately withdrawn. The appearance of the inside was rather picturesque. In the middle of the hut, on a roughly-made table, were promiscuously placed a large basin of milk, some smoked bacon, a piece of goat's cheese, and some maize-bread; on the right was an opening made in the rock, which served as a chimney. In this chimney lay, almost in one blaze of fire, the best part of a tree, with its branches and leaves, which brightly illuminated the centre of the hut, and glittered on the long polished barrels of the rifles, placed upright against the opposite wall. Before the fire, a deer's haunch was comfortably roasting; and around were stretched five highland hunters, with their *caps of brown* worsted, their knee-breeches of coarse *brown cloth*, and their long gray stockings. They had *fled to the* hut to save themselves from the storm, and *were now* awaiting the supper which was preparing.

ırthest extremity sat, reading attentively by the
, wick saturated with resin, a man who appeared
dressed like the rest of the hunters: his occupa-
expression of his countenance, and the respectful
preserved towards him by the highlanders,
ly testified his superiority over them. At the
e was suspended the open and reeking carcass of
cently killed.
ackling of the roasting meat, the hissing of the
it fell on the inflamed wood, the loud rumbling
of the frequent thunder-claps, repeated and
l by the echoes of the mountain, alone inter-
he silence which prevailed in the hut. There
ome weight on the minds of the men; but at
ıe of them spoke aloud.
anote, it was by the same bear which killed one of
ds before that Baptiste was worried yesterday?'

l kill him, Janote, or die. Where was he seen
y?'
the glacier of La Maladetta.'
l go to-morrow morning and encounter him; it
be said that this black-skin has frightened us
herd of chamois.'
,' said Janote, 'the snow has fallen for these two
hill is very dangerous, and Baptiste was surprised
ear merely in consequence of his being caught
ld; you had better not go to-morrow.'
go!' was the answer.
omy pause now took place, after which the
ted at the extremity of the hut rose and came
Peter. 'Peter,' said he, 'how many children
?'

shall not go to-morrow!'

---

shall *not go!*' These words were pronounced with *authority*, that Peter held down his head and *silent*.

'Well, then,' said another, 'I shall have the shot, for I have neither wife nor children.'

'Friend,' replied the man, 'who lives at the village, in the smith's house?'

'My mother.'

'You shall not go!'

'But,' rejoined Peter, 'now that we have found out the villain's den, we ought to take advantage of the discovery.'

'He shall be killed!'

'And by whom? by whom?'

'By myself, my friends.'

'You! reverend sir?' they all exclaimed.

'Yes, my friends; by myself. I am but a peasant, a highlander like yourselves. I spent twenty years among the rocks of Catalonia before becoming a minister of God; and the man you now name in the village the Reverend Curate Riego, was once called Riego the Bear-hunter.' As he pronounced these words, the clergyman's countenance was animated with a singular expression of courage and energy. 'I had come to the hill,' continued he, 'to admire the storm; Heaven, no doubt, has directed me to this hut to hear your regrets; and although I have not touched a rifle for fifteen years'—

'Fifteen years!' said Peter.

'Yes, my friends; for blood, even an insect's blood, should never stain the hands of a minister of God; but what I intend to do to-morrow, is merely to destroy what is hurtful and dangerous; and as I have neither children, wife, nor mother, I will go, and fear not but I shall kill the beast.'

'Be careful, Monsieur Riego,' said Janote.

'Fear not, my friend; I shall remember the days of my youth.'

A young man, about twenty-two years of age, called Stephano, then approached the priest, and said to him: '*But I*, brother, shall I not go with you?'

'*You*, Stephano!' replied the curate, 'my mother's son! —*no*; you shall not come.'

'*We* shall all follow you together!' cried the hunters.

'I do not want you, my friends; and as the night is ncing, you had better take your supper and go to t.'

Young Stephano did not repeat his request to his ther. The hunters instantly began their meal; for re was in M. Riego's voice an irresistible accent of nmand.

Half an hour afterwards, each man began to settle nself in some corner of the hut, wrapped up in a sheep goat's skin; Stephano stretched himself nearest to the or: and very soon all was silence.

At the first dawn of day, Riego, fearing the hunters uld insist on accompanying him, gently got up, and, osing one of the rifles, stepped out without being ard. He had put on a dress borrowed from one of the phlanders. On his head he wore the small, flat blue ;; over his legs, the long leather-gaiters usually rn by these hardy mountaineers; round his waist, a ong scarlet belt, in which he placed a knife, the thick arp blade of which was eight or nine inches long. He s not the same man. His step was at all times firm d erect, but slow; on this day, however, his energy ounted even to impatience. As soon as he was out of e hut, he examined the rifle with all the scrupulous tention of an experienced hunter; tried the lock, rned some of the powder to ascertain its quality and yness, loaded carefully with three balls, and was just arting, when, at ten yards before him, he perceived his ung brother, Stephano, ready equipped as a hunter.

'What are you doing there?' said he.

'I am waiting for you, brother.'

'Why?'

'Because I want to go with you; and I must go.'

The curate answered not till after a moment's reflection

'Well, let it be so. Is your rifle loaded?'

'Yes, brother.'

'Here are twelve balls, then; take them, and let us go.'

*The brothers started* on their perilous adventure. *er an hour's march,* they passed the short rocky defile

which separates France from Spain; and while thread its recesses, Riego would ever and anon raise his to his shoulder, following steadily the course of a eagle, which was already abroad in the keen c morning air. But he fired not; for he deemed t there was no call upon him to shed any blood but tha the grizzly bear. At the termination of the defile, t found themselves in front of La Maladetta (*The Accurs* the finest glacier of the Pyrenees, but the most danger also, as its not inappropriate name implies. When glacier appeared, here a mass of glittering ice, and th deadened in hue by flakes of dun snow, Riego felt enthusiasm of former days return upon him, and could not help exclaiming joyfully: 'The snow! the hill Turning to Stephano, the priest then exclaimed: 'If Jan be right, the bear must be in that fir-wood to the l We must climb the Maladetta, Stephano. Have you iron hooks and the ropes?'

'Yes, brother.'

'Come, then, get ready,' said Riego.

In a few minutes they had buckled the iron hooks their hands, and had united their bodies by a rope ab eight feet long, the purpose of which was, that one them might sustain the other in case of a slip. Th secured, the brothers resumed their route. For half hour they toiled silently up the precarious ascent, were near the place of their destination, when, all at on the ice gave way beneath Stephano's feet, and he s downwards into a deep crevice. Dragged back by companion's weight, the priest slid rapidly to the v edge of the same gulf; a second more, and he would have been over! Both must have perished; b gathering his whole strength, Riego dashed his i grasper into the ice with such force, that he stopp suddenly. To loosen one of his hands, and turn the r *round his* arm, for the purpose of shortening it, was *work of* an instant. He then exerted his strength *raising* Stephano. Soon the young man's hands c *grasp* the edge of the hole; by and by his whole

ppeared. 'Courage! courage!' cried Riego, putting orth his whole powers upon a final effort, which, being ided by the youth's pressure on his own elbows, was uccessful. Stephano was freed from his danger; but he ell almost in a fainting state upon the snow. A mouthful of spirits, from the small store of provisions which he hunters had brought with them, restored Stephano the power of motion; and the priest said to him in a heerful voice: 'Courage, brother!—you are all right gain; let us move on!'

Stephano replied: 'Yes, brother,' and resumed the arch; but a great change had come over the young an. The narrow escape which he had made had overrown his resolution. He walked on, pale, tottering, and hausted—a different being altogether from what he d been a few moments before. Riego, who moved remost, was too much occupied with the outlook for e bear, and with the difficulties of the path, to be fully nsible how much his brother was changed by the late cident. The bear was not to be seen at Maladetta hen they reached it. The hunters then turned into e Spanish Pyrenees, which they entered by La Picada. arcely had they gone a few yards in this direction, hen Riego stopped short, and, without turning round, ade a sign to his companion to stand still also. The iest then laid his ear to the ground, and heard a low owling sound, which he immediately pronounced to be e snarl of the bear. 'He is not far off,' said Riego in a hisper. 'Let us mount this platform, and we are sure see him. Follow me.' The brothers ascended the atform in question by a narrow ridge, flanked on the ght and left by a steep precipice. On the side opposite where the hunters were, there was another precipitous ass. Having completed the ascent, the brothers looked und, and in a few moments saw an enormous bear oving slowly down the dry rocky bed of a torrent.

'Here he is!' *cried the* curate. 'Stephano! make *ady; he will immediately* pass the corner before us, *se to that fir-tree; fire* at him there. Mark for the

splinters of ice broken off by the side of the l
at once turned round, saw the hunters, an
towards them. He was at first little more t
yards distant, but fortunately the path took
which made the space to be passed greater.
able instant, calmly and steadily raising his
fired. The brute, however, chanced to slip
moment, and of the three balls, one only st
the flank. A terrific growl was the only r
shot, which was totally ineffective in retarding

'Some balls!' said Riego quietly, without
eye from the bear. Stephano spoke not.
phano!—in three minutes he will be upon us!'
man had been feeling his pouch.

'We are lost!' cried he with a groan of de
bag has been buried in the snow at Maladetta

The growls of the bear became more and
'We have no balls!' repeated the young man
agony; 'let us fly!—oh, let us fly, brother!'

'Fly!' said the priest; 'no, we cannot!
seconds the monster would be up with us, we
down-hill!'

'Oh, blessed Virgin!' cried Stephano, fall

adiness, Stephano! strike hard and true! Ha! the
have felt Riego before now, and they shall not
ar me yet!'
e priest seemed almost happy in his fearlessness. But,
deplorably different was the condition of the poor
g brother. The bear appeared. 'To work! to work,
ano!' cried the priest, as he stepped forward with
arms. The monster, rising on its hind-legs, seized
with a suffocating grasp. A terrible struggle began
een them. 'Help, brother, help!' cried the priest
voice of thunder. Alas! Stephano had lost all
nce of mind. His legs shook under him; a film
d over his eyes; he could neither advance nor
at. The agonies of helpless terror were upon him.
rike, brother, strike!' cried the priest in weaker
. The bear howled in a terrific manner, its hideous
projected over the curate's shoulder, its eyes red as
nd its paws tearing Riego's back, while they at the
time crushed him between them. The struggle had
l a few seconds. Stephano, wild, insane almost,
not stir. 'Help me, brother! save me!' cried the
, his voice failing. At this last call, the young man
ed partly to recover his powers of action. He ran
rd, and struck his knife against the side of the
ter. But the blow came from a hand too unsteady
any execution. The knife scarcely scratched the
The failure, and the near spectacle of the brute's
mouth and fierce eyes, overthrew Stephano's resolu-
atterly, and, dropping the knife from his nerveless
, he turned and fled from the spot.
rother! brother!' cried Riego in a choked voice,
Stephano was away. Alone with his enemy, the
tried to draw his own knife from his belt, but the
held him too tight. Gathering vigour from despair,
riest resolved that, if he perished, the monster should
h with him, and, step by step, he pushed the bear to
dge of the *precipice.*

*this very instant* a powerful voice was heard from *the platform,* exclaiming: 'Courage! courage!'

The day following that on which this scene was the epoch of a festival in the village of v was curate. The people were assembled in t room, and the generous daring of their past theme of every tongue. They lamented him this much they had learned from Stephan priest had perished in encountering the young man, however, would tell no more; moody silence, and the people ascribed it to the loss of a brother whom he was known to love deeply. Things stood thus, when a you from a neighbouring village entered the public was the man who had witnessed Riego's fall, also seen Stephano's flight and desertion. his tale, and in an instant cries of indignation every tongue. 'Away with him! drive him village!' were the exclamations of all. The youth seemed in a condition of despair, wh could add to; and he was moving mutely a a man covered with bloody rags made his 'Riego!' cried the astonished villagers. It the priest. Stephano fell on his knees before in a state of speechless rapture, and, wit

no continued sobbing aloud. 'My brother! oh, ther!' was all he could say.
at meant those cries as I entered?' said the priest vere tone; 'why would you send away the boy?' anse the coward'——
ard! he is no coward!' cried Riego. 'His presence d was destroyed by his having narrowly escaped a few minutes before. Are you sure that the ffect would not have been produced on any one rselves? Surely none will blame him when I and embrace him! And now, let us return to God, and let the festival proceed.'
o's wounds were soon healed. As for Stephano, by a brave feat the young man has since wiped away proach which was drawn upon him by his want of ss at the death-scene of the great bear.

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## A DAME DE BRINVILLIERS:

STORY FROM THE CAUSES CELEBRES.

MOISELLE D'AUBRAY, daughter of a respectable and y gentleman, who held the rank of civil-lieutenant nce, was married in the year 1651 to the Marquis nvilliers, a man of rank and fortune. She brought a dowry of 200,000 livres, and he enjoyed an annual e of 30,000 livres. The pair were thus amply pro- with the means of enjoying, not only the necessaries mforts, but also the luxuries of life; and every eemed to promise to them a long career of wedded ess. The marchioness was remarkable for the tliness of her mind and the graces of her person. gure was slight, but well formed, and her features *and beautiful; while* the mildness of her manners, *tranquillity that sat* on her brow, gave indications

of a spirit unruffled by any of the stormier passions of humanity. But as the beautiful description of the castle of Glamis in *Macbeth*, with the allusion to the quiet sweetness of the air, and the peaceful labours of the 'temple-haunting martlet' under the eaves, gives a more startling effect to the bloody horrors acted immediately thereafter within the walls, so did the opening promise of this woman's life contrast, in a fearfully vivid manner, with the after-scenes in which she bore a part, and, indeed, in which she was the principal actor.

The Marquis de Brinvilliers was a colonel of cavalry in the regiment of Normandy, and had seen actual service in the wars. While so engaged, he had become acquainted with a captain of horse named Saint-Croix, or rather one who had assumed that name, being an illegitimate member of a noble French family. The marquis, subsequently to his marriage, met Saint-Croix, and renewed acquaintanceship with him. The captain was soon received as a domesticated visitant in the house of the marquis and marchioness, and hence flows the unhappy tale that is to be told. M. de Brinvilliers was a dissipated man, and much abroad, by which means his wife was left in the dangerous society of Saint-Croix, and formed a strong and criminal attachment to him. He was one but too ready to encourage and profit by such an aberration from rectitude, and, urged by him, the marchioness took advantage of her husband's conduct to sue for a separate maintenance, which she obtained. After this period, the connection between her and Saint-Croix grew closer; so much so as to attract general notice. Her father, M. d'Aubray, became aware of the circumstances; and perceiving the marquis to be seemingly indifferent on the subject, thought that he would best consult his daughter's good by getting Saint-Croix imprisoned. A lettre-de-cachet, or order for arrest, was a thing too easily procured in those days in France, by any one who had interest at court; and the *young* captain of horse was taken from the carriage of the *marchioness*, and thrown into the Bastile.

This step had a most unfortunate and unforeseen issue.

hile in confinement, Saint-Croix became acquainted
th an Italian named Exili, a man who followed the
stery of compounding poisons—one extensively studied
that age, and turned largely to profit and account.
ili initiated his fellow-captive into the secrets of the
; and, when both of them were liberated, at the end of
ear, the diabolical instructions were continued, until
pupil became as great an adept as his teacher. On
release, Saint-Croix had not failed to renew his inter-
rse with the marchioness, but with so much circum-
ction, that even the father was deceived, and kept up
riendly footing with his daughter. When they met in
vate, Saint-Croix communicated to the marchioness the
rets taught him by Exili, and his lessons were not
own away. Animated by cupidity and a desire of
geance, this wretched and guilty pair concerted a
eme of cutting off M. d'Aubray and his whole family—
*father, brothers,* and *sister* of the marchioness! The
rible aspect of such a crime daunted not these two
ngs, rare in their wickedness, and worthy associates for
another. The object of the scheme, of course, was to
the marchioness in possession of all the property of
family; and Saint-Croix, imagining himself secure of
affections, did not doubt but that he would be master
ll which owned her as mistress.

The first measures taken by Madame de Brinvilliers
ards the execution of her design, are perhaps more
htful to think of than any other part of her conduct.
th an inconceivable degree of coolness, this woman,
ng, well-educated, and seemingly of mild and gentle
perament, deliberately set about the trial of her
rtal poisons upon living human beings, preparatorily
he use of them upon her own family. She introduced
son into biscuits, and gave them to poor persons,
ching the effects they produced. Her experience in
s way did not seem to her ample enough, however, and,
ording to a *custom not* uncommon among benevolent
*ales in France, she* went to the Hospital of the Hôtel-
, *to administer in* person her drugs on a large scale.

Though this fact afterwards came to light, the extent of the mischief done by her could not be decisively ascertained. Anxious apparently to witness still more fully the course of action of the poison, the marchioness also administered a dose to her waiting-maid, Frances Roussel, who became very ill in consequence, but ultimately recovered. Whilst working so much among these fatal drugs, the marchioness, by mistake, allowed a whole company to partake of a pigeon-pie, into which she had introduced her poisons. 'Several of them died,' Madame de Sévigné tells us; 'and the Chevalier du Guet, one of the party, lived on in agony for two or three years.' The poison being slow of operation, no suspicion was aroused in these cases.

Having satisfied herself in this fearful manner of the kind and quantity of poison suited for her purpose, Madame de Brinvilliers committed the first of her previously purposed crimes. Her father went to his country-seat at Ossement, attended at his request by this unprincipled daughter. She put poison into a broth intended for him, and he took it. Violent vomitings and the severest pains were the consequence, and the marchioness looked on calmly, or at least with such a demeanour as prevented any shade of suspicion from lighting on her. Her father lived long enough to be carried to Paris for advice, but died shortly after arriving there, the daughter having several times repeated the dose. The two sons were next attacked, as standing between the marchioness and the inheritance of the family. The mind which had calmly compassed the crime of parricide, had no scruple in meditating fratricide. One of the brothers had succeeded his father as lieutenant-civil, and the other was a counsellor of parliament. Madame de Brinvilliers was upon friendly terms with both of them, and she took advantage of this to introduce into the service of the counsellor, who lived with his brother, a lackey named *La Chaussée*, once a servant of Saint-Croix, and a fit agent for the completion of the murderous design. The fact, however, of his having served Saint-Croix was

La Chaussée, for a high bribe, undertook to
brothers, and soon after entering their house-
troduced poison into some wine and water to
r the eldest. But as soon as the latter had put
s, he detected something unusual in the taste,
med: 'Rascal! what have you given me?
have me poisoned?' This was said, however,
y idea that poison was really in the glass, and
erred to want of cleanliness and care on the
servant. La Chaussée excused himself, by
some dregs of medicine had accidentally been
, and had given it the taste complained of.
uspicious of any evil intended to them, far
ating it from a sister's hands, the lieutenant
llor kept La Chaussée in their service; and he
g in making a new attempt, being urged to it
tient and unscrupulous employers. In April
others went to the country, and while there,
h some other gentlemen of a set banquet. A
-pie was among the dishes, and the brothers,
their companions, ate freely of it. The three
diately seized with vomiting, and suffered most
, while those who had not ate of the dish felt
. The unhappy brothers were of strong con-
and nature struggled long against the injury
it, but the issue of that poisoning was fatal to
lieutenant languished in torment up to the
e, and then died. The counsellor survived the
hree months, and followed his brother to the
examination was made, respectively, of the
, in both cases, a portion of the stomach and
vas found in an ulcerated and blackened state.
cians did not hesitate to declare that the
d been poisoned, but suspicion never pointed
source, and indeed some unhappy accident
lly looked upon as the cause. So well had La
layed his part, that the counsellor, totally un-
*of the man* to the last, had left him a small

Three victims were thus removed. There were yet two other persons, however, who stood between the wretched authors of these crimes and the attainment of their full desires—namely, Mademoiselle d'Aubray and the Marquis de Brinvilliers. On the life of the latter, the marchioness, eager to remove all obstacles from the way of her union with her paramour, contrived to make several attempts; but, if we may believe Madame de Sévigné, who was a contemporary, and living on the spot at the moment, Saint-Croix himself took steps to prevent the marchioness from succeeding in this portion of her designs, being averse to a formal union with a person so dangerous as his associate in guilt. But the Marquis de Brinvilliers tasted enough of the fatal drugs to injure his health deeply. As for Mademoiselle d'Aubray, whether put on her guard by the acknowledged end of her brothers, or from natural cautiousness, she did not fall beneath the deadly attempts of her younger sister, though these were often repeated.

It is difficult to say how many crimes these wretches would yet have committed, had not a strange and striking circumstance suddenly arrested them in the mid career of their guilt. Saint-Croix, not yet contented with his proficiency in the art of poisoning, was in the habit of exercising his genius in compounding new drugs of the same kind, and arrived at a degree of skill therein which proved fatal to himself. One day, while engaged in mixing some of his preparations, and standing over the fumes with a mask of glass upon his face, the protecting vizor fell off, and the vapours killed him on the spot. His death being discovered by his servants, a magistrate was called in, and the effects taken in charge, the deceased being understood to be without friends. A casket was seen which contained an open paper, and some sealed packets. The paper, which had plainly been *drawn up* with a view to the possibility of such an accident, contained the most solemn injunctions to those who should find it, to carry the casket to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers. 'It belongs to her alone,' said the paper,

an be of use to no one else. If she be dead before en it is my desire that the casket be burned, without opened by any one. This I charge upon those who as they would have peace on earth, and as they their souls! This is my last will.' The very ility of these instructions defeated their purpose, used the agents of justice to open the packet so cared for. Poisons, and recipes for poisons, with ons to *use* them, constituted nearly the whole con-

A note from the marchioness to Saint-Croix, ing a promise of 30,000 livres, was also there, and letters from the same party. These did not pre- disclose the truth, but were sufficient to excite suspicions. Meanwhile the marchioness had heard decease of Saint-Croix, and came instantly to the Probably aware of the existence of the paper, she ded the casket. It was refused to her, and, in anxiety, she endeavoured to bribe the officers. g all vain, she grew alarmed, went home, and, ; made rapid preparations, fled towards Flanders, she reached in safety.

piece of matchless audacity on the part of La ée, the valet, threw new light on the affair. This ame forward, and asserted that Saint-Croix had a um of money of his in charge, and also owed him rrears of wages. The police were led to examine st history of the man, and he soon broke down the cross-examination to which he was subjected. aths of the D'Aubrays, while he served them, were bered, and he was seized. His courage failed him put to the question, and he horrified the public by ing the Marchioness de Brinvilliers to be the ress of her two brothers, and the attempted n of her sister. La Chaussée was fully convicted, xecuted. In the meantime, the retreat of the ioness was discovered, and a body of criminal s *was sent to bring* her to justice. But she was *in a convent of* Liege, from which sanctuary it ormal *to take* her by force. An active officer

named Desgrais, devised a plan of overcor difficulty. He dressed himself as an abbé, was i to the convent, and formed an acquaintance marchioness. After a time, by pretending an for her, and an unlimited devotion to her Desgrais gained her confidence so far as to beyond the convent walls, when she was at on and hurried off to France.

In a casket in her possession was found a c apparently intended for a priest, and contain closure of all her crimes. These were more hor had been previously conjectured. She adm poisoning of her father (after several trials) brothers, and one of their children; and these a were universally credited, though she afterward having written this in a state of frenzy. She a the paper, that, from mere childhood, she had l of wickedness. On her way to Paris, she mad attempts to escape, and once endeavoured to p self; but she was brought to the capital, and on trial, amid outcries of horror from the whc Madame de Sévigné describes her as the theme of talk during her imprisonment. After her cond she retracted the professions of innocence ma trial, and avowed her many murders, express contrition for them, according to her confessor's s Nevertheless, she exhibited no compunction c her execution, which Madame de Sévigné thus d —'Paris, 17th July 1676.—At last all is over. B is in the air: her miserable little body wa after the execution upon a great fire, and b ashes. . . . . It was at six in the morning tha led from prison in a shift, with a rope round and conveyed to Notre Dame, by way of public after which she was put into a cart, and carried *tion* between a priest and the executioner. S *the priest* by the way to place the executioner b *that she* might not see Desgrais, the knave (as *him)* who had seized her at Liege. The pri

entiment. "Ah, well, forgive me," said she, "and let disagreeable sight remain." She mounted the scaffold led, and died with courage.'

ch was the end of this marvel of crime, who was but ty-five years of age when she was stopped in her r. It would be charitable to suppose a tinge of lity to have been at the foundation of her monstrous uct; but truth compels us to say, that no good ads appear for sustaining that lenient view. The leous and most reprehensible practice which priests le, of exaggerating the natural remorse of the vilest mals into a holy and saving penitence, had the effect, e case of Brinvilliers, of actually making numbers of le regard her as little else than a saint at her dying , though the most worthless wretch who ever figured court of justice.

---

## AN INCIDENT IN THE QUEENSBERRY FAMILY.

needless to describe to the reader the famous Kitty , Duchess of Queensberry, 'charming, gay, and g,' the friend of Gay, and the same of whom he said:

'Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known.'

lady is well remembered by all who have read t of song and story, and that class is happily a wide ow-a-days. The majority of the anecdotes told of eccentric duchess are of a humorous character; as, example, that of her dragging a bevy of highly-ed country ladies, who had come to visit her, gh all the mire within a mile or two of Drumlanrig e, herself being attired in strong thick shoes, and articles which both protected her completely, and *not be spoiled by* mud or weather. Nothing in the *could be more* annoying than the position of these

poor visitors, who durst not contradict or resist
cious great lady, then the very top and crown of
But *all* the stories told of her Grace are not of t
order. She was concerned, at one period of her
most melancholy tragedy, and this is the matt
we wish at present to speak about.

'Mackay! I will have no Mackays!' said th
to her husband in very peremptory tones; 'a p
moner's daughter to sit in my shoes, and wed t
the house of Queensberry, one of the first matc
land! I will have no Mackays.'

'Ay, my dear,' returned the duke, 'but Dr
is no child, and you may find it difficult to b
round to your opinions on this subject.'

'Pooh, pooh! my lord duke, I think I have
more difficult concerns in my day,' returned th
ative duchess, who had seldom known what it
thwarted in anything she took into her head;
your Grace promise not to interfere with my pr
and I promise you that this silly heir of ours sh
the lady whom *I* have chosen for him, and of w
approve.'

'Well, my dear, I shall not meddle in the
replied the meek husband, 'as I certainly wou
his union with Lady Elizabeth Hope. But n
expense of his happiness. Act fairly, my lady;
and convert him, if you can; but all by fair m
fair means only.'

'Fair means!' muttered the duchess as her
walked away; 'all means are fair where the en
is to cure a foolish boy of an unworthy fancy.
truly!'

The conversation here related took place a
lanrig Castle, the magnificent seat of the Que
family in Dumfriesshire. As may be understood,
son of the self-willed duchess, Henry Lord Dr
*had fixed* his affections on a Miss Mackay, a
*respectable* though not elevated station, and
*beauty* and accomplishments. She returned,

passion of the young nobleman, and a cor-
was carried on between them of a very
nature. But when Lord Drumlanrig informed
of his attachment, one of them, as we have
thing but pleased to hear of the circumstance.
had already settled decisively in her own
ady Betty Hope, eldest daughter of the Earl
, and no one else, should wed her son. What
ok to bring this match about must now be

nlanrig was at home with his parents. Miss
resident at a great distance from him, but
rmed a cherished source of consolation. That
however, was not destined to be lasting.
of the lady were discontinued, and no
t he could use in his own had the effect
renewal of her communications. The poor
man was almost distracted with this loss of
he obstinate silence of Miss Mackay seemed
utable to no other cause. Yet on this point
ts underwent many changes. Remembering
seemed to be her attachment, he at one
rtained hopes that all would be cleared up,
ie accident had caused the temporary cessa-
etters. At another period he saw no way of
he matter, excepting by supposing her faith-
as the ultimate conviction which he reached;
ght great anguish along with it. If there
glimmer of hope in his mind, it was dispelled
ceived from the duchess, his mother. She
one day with a letter in her hand. 'Stupid
he, in tones that seemed at once to express
id reproof, 'still moping for one who never
istle about you! See here—can you bear to
ith?'

aid the son eagerly; 'anything rather than
!'

*ow that* your Miss Mackay is married,
*duchess.*

'Married! impossible!' cried the young lord.

'It is rather unmannerly, my Lord Drumlanrig, to contradict me thus, especially when I can so readily prove my words to be true. Your Miss Mackay was wedded a fortnight since, and here is evidence of it. This letter is from a friend of mine, whose word cannot surely be doubted by you—especially as she could have no possible interest in telling a falsehood.' The duchess then gave the letter to her son. He read it, and sank back on his seat in a state of speechless distress. All doubt was now at an end.

The duchess looked at him for some time in silence. 'Well,' said she at last, 'I might, I think, have looked for more spirit in a son of mine. Have you one drop of my blood in your veins? If you had, contempt would be the feeling uppermost in your mind at this moment—contempt for one who has so clearly shewn, what you were long ago told, that she never was worthy of you!' The duchess pursued this vein for some time, and at last was so far successful in rousing the young man's pride. She followed up her advantage by working on his filial affection, of which he was gifted with a large share, and prevailed on him to consent to visit Lady Elizabeth Hope, with the view of soliciting her hand.

Lord Drumlanrig proved but a cold wooer, but the duchess stood always at his elbow, to urge him on and supply all deficiencies. Besides, the young lady was too favourably disposed towards him, not to overlook any little neglects of form on his part. Hence it was that the match was arranged very speedily, the duchess having but too good reasons for allowing no time to elapse unnecessarily ere all was settled. On the 10th of July 1754, Lord Drumlanrig was united to Lady Betty, to the great joy of his mother at least. As for the young nobleman, he had attained to seeming composure of mind, and, no doubt, all who looked on during the nuptial ceremony imagined that felicity could not fail to attend a union where the parties were so highly endowed with rank, *fortune*, and many other worldly advantages.

ever and unscrupulous Kitty was not per-
me herself long upon the success of her
le Lord Drumlanrig and his bride remained
nder the eye of the duchess, all went on
er Grace took care to allow nothing to
n to her son but what she chose. The
red erelong. In October of the year 1754,
onths after his marriage, Lord Drumlanrig
ondon with his lady. They travelled in
riage, and had reached the town of —— on
ctober. Here they rested for a short time,
mlanrig walked out alone for the sake of a
more active exercise than his carriage
im. He was listlessly inattentive to every-
him, when a well-known figure met his eye,
blood from his heart in more rapid tides.
ce told him that the being who now stood
d once been the object of his every thought
was still too often the subject of his medi-
vas Miss Mackay—or she who had once
eloved name. The lady saw her former
as soon as he observed her, and from the
shed instantly over her cheek, it was plain
gnition was a matter of no common interest
as to him. For a moment, they seemed to
to act—whether to pass one another or to
oth seemed to resolve on the latter course
noment. In truth, they had the very same
loing so—a question sprung to the lips of
alled imperatively for an answer. After an
ation, the lady was able faintly to pronounce
My lord, it is not for us to meet or speak
re is one question to which I would fain
, as the matter is important to my peace
as your conduct caused by any report or
orthiness in me?'
; is I who should put that question to you,
e you have this instant anticipated me in

'My lord, you mock me,' said the lady; 'are you not wedded?'

Lord Drumlanrig started, and hurriedly asked: 'Are not *you*, madam, also wedded?'

'I am *not*, my lord!' was the lady's answer. Lord Drumlanrig struck his forehead wildly, as he cried: 'Then may God forgive those who have deceived us, and ruined the earthly peace of at least one of us!'

Further explanations passed between the unfortunate pair; and Lord Drumlanrig discovered that his mother must have systematically intercepted all his own letters, as well as those of Miss Mackay, and finally caused one to be written to herself, with the false statement of the lady's marriage. She, like himself, had only ceased to write in consequence of the obstinate silence of her correspondent. The poor young lady had remained faithful to the last, and had even so far resisted the natural promptings of womanly pride, as once and again to ask and offer explanations. The tidings of her lover's marriage closed all doubts. When these most harassing disclosures were made, the pair asked forgiveness from one another, and tore themselves asunder—never to meet again in that world which, but for the machinations of a proud and jealous woman, might have been to them a scene of unalloyed happiness!

The effect of this discovery upon Lord Drumlanrig was deplorable. He felt as if he could no longer bear the burden of existence. His poor young wife, though not charged by him with any share in the contrivances of the duchess, had become an object on which his eye could no longer rest with composure. In brief, the mind of the ill-fated young nobleman was so completely unhinged, that, on the following day, he shot himself in his carriage, by the side of his horror-stricken lady.

Read some of the books of heraldry, and they will tell *you* that Henry Earl of Drumlanrig was killed by the accidental going off of his pistol. But the case is well *known* to have been very different. Lady Drumlanrig never recovered from the shock occasioned by her

and's death. She survived him only about a year
a half, dying in April 1756. Thus the notable scheme
itty, 'charming, gay, and young,' destroyed the happi-
of at least three unfortunate human beings, and
d the premature death of two of them—the one her
son.

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## THE FOUNDATION OF SCOTT'S GUY MANNERING.

e *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1840—a work which
keeps up its ancient character and uses, with many
oved features—a correspondent, dating from Bolton,
s into a consideration of the notices which Sir Walter
and other parties have given respecting the founda-
of the story of *Guy Mannering*. He endeavours to
e that Sir Walter was himself mistaken in his recol-
ns upon this subject, and that the tale must have, in
ty, been founded upon the story of James Annesley,
which all who have read *Peregrine Pickle* must
dy be in some measure acquainted. He adds a
ative of this remarkable case, made up from various
ntic sources, and employing, as far as possible, the
age of the original authorities. At the request of
riter, we reprint this narrative :—

ord and Lady Altham, of Dunmain, in the county of
ford, had been for many years married and childless,
, in the year 1715, their warmest hopes and wishes
realised by the birth of an heir to their estates and
On that joyful evening, the hospitality of the house of
nain was claimed by a young gentleman travelling from
in, named "Master Richard Fitzgerald," who joined
. Altham and his household in drinking the healths
e "lady in the straw," and the long-expected heir, in
ustomary groaning drink. It does not appear that
*er Fitzgerald was learned* in astrology, or practised
*rauch of the "black art,"* or that he used any spell

with reference to the infant more potent than these hearty libations and sincere good wishes for his future prosperity. Next day, before leaving the hospitable mansion, the little hero of this tale was presented to the stranger, who "kissed him, and gave the nurse half a guinea."

Of Fitzgerald, we have only to add that he entered the army, and became a distinguished officer in the service of the queen of Hungary; and that, twenty-eight years afterwards, he returned to Ireland, to assist in recovering for his former infantile friend the estates and titles of his ancestors, which had been for many years iniquitously withheld from him.

Lord and Lady Altham lived unhappily together, and a separation took place soon after the birth of their son. Her ladyship, shamefully neglected by her husband, resided in England during the remainder of her life, and, from disease and poverty, was reduced to a state of extreme imbecility both of body and mind.

James Annesley, the infant son of this unhappy mother, was intrusted by Lord Altham to the charge of a woman of indifferent character, named Joan or Juggy Landy. Juggy was a dependent of the family, and lived in a cabin on the estate, about a quarter of a mile from the house of Dunmain. This hut is described as a "despicable place, without any furniture except a pot, two or three trenchers, a couple of straw-beds on the floor," and "with only a bush to draw in and out for a door." Thus humbly and inauspiciously was the boy reared, under the care of a nurse, who, however unfortunate or guilty, appears to have lavished upon her young charge the most affectionate attention. From some unexplained cause, however, Juggy Landy incurred the displeasure of Lord Altham, who took the boy from her, and ordered his groom to "horsewhip her," and "to set the dogs upon her," when she persisted in hovering about the premises to obtain a sight of her former charge.

Lord Altham now removed with his son to Dublin, where he appears to have entered upon a career of the most dissipated and profligate conduct. We find him

. to extreme pecuniary embarrassment, and his
r become a prey to low and abandoned associates;
rhom, a Miss Kennedy, he ultimately endeavoured
oduce to society as his wife. This worthless
must have obtained great ascendancy over his
, as she was enabled to drive James Annesley
s father's protection, and the poor boy became a
s vagabond, wandering about the streets of Dublin,
curing a scanty and precarious subsistence "by
of errands and holding gentlemen's horses."
time, Lord Altham's pecuniary difficulties had so
d as to induce him to endeavour to borrow money
eversionary interest in the estates of the Earl of
y, to whom he was heir-at-law. In this scheme
joined by his brother, Captain Annesley, and they
succeeded in procuring several small sums of
But as James Annesley would have proved an
nt legal impediment to these transactions, he was
ated to some parties to be dead; and where his
e could not be denied, he was asserted to be the
son of his lordship and of Juggy Landy.
Altham died in the year 1727, "so miserably poor
was actually buried at the public expense." His
Captain Annesley, attended the funeral as chief
r, and assumed the title of Baron Altham; but
e claimed to have this title registered, he was
by the king-at-arms, "on account of his nephew
ported still alive, and for want of the honorary
Ultimately, however, by means which are stated
been "well known and obvious," he succeeded in
ig his registration.
here was another and a more sincere mourner at
ral of Lord Altham than the successful inheritor
tle: a poor boy of twelve years of age, half-naked,
ded and barefooted, and wearing, as the most
nt part of his dress, an old yellow livery waistcoat,
l at an humble distance, and wept over his father's
*Young Annesley* was speedily recognised by his
*ho forcibly drove* him from the place, but not

before the boy had made himself known to
servants of his father, who were attending th
their late lord to the tomb.

The usurper now commenced a series of
obtain possession of his nephew's person, for
of transporting him beyond seas, or otherw
himself of so formidable a rival. For some
ever, these endeavours were frustrated,
through the gallantry of a brave and k
butcher, named Purcel, who, having compassi
boy's destitute state, took him into his house,
tably maintained him for a considerable tin
one occasion, when he was assailed by a num
of his uncle's emissaries, Purcel placed the b
his legs, and stoutly defending him with
resisted their utmost efforts, and succeeded
his young charge.

After having escaped from many attempts
kind, Annesley was at length kidnapped in th
Dublin, dragged by his uncle and a party of hi
to a boat, and carried on board a vessel i
which immediately sailed with our hero fo
where, on his arrival, he was apprenticed as
slave, in which condition he remained for the
thirteen years.

During his absence, his uncle, on the demise
of Anglesey, quietly succeeded to that title a
wealth.

While forcibly detained in the plantation
suffered many severe hardships and privatio
larly in his frequent unsuccessful attempts
Among other incidents which befell him, he i
deadly hatred of one master, in consequenc
pected intrigue with his wife—a charge fro
was afterwards honourably acquitted. The
a second master became affectionately attac
*but it does not appear that this regard was*
*And, finally, in effecting his escape, he fell in*
*of some* hostile negroes, who stabbed hi

ious places; from the effects of which cruelty he did
recover for several months.
At the end of thirteen years, Annesley, who had now
ained the age of twenty-five, succeeded in reaching
naica in a merchant-vessel, and he immediately volun-
red himself as a private sailor on board a man-of-war.
re he was at once identified by several officers; and
miral Vernon, who was then in command of the British
st India fleet, wrote home an account of the case to
Duke of Newcastle (the premier), and, "in the mean-
e, supplied him with clothes and money, and treated
n with the respect and attention which his rank
manded."
The Earl of Anglesey no sooner heard of these trans-
ions on board the fleet, than he used every effort to
p possession of his usurped title and property, and
he most eminent lawyers within the English and Irish
rs were retained to defend a cause, the prosecution of
ich was not as yet even threatened."
On Annesley's arrival in Dublin, "several servants who
d lived with his father came from the country to see
n. They knew him at first sight, and some of them
l on their knees to thank Heaven for his preservation
embraced his legs, and shed tears of joy for his return."
Lord Anglesey became so much alarmed at the pro-
ble result of the now threatened trial, that he expressed
intention to make a compromise with the claimant,
nounce the title, and retire into France; and with this
w he commenced learning the French language. But
s resolution was given up, in consequence of an oc-
rrence which encouraged the flattering hope that
opponent would be speedily and most effectually
posed of.
After his arrival in England, Annesley unfortunately
casioned the death of a man by the accidental discharge
a fowling-piece, which he was in the act of carrying.
ough there could *not* exist a doubt of his innocence
*all intention of such* a deed, the circumstance
*ed too good a chance* to be lost sight of by his uncle,

who employed an attorney named Gifford assistance, used every effort at the coron the subsequent trial, to bring about a ver In this, however, he did not succeed, alth tised all the unfair means that could be i cure the removal of the prisoner to Ne healthy jail to which he had been at firs and though "the earl even appeared in bench, endeavouring to intimidate and witnesses, and to inveigle the prisoner i confessions," Annesley was honourably his uncle had expended nearly L.1000 on

The trial between James Annesley, Es Earl of Anglesey, before the Right Honou Chief-Justice and the other barons of commenced on the 11th November 1743, tinued for thirteen days. The defen examined an immense number of witnesse to prove that Annesley was the illegitin late Baron Altham. The jury found for th this did not prove sufficient to recover his ti for his uncle "had recourse to every allowed, and his powerful interest procured which set aside the verdict." Before ano be brought about, Annesley died without Lord Anglesey consequently remained possession.

It is presumed that the points of resem the leading incidents in the life of this unf nobleman and the adventures of Henry B *Mannering*, are so evident, as to require ne nor enumeration to make them appare cursory reader of the novel. The additio other circumstances will, it is believed, am of the identity of the two stories.

*The* names of many of the witnesses ex *trial have* been appropriated—generally w *alteration*—to characters in the novel. *one of them* is named *Henry* Brown, whil

beest *Brown*, is the hero of the story. An Irish
s examined, named *Abel Butler*, while we find
*ipson* in *Guy Mannering* and *Reuben* BUTLER in
*t of Mid-Lothian*—all three corresponding in
i as in name. Gifford and Glossin, although
alike in patronymic, resemble each other still
haracter and the abuse of their common profes-
fford had an associate in iniquity named "Jans,"
ans Janson" is the *alias* assumed by Glossin's
e, Dirk Hatteraick. Again, we find *Arthur* Lord
nd Mr MacMullan in the history, and *Arthur*
Esquire, and *Mr MacMorlan* in the fiction.
and *Barnes* appear unaltered in each.
rkable expression used by one of the witnesses
ce to Annesley—"*He is the right heir, if right
place*"—has probably served as a hint for the
the Bertram family: "*Our right makes our*

---

## JOHN OF VICENCIA.

rly part of the thirteenth century, the Italian
were involved in a series of civil wars, the
e cause of which is now lost in obscurity. So
indeed, had been these appeals to arms, and so
ed were men to violence and bloodshed, that
rary historians did not deem it necessary to do
a indicate their occurrence, without assigning
ives or informing us of their results. The
of the two great parties which had for centuries
ie Italian states into Guelfs and Ghibelines, was
riod at its height. Two contending claimants
perial throne had recently made that unhappy
ie seat of war; while the ambitious priests, who
*essively for short* periods the pontifical chair,
*of the paternal* character which they had

assumed, incited to new contests a people addicted to strife and ungovernable in their resentment. Added to these prevailing causes was the jealousy which existed between the nobles and citizens, producing in many instances bloody commotions, which, whether resulting in the exclusion of the nobles from participation in the government, or in their usurpation of supreme authority, left the seeds of suspicion and hatred to engender new dissensions, violent and interminable.

In Lombardy, all these causes existed in their most aggravated form, and operated, perhaps, with not the less effect that the famous Lombardy League, formed at a juncture when they were menaced by the imperial arms, had restrained for a time the violence of passions which it could not suppress. At this period a number of Dominican monks, whose unhappy office it had been to arouse the populace to the persecution of the unfortunate Albigenses, bethought themselves of an employment more worthy of their religion, and commenced those exercises which were long known in Italy as 'the preaching of the peace.' Severe in their morals, and practised in austerities, they had acquired a reputation for sanctity well fitted to promote their laudable designs.

Among those engaged in this noble undertaking, no one was more distinguished than John of Vicencia. He commenced his preaching at Bologna in 1233 with eminent success. The citizens, the neighbouring peasants, and especially the soldiers, attracted by his eloquence, assembled in crowds around him, and, displaying their crosses and their banners, seemed equally prepared to receive the precepts and obey the orders of the preacher. Among this multitude moved by his discourse, all those in Bologna who had entertained any enmities were seen coming to lay them at his feet, and swear perpetual peace with their former foes. The magistrates themselves, actuated by the same impulse, submitted their laws to his revisal, entreating that those statutes might be annulled which could give rise to future dissensions. Proceeding to Padua, the municipal authorities came

et him at many leagues' distance, and conducted
1 triumph into the city, seated on the sacred car.
assembled populace heard with transport 'the
ing of the peace,' and applauded those recon-
ns which effaced on the instant the animosities
rs.

s he visited, with uniform success, the principal
of Lombardy, everywhere reconciling enemies, and
vhere hailed as the 'healer of breaches.' Nor was
he republican towns only that he was received in
haracter. The nobles submitted their differences
qual confidence to his arbitration, and the whole
tion of Lombardy prepared to assist at a solemn
bly which he had convoked in the Plain of Paquarra,
banks of the Adige. Never had a nobler enter-
been undertaken—as remarked by M. Sismundi,
relation of this extraordinary passage we follow—
hat of reconciling twenty inimical states by the
inspiration of religious sentiments—by the simple
ice of Christianity—by the unaided power of lan-

Never had a grander spectacle been presented to
es of men. The entire population of Verona and
a, of Brescia and Padua, and of eight of the principal
of Lombardy, surrounded by their respective
rates, assembled under their national standards,
numerous company of bishops and nobles appeared
head of their vassals. From a lofty seat elevated
midst of the plain, the voice of the preacher was
tly heard by every individual of that vast assem-
and might well seem to their heated imaginations
cend from heaven. His text was the affecting
t: '*My peace I give unto you—My peace I leave
ou.*' With an eloquence till then unknown, he
a frightful picture of the miseries of war; he
ed the spirit of Christianity as a spirit of peace;
the name of God and of the Church, he commanded
ombards *to renounce* their enmities. He then
*l to them a treaty of* universal pacification, which
*e cemented by* the union of families once inimical,

and devoted to everlasting malediction those who should violate this amicable adjustment of differences.

Such was the success which attended the preaching of this apostle of peace, that for a time a universal cessation of war rewarded his labours; and one of the treaties formed under his auspices, still extant, and which contains scarcely any other condition than that of mutual forgiveness of injuries, has handed down to posterity the name of John of Vicencia with an *éclat* as singular as it is enviable.

# CHAMBERS'S

# CKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XXI.

EDINBURGH:
;HED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.
1853.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

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## JEAN CHOUAN.

ıts of this remarkable man, who gave his name
:cies of guerilla warfare which so harassed the
epublic under the name of the Chouan War,
ə *sabotiers*—makers of the wooden shoes worn
urrounding peasantry—who resided, for the
:cility of their trade, in poor miserable huts
ods of the province of Maine. This partial
rom their fellow-men, it would appear, had
ts effect upon the little community, for, owing
ave, reserved, and surly manners, they acquired
of Chouans,* which remained with Jean's
ose real appellation was Cottereau. The father
o was, however, an exception; he managed to
ad, and spent his time on Sundays at the neigh-
ms, in reading the lives of the holy saints to the
eaching the newest and prettiest songs to the
this manner he became acquainted with
oyné, and erelong a reciprocal affection arose

*om *chats-huants*, finally corrupted to chouan.

between them. But a farmer, however small, down with contempt upon a mere sabotier; so th was dismissed, and Jeanne desired to bestow he and hand elsewhere. She made no resistance— wept nor prayed; but a few days afterwards s missing, and to make it perfectly understood t had no intention of returning, she broke her dist porringer, and scattered the pieces before her door. Cottereau, as had been before arranged, n on the high-road to Laval, and after marrying, led his cottage in the forest of Coucise. Jeanne, we had never cause to regret her choice; but her h died young, and she removed to a small farm, wh been left her as a legacy, called the Poiriers, w two daughters and four sons, one of whom was the Jean Chouan, who obtained the droll nickname Gars Menteux, or Cunning Lad, from the many stratagems he resorted to.

At this time, in France, there was a cruel tax which led to much suffering, and induced the d ising practice of smuggling. For some attempts contraband traffic, Jean got himself into trouble, would have been severely punished but for a pard cured by his mother from the king—the poor having travelled days on foot to seek the royal cle On a subsequent occasion, he was imprisoned for tw for a similar offence; and it appears that his se during this period had a good effect in sobering h rendering him reflective of consequences. It also him the virtue of subjection to discipline.

Jean had three brothers—Pierre, François, an Pierre was simple in disposition; but the other tw of an audacious temperament, ready for any ent Two girls—Perrine and Renée—completed the Co family. They never seem to have interfered mu *their* brothers; and when the latter had fairly e *in* the civil war, they still occupied the farm *Poiriers*—the custom of their province requir *they* should keep at home; for whilst the

andy, Brittany, and Vendée made common cause
he men against the enemy, those of Maine remained
ne and kept house.

ing Jean's imprisonment, the Revolution had burst
By principle and position, Jean was its enemy,
ircumstances had done much to strengthen his
ients. To him the king, whose power was being
rown, was not one of those unknown masters we
ite through tradition: his mother had been received
palace; his features and his voice were familiar to
she had seen him with her own eyes sign the
ve for her son; and as she often afterwards said,
naïveté not unmingled with pride: 'The Bourbons
'ottereaus were henceforth no longer strangers!'
vas of the same opinion, and from the commence-
of the insurrection, openly attached himself to the
it party: and it was not long before his active
es were required; for the Revolution was hurrying
m one crime to another, careless of the blood it left
l so that it attained its desired object. Sentence of
pursued the emigrants, the priests who had refused
e the oath required by the new constitution were
, and the king became a prisoner to the nation.

he 15th of August 1792, by an order of the Directory,
ung men of all the neighbouring parishes were as-
ed at the town of Saint-Ouen-des-Toits, for the pur-
f forming a band of national guards and volunteers.
of the peasants obeyed the summons; but the sight
gendarmes, commissioners, and, above all, the
rs, caused a great amount of discontent, for their
ence of law had ever been of so unpleasant a
, that the Manceau, or peasant of Maine, has still
tinctive horror of the pen and its accessories. So,
desired to give their names, they answered with
and hisses; and when the gendarmes attempted
est the leaders of this movement, they were pre-
l; and blows were beginning to be exchanged,
*Jean Chouan*, who had provoked the scene,
*forward, crying*: 'We want no national guard, no

volunteers!' and the cry was quickly taken up and repeated on all sides. 'If the king requires our assistance,' added the Gars Menteux, 'we are all ready to serve him; but not a man will serve the nation.'

'Not a man! not a man!' shouted the crowd; and when the authorities began to draw up an account of this rebellious conduct on the part of the recruits, the peasantry, fearful of paper-treachery, tore up the registers, upset the inkstands, and destroyed the tables, the legs of which served them to disperse the commissioners and gendarmes.

Cottereau hastened to profit by the general enthusiasm, and bring this mere revolt to a decided insurrection. He and his brother François had been for some time in correspondence with the Royalists, and he now announced to the young men the expected arrival of a prince of royal blood, who would place himself at their head, and recompense every one according to his services. Regular daily pay was from that moment promised to such as would serve against the Bleus (Revolutionists). With the Manceaux this argument was decisive, and the first troop of insurgents, consisting of a large number of peasants, was formed under Jean Chouan. Before entering upon this new undertaking, however, each one was allowed to return home, and put his affairs in order, having first given his word of honour to return at the first summons.

A little later, a village pedler, on the first disturbance of St Florent, left the bread he was in the act of kneading, set the bells ringing, and raised an army without holding out any other inducement than the 'liberty of the parishes:' this pedler was Cathelineau, who began the formidable war of La Vendée. There, a mere enthusiast was sufficient to incite the people to revolt, and once begun, it spread like wild-fire. In Maine, on the contrary, where the insurrection was excited and sustained by *interested* motives, it continued incomplete; for enthusiasm and patriotism bind men together, whilst interest ever divides them. Meanwhile, the national guards, who had lost their colours at Saint-Ouen-des-Toits, revenged

themselves upon all the surrounding parishes suspected of royalism, and Jean Chouan resolved to test the courage of his men against them. They met at Launey Villiers, where the Bleus were defeated, leaving twenty men dead. Thenceforth the evil was irremediable—blood had flowed, and civil war had fairly commenced.

Jean Chouan and his companions, denounced by the laws, sought refuge in the wood of Misdon, lying between the forge of Port Brillet and the little town of Olivet. They were about forty in number; among them was Trion, called Miélette, who performed a daring part in the Chouan war. Cottereau and he had long been friendly rivals in the trade of salt smuggling. Notwithstanding their equality, Jean exercised the most authority, and was of the two preferred as commander of the little band; on the other hand, Miélette bore away the palm for wit, gaiety, and good stories. He was the life of the company, and the mere sight of him brought smiles and good humour. Still, there was one Chouan who remained insensible to his cheerful influence: this was Godeau, who, priding himself on his correct manners and oratorical powers, and proving himself unfitted to follow any trade, came to the comfortable conclusion, he was too superior to succeed in them. He had been for three months gamekeeper to a nobleman, and from that circumstance considered himself somewhat of a gentleman. He also imagined he understood some Latin, because the clergyman, whose groom he had been, had taught him the meaning of the words *dominus vobiscum*; and he was continually complaining of the disturbances of the times, which prevented him from enjoying the pleasures of literature.

Their present retreat suited Jean's brother, François, remarkably well, for the wood of Misdon was very near the hamlet Lorière, where lived the *pauvre fille* (poor girl). This individual was an orphan, who had been discovered in a cradle fastened by cords to the church of Olivet, and had been brought up by a farmer of Lorière from charity. Susan was a slender little thing, with no pretensions to

beauty, and rendered interesting only by her we
Although she had completed her twentieth y
would have been taken for a mere child but
remarkable power and compass of her voice, fo
she was justly celebrated in the surrounding
The pauvre fille was considered the best singer
Maine; her occupation was that of watching the ca
horses belonging to her master's farm by the la
and with no other society than her *muguet* (a p
species of dog trained to the charge of cattle), sh
away the lonely hours with the plaintive ballads sh
at all hours her voice might be heard, and many
listeners. François had, like the rest, been attra
the music of her voice; but he had gone further-
sought and spoken to Susan, and insensibly a
attachment sprang up between them. Whilst
was hiding in the wood of Misdon, they met e
near the lake, and his companions often lingere
distance, to listen to the village rounds and balls
by the lovers. One day, the blacksmiths of Por
profited by one of these excursions, and during the
of the band, entered the wood, destroyed the Chou
and carried off all they contained, even to the lar
pot in which they cooked their food. On their
the Royalists found themselves deprived of ho
household gear. Fortunately, the thieves had l
traces, and Jean and his companions followed
Papillonnière, near to Olivet, where they imm
attacked them. After a sharp struggle, they s
in rescuing all that they had been despoiled
Miélette returned to Misdon, carrying the black
the point of his staff, quite as triumphantly as J
carried the famous golden fleece.

This was the signal for the commencement
lities, and similar skirmishes followed thickly
*another*. The hatred between the two parties in
*and* very soon those made prisoners were s
*suspected* persons murdered in their own ho
*long*, the Republicans found it impossible to

towns without being guarded by detachments of revolutionary soldiers, and even these were often surprised and dispersed. Jean had but one plan of attack, always the same, but always successful: he divided his band into three parties, whom he placed in ambush behind the hedges on each side of the road, and allowed the Bleus to advance unmolested until they had reached the second party—who then commenced firing, whilst at the same time the first and third ambush made their appearance in front and rear of the surprised column, which found itself entirely surrounded.

While the activity of Cottereau kept the Republicans and patriots on the alert, the insurrection begun by Cathelineau had spread and assumed a most serious aspect. The Manceaux and Bretons were still mere romancers, the war in La Vendée had become an epic poem. Among the latter, as we said before, the revolt from the first had assumed a popular character.

The nobles had had no hand in it; they had merely directed its energies when raised, and it had become irresistible. Bressuire, Thouars, Parthenay, Saumur, Angers, had one by one fallen before the Royalists, and Nantes was on the point of surrendering, when Cathelineau was mortally wounded; the ball which struck HIM saved the republican cause in the west. Cathelineau had excited and sustained the royalist insurrection among the country-people of his own class, and with him died their faith in the invincibility of their cause, and they paused panic-struck. Till then the Vendeans had fought for, and in their mother-country; and from thence, like Antæus, had constantly derived fresh strength and courage, but they suddenly abandoned it, and crossed the Loire. Their leaders forgot it was a people, and not an army they commanded. Jean Chouan had been informed of the approaching arrival of the Royalists, but was uncertain which road they would take.

The Maine Royalists were welcomed with transports of joy by the army. The fame of Jean Chouan had passed the Loire; the Vendeans admired his handsome

person, open countenance, and the manner in
was obeyed by men who were solely influen
good-will they bore him. As to the crimes of
robbery of which he was accused, his tatte
were decided proofs to the contrary: he di
possess the goatskin universally worn by t
peasant. The Prince de Talmont supplied th
presenting him with his own mantle.

A great surprise awaited Jean at Laval: J
François had been afflicted with an incurable
his left side, and had for the last two months f
at the farm of Poiriers; but on hearing of the
the Vendeans, he remembered he still posses
and had set out, accompanied by his mother
neither of whom would be separated from him,
army; and in this manner the dying man, su
the women on each side, one of whom was
years and the other apparently a child, took h
the ranks which passed before the chiefs of th
Army, and Jean at the sight shed tears of mi
and grief.

The province of Maine had furnished 5000
formed a distinct body, known as La Pet
(Lesser Vendée); and the following day this
the rest of the army, entered La Croix Bataille
republican general, L'Echelle, was stationed
men. A fearful struggle ensued, and when eve
it was still undecided. At this moment, Jean i
Dehargues that he knew of a road by whic
attack the enemy's rear, which, as we have se
usual method. M. Dehargues agreed to accom
Jean collected his Manceaux, and, under she
hedges, they crept to the rear of the Repub
came upon the troops in reserve so suddenly,
leaders lost all command over them, and the
*in great* disorder.

*From* Laval the Royalists advanced to Gran
*they* were repulsed, and obliged to retire to
*The* entire destruction of the Royalist army

it was on all sides, now seemed inevitable; every hour
repose granted to their women and wounded had to be
ught for, and that victoriously; there were cessations
the battle, but it never entirely ceased.

At Dol, it was thought that everything was lost, and
he whole army began to fly. The women uttered cries
f despair, upbraiding the men for their cowardice; and
he men struck them in return, accusing them of having
ommunicated their terrors to the soldiers. Even the
valry, the flower of the army, fled, crying: '*A la mort les
raves!*' Stofflet was the foremost among the runaways.
t seemed like one of those irresistible and contagious
anics which the ancients believed to be the work of
me inimical god. But in the midst of the general dis-
rder, Jean Chouan and his men stood firm: they formed
ound the Prince de Talmont, and, protected by the mist
hich concealed the smallness of their number, repulsed
e Bleus. All agreed in declaring that they alone had
ved the army.

Every advantage, however, gained by the Vendeans
as henceforth but a protraction of their agony. At La
leche, they had been obliged by the Republicans to swim
e Loire, and with difficulty reached Maus, the last stage
this funereal retreat. There every hope was ended;
e army felt this, and even wished it. The survivors
d lost all those most dear to them; they had lost all
ste for life; and were so wearied out with fatigue, that
ny considered death as the only sure mode of procuring
st. The squares and streets were encumbered with
omen, the sick, and wounded. A few Vendean officers,
nong whom was Jean Chouan, still maintained the
fence of the town gates; and Jean took advantage of a
oment's respite to re-enter Maus in search of his mother.
e found her in the market-place, seated near Susan, her
n François extended at her feet; the widow held the
nds of the dying man in her own as she murmured a
ayer; while the pauvre fille, who supported her François's
*ad, endeavoured to smother* their sufferings by chanting
*low key one of her* provincial airs. This sad mixture of

chanting, groans, and prayers, so affected Va-de-bon-cœu who had accompanied his captain, that he stopped sho at the entrance of the market; Jean had time to giv way to no such weakness, the renewed roar of the cannc informed him that he was needed elsewhere. He seiz two horses, upon one of which he placed Susan and h brother; the other was for his mother.

'Go now, and do not stop to look behind you,' he sa hurriedly. 'If it please God, we shall meet again Poiriers.' And without waiting an answer, he h shouldered his musket, and disappeared.

The enemy had forced all the gates, and alread occupied the town. Jean and several others, under cov of the night, disputed the streets house by house. T Prince de Talmont arrived at last, and desired them think only of saving themselves; and as Jean refused leave him, he ordered him to go, saying that he ought reserve the courage of his men for better days. The Ga Menteux pretended to obey him, but after having seen the safe retreat of his troop, he returned to assure himse of the prince's safety. Satisfied on this point, he rejoine his men the next day, and they sought refuge in the woo of Misdon. Many had been wounded, and all were ha dead with fatigue. Since their departure, their so resting-places had been around the fires of the outpost and their sleep had ever been broken by the sound cannonading.

On their return, they found their former hut still standin and, overcome by the calm which reigned in the woo they threw themselves indiscriminately on the moss ar litter which had been their former bed, and slept witho waking for twenty-four hours.

The first Chouan who opened his eyes found that was again night; so many events had occurred in suc quick succession during the past month, that he had som *difficulty* in collecting his ideas. To assist him in e *lightening* himself, he called to his neighbour, and h *voice* awaking others, the whole troop were soon roun *Then* there was a moment of universal joy, when

l the consciousness of having escaped the efeat. They called each other by name, that in ess they might recognise well-known voices, for arrival trouble and fatigue had prevented them ng any notice of each other. On counting, they it they still numbered about fifty.

time, they conversed on the deplorable state . Once masters of the country, the Bleus e quarter to no Chouan, and their retreat would r be discovered and surprised; perhaps the d already been begun. These reflections, pass- gh their minds, put a stop to conversation; gh the whole band was awake, they remained l motionless.

once the distant sound of a song was borne upon breeze; they instinctively raised their heads ed; and soon the Chouans recognised the voice uvre fille. Jean, Miélette, Va-de-bon-cœur, and hers, instantly sprang up, but the night was too l though the leaves were gone, the branches l them from distinguishing anything. However, le for the direction of the voice, which was Susan's, though more monotonous and sad than

She continued gradually to approach the hut, ed to have the intention of joining them; they hastened to the border of the lake, gave one d stood motionless with surprise and horror. w paces from them appeared the pauvre fille, hanging over her neck, her feet bare, and with garment than her petticoat. She led by the white horse, stained with blood, on which all d the upright motionless form of François, with t upon his wrist. At this sight Jean uttered a y, and called by name his brother and Susan, m he was separated by a marshy ravine. But continued, the rider remained as motionless as nd *the vision* disappeared across the meadow. *ans felt their* hair stand on end, and Jean himself *e.*

'Well, surely that *was* François and the pauvre fille,' he said, turning to his companions.

'Yes, if they were not ghosts,' replied Miélette, who actually trembled with superstitious fear.

'They would have heard us if they had been living,' observed Va-de-bon-cœur.

'And they would not have sung in that unearthly way!' added another Chouan.

The voice continued to be heard through the gloom, and seemed to be taking the direction of the hut. Jean overcame his terror, and, retracing his steps to the cross-road, reached it at the same moment as the two phantoms; he again called the names of Susan and François. The pauvre fille answered this time with the words: 'We are here.'

'Who are you, and what do you want?' asked Miélette, who doubted still from terror.

'Save François!' Susan cried, stretching out her arms.

Jean rushed to his brother's side, and attempted to make him speak; but François's eyes were vacant, and his teeth hard set; he was unable to answer. As for the pauvre fille, she had lost her reason through fatigue and terror. The song which she had repeated unceasingly since her departure from Maus, to soothe the suffering man, seemed to have taken possession of her brain, to the exclusion of all other ideas; she continued to sing it mechanically, and seemed unable to stop. Jean inquired for his mother.

'Down below there—she is with the others!' she replied in her half-delirium; 'the cannons, carriages, and baggage were all around us—and the widow was trodden down—the oxen dragged the cart over her.'

Jean could obtain from her no other explanation; and his brother, whom Miélette and Va-de-bon-cœur had assisted from his horse, knew nothing, heard nothing; *only when his* mother's name was mentioned, they saw a *convulsive* shudder pass through his frame, and a wild flash *in his* eye, but he soon sank again into a lethargic stupor. *Grief, however*, had no softening effect upon Jean, it

rdened him the more. He continued to harass
ny by sudden attacks, and on one occasion dexte-
arried off a large quantity of ammunition from
ıring the night. In the course of these exploits,
ɜ had died from his wounds, and been secretly
n the cemetery of Olivet. The pauvre fille, whose
had gradually increased, had refused to quit the
ere his remains had been interred, and had taken
ıbode in the church porch, and spent the greater
each day by the grave, singing her songs and
The Bleus were thus made acquainted with the
place of François, and some inhuman wretches
red the corpse, and cutting off the head, placed it
ake, and announced it to be the head of the
Cottereau, captain of the Chouans of Le Bas
Whilst this horrible deed was being perpetrated,
vre fille had said nothing, and did not even cease
ing; but when they left the place, she followed
Gravelle, and seated herself at the foot of the
on which the head was exposed. The soldiers
her to take herself off, and on her resisting,
er.

heard all these details from his brother René,
ne time before, had been arrested on suspicion,
. been set at liberty again. Anxious above all
o preserve his property, René had taken no part
nsurrection, occupying himself in cultivating his
ıd protecting his cattle from the depredations of
rties; but on being set at liberty, he found his
one, his fields trodden down, and his house
a door. Some banditti, disguised as patriots, and
nt by the name of Contre Chouans, had carried
ything. On discovering his loss, René became
He ordered his wife to collect the few remaining
and bringing forth his musket from its hiding-
ıe set off to join his brother in the wood of

*is all that the* Bleus have left,' said he, pointing,
*ndle carried by* his wife; 'but if I do not kill as

many of them as they have stolen half-crowns from me, may I be a beggar all my life!'

Jean himself began to experience the first effects of despair in a feverish desire to undertake fresh enterprises; he hurried his band from the marshes of Maine to those of Brittany and back again, attacking any parties traversing the country, disarming the patriots, and delivering their prisoners. The affairs of Rougé Fen, Bourgon, St Mervhé, Grand Mail, and St Ouen, rapidly succeeded each other, and nearly all to the advantage of the Chouans; and René everywhere distinguished for his inexorable ferocity. According to Va-de-bon-cœur, 'the mere sight of the Bleus was sufficient to make his musket go off of itself!' He made no distinction between men and women; his taste for bloodshed was insatiable; at St Ouen especially, where the Chouans found it impossible to secure the booty, and consequently burned it, his rage was ungovernable. Jean endeavoured to check his barbarous proceedings as much as possible, but he was nearly the only one who disapproved of them. Violence has so much of the appearance of energy—a quality ever admired through sympathy by the strong, and by the weak through fear. Jean deprived his brother of arms several times, but all in vain—the latter always procuring a fresh musket, and continuing what he called his account of half-crowns against the Bleus.

The dismal incidents of this distracting civil war were occasionally varied by episodes of a less sombre nature. Whenever the absence of the republican troops permitted the Chouans to leave their hiding-places with safety, they either joined in the dance or rustic games of the province; or when, as not unfrequently happened, seized with a fit of religious fervour, assembled together at the churches, and sounded the *angélus*, which had perhaps not been heard for some time, and those who heard it were often affected to tears; and as the whole population knelt in prayer, the sound seemed, as Schiller describes so touchingly in his ballad, to call up all the pensive

ories of past joys—the pleasures of infancy, the ures of marriage, and the sadness of death. It was, ct, as if the poem of their lives had been recited by oices of their native village.

an Chouan took no share in these enjoyments. rly, he had fallen into a state of gloom and misan- y, and the mere sight of blood made him shudder horror. One day, when engaged in intercepting a of republican troops occupied in the transfer of ners from one town to another, he gave orders to his on no account to fire until he gave the word, and he red the Bleus to pass without a shot. His companions, greatly disapproved of Jean's proceedings, soon began urmur, but were constantly answered by him with words: 'The Cottereaus have killed far too many od's creatures already, and He will not fail to avenge .' These words seemed prophetic, for the Chouan ers soon after heard of the arrest of their two sisters, ine and Renée. This news roused Jean from his r. The girls had been taken to Bourgneuf, from ce they were to be conveyed to Laval by a strong rt; he determined to attempt their rescue. Unfor- tely, the greater part of his men were absent, and he l only muster twenty-five; but he made them swear eir hope in paradise, to save the girls or die to the man. The little troop lay in ambush in the wood of ndais, in a slight hollow surmounted by a thick e. Jean's companions had never before seen him so ted; he trembled violently, and could scarcely speak. he reminded them of the friendship they had ever ssed for him, and entreated them to pray for success eir undertaking; now he would start off to watch for xpected escort, but no sign of it appeared; the day e, and yet they did not come; and, to add to the ans' discomfort, the rain began to fall and fill the w in which they were stationed, and presently they up to their ankles in water. Jean, nearly out of his s, *often returned* to press their hands, and exclaim *tears in his eyes*: 'You will deliver them—will you

not? You will not abandon me in my distress!' and he as often received the same answer: 'Do not be alarmed, as long as you remain, we will do the same.'

Hours passed on in this manner, and the rain still continued; from their ankles the water had mounted to their knees, and not a morsel had passed the lips of any one of them for four-and-twenty hours.

At last, when night again arrived, Jean was touched with pity for men who could so unmurmuringly devote themselves for his sake.

'Go, my brave lads,' he said, 'the Bleus must have been detained by the bad weather; to-morrow, we will return and await them.' But when left alone with Miélette, he said to him: 'Return to Misdon with the men, I am going to Bourgneuf, for my heart misgives me.'

These misgivings turned out true presentiments! At Bourgneuf, Jean learned that his sisters had been conveyed early in the morning to Ernée by another road. On arriving at Ernée, he found that they had been sent on to Mayenne. He followed them there, and they had again started for Laval. Jean then returned to Misdon, to take counsel with Miélette. Among his other talents, the latter possessed the art of disguising himself to perfection: no one knew better than he how to feign the appearance of an old woman; and procuring the necessary costume, he departed for Laval, to obtain such intelligence as he could.

He returned the same evening, but so troubled that he entered the hut where Jean was awaiting him without perceiving him. Jean guessed what had happened from his pale and agitated countenance.

'They have murdered them!' he cried, starting up.

'Alas, yes!' replied Miélette; 'but it may be some consolation to you to know, that in dying they proved themselves worthy of the name they bore.' He then *proceeded* to relate that he had seen them conducted to *the guillotine*. Renée, who was scarcely sixteen years of age *wept a little*, and seemed to tremble as she walked; but *Perrine* supported her, and encouraged her in a low tone,

to die without fear. When the moment came for them to mount the ladder, she had assisted Renée; and herself suffered last, that she might spare her sister the horror of witnessing her death. When her own turn arrived, she had approached the dreadful machine as calmly as if she had been entering a church; and before the fatal blow was given, she uttered the two characteristic cries of 'Long live the king!' and 'Long live my brother, the Chouan!' Miélette had then mingled with the throng around the scaffold, and succeeded in dipping a handkerchief in the blood of the two sisters, which he now gave to Jean. The latter had listened to Miélette's account without a word; he thanked him with a motion of his head; took the handkerchief, and after regarding it attentively, hid it in his bosom, where at his death it was found. He did not shed a tear, but from that day he was never seen to smile, or heard to utter a word which was not absolutely necessary. He refused to attend the meeting of the insurgents of Bas Maine, and would take no part in any of the proposed expeditions.

'I am a doomed man, and have no desire to include others in my own certain ruin!' was his answer to those who attempted to remonstrate with him.

At last, having stopped one day at the farm of Babinière with his men, they were surprised by a detachment of Bleus, and obliged to fly. Jean had escaped, when hearing René's wife calling for help, he returned, assisted her to clear a ditch, and then turned and fronted the Republicans, to cover her retreat. He thus became a target to the Bleus, and fell at last, covered with wounds, but still possessed sufficient strength to drag himself to a neighbouring hedge, where, after the skirmish, his companions found him. They placed him on a blanket, and carrying it by the four corners, conveyed him back to Misdon, where he survived until the next day, and employed the time allowed him to encourage and strengthen his companions, naming his successor to the command, and giving appropriate advice and consolation to each. In these last adieus, there was something so calm and noble, so

entirely devoid of all earthly interest, that th
were present could never after speak of th
without emotion.

Jean's comrades dreaded for his remains a rep
the outrages committed on those of François, an
him in the most retired spot of the wood. The g
first carefully raised, a grave six feet deep dug, a
after carefully laying the corpse in, the earth
trodden down, lest any inequality of the groun
betray the spot of sepulture; and, last of all, th
grass were replaced, watered, and scattered o
dead leaves.

Such was the end of this extraordinary man, w
his name to a civil war compared to which, acc
General Hoche, *all others were mere child's play.*
was but the precursor of the great struggle i
Jambe d'Argent and M. Jacques were the heroes.
tute of all elementary instruction and general ide
Chouan neither knew how to develop revolt, nor
it when developed: he entirely wanted political
Throughout all the struggles and hazardous ex
in which he was engaged, he still remained the
peasant, confining his ideas to the duty next to
formed. Affection and family interest were th
springs of the performances which have entitle
historical fame. But the main quality necessa
head of a party was entirely wanting in him—a
Consequently, his death but slightly affected the i
tion: his work was accomplished, he disappea
others took his place. The very spot where his
rest is unknown to all but such of his compa
Misdon who survive; but be it where it may,
deserves the noblest epitaph a man can aim at.
*for the cause he believed to be the right.*

## MOZART'S REQUIEM.

vening the illustrious composer, Mozart, was seated
piano, not engaged in playing, but with his head
upon his hand. His look was that of one who
st undergone some severe physical exertion, and
by it weak and exhausted. A hectic flush was yet
is cheek, and an unnatural glow in his fine large
'My dear Wolfgang,' said the wife of the musician,
ig the room while he was in this condition, 'you
gain, I see, made yourself ill—worse than before.
ıy, for my sake, will you not refrain from this
ınt labour?' As she spoke, she kissed his pale
enderly, and a tear rose to her eye.
is in vain, my love,' answered Mozart; 'I cannot
my destiny. Were I placed on a barren rock, or
deserts of Africa, with neither instrument nor
within a hundred miles of me, my thoughts would
ıally intent on my divine art; I should exhaust
not less than I do here. To follow out the sug-
ıs of fancy, and commit them to paper, is not the
ning or toilsome portion of my occupations. On
ıtrary, I derive pleasure and refreshment from the
ent of my conceptions. The preliminary workings
brain are the causes of exhaustion, and those
ıot put a stop to. It is my fate, Constance; it is
e!'
composer seemed so much wearied as he uttered
words, that his attached wife pressed him to lie
upon the sofa, and endeavour to snatch some
ıs of sleep. Mozart complied with her suggestion,
ıaving seen him comfortably placed, his wife
.

ailing *composer*—for he had been ill, very ill, for
ıonths—*was not* destined, however, to enjoy his
*for any length* of time. He was roused by a

servant, who informed him that a stranger desired to speak with him.

'Shew him this way,' said the musician, rising from his recumbent position.

The visitor was immediately introduced. He was a person of very striking appearance, tall and commanding in stature. His countenance was peculiarly grave, solemn, and even awe-striking; and his manners were dignified and impressive. Altogether, his aspect was such as to arrest the attention of Mozart in a forcible manner. 'I come,' said the stranger, after bowing courteously to the composer's salutation, 'to request a peculiar favour from you. A friend, whose name I am required not to mention, wishes to have a solemn mass composed, as a requiem for the soul of a dear relative, recently lost, whose memory he is desirous of honouring in an especial manner. You alone, he conceives, have the power to execute the task worthily, and I am here to pray you to undertake it.'

Mozart, though unwell, saw no great difficulty in such a task as this, and he even felt that to one so interesting in look and deportment as the stranger, it would have been difficult for him to refuse a much harder matter. 'In what time,' said he after a pause, 'must the work be completed?'

'In a month or so,' answered the stranger; 'and expense is not to be considered. Make your own terms for remuneration.'

Mozart mentioned a moderate sum. The stranger immediately pulled out a purse, and taking from it 100 ducats—a sum exceeding the composer's demand—laid the money on the table. Immediately afterwards, he took his leave.

The concealment of the name of the party requiring the requiem, and the remarkable air and appearance of the stranger, caused this visit to make a strong impression on the sensitive mind of the great master. It was not long after the stranger had left ere Mozart commenced to the work which he had engaged to perform. He had

en brooding over the subject for a time, and suddenly rted up, and called for writing-materials. For a period proceeded in his composition with extraordinary ardour, t the excitement of the task was hurtful to him. His inting-fits returned, and for some successive days he s confined to bed.

As soon as he was able, he resumed his occupation, t being too enthusiastic to proceed with only moderate ligence, he soon brought back his illness. Thus it was at the work was carried on by fits and starts. One day, hen his wife was hanging over him, as he sat at his sno, he abruptly stopped and said: 'The conviction s seized me, that I am writing my own requiem. This ll be my own funeral service!'

At the end of the month, the stranger made his appearce punctually. 'I have found it impossible to keep y word,' said Mozart; 'this work has interested me ore than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my st design.'

'Then take a little additional time,' answered the ranger.

'Another month,' said Mozart, 'and it shall be ady.'

'For this added trouble,' returned the stranger, 'there ust be an additional recompense. With these words drew his purse, and laying down fifty ducats, took s leave, with the promise to return again at the time pointed.

Mozart resumed his labours, and the requiem proceeded. very day the composer grew more and more enthusiastic the prosecution of his task, but every day his bodily wers became more and more enfeebled. The impression hich he had communicated to his wife gained additional rength, and the more so as his endeavours to discover e name and character of the interesting and mysterious ranger proved unavailing. He had ordered a servant follow the stranger on the occasion of his last visit, t *the man had returned* with the announcement, that *object of his pursuit* had suddenly disappeared from

before his eyes! Inquiries amongst friends were equally fruitless. These circumstances, as we have said, deepened the conviction on Mozart's mind that he was composing his own requiem, and composing it at no earthly command. This idea, so likely to impress the romantic spirit of the great composer, rather favoured than impeded the completion of the requiem. As his physical powers decayed, the zeal of the composer increased. He finished the task as far as he considered necessary, and almost immediately afterwards, the soul of Mozart left its mortal tenement.

When the stranger returned—for he did return at the appointed day—Mozart was no more. Strange to tell, the visitor shewed now no anxiety for the requiem, and it was left to serve as a commemoration of the great master himself. It is yet well known by the name of *Mozart's Requiem*.

This story has been often told in nearly the above terms. Mr Hogarth's agreeable volume, *Musical History, Biography, and Criticism*, enables us to add all that is known or conjectured with respect to the mysterious stranger. 'The *Requiem* was afterwards completed by Sussmayer, a composer of considerable eminence, who was a friend of Mozart's family. The circumstances under which this work was composed, and the state in which it was when Mozart's pen was arrested by death, have occasioned, at different times, a good deal of controversy in Germany; but the matter has not been fully cleared up. In the year 1827, an edition of the *Requiem* was published by André, a respectable music-publisher at Offenbach, the preface to which contains all the information on the subject that can now be obtained. From M. André's statements, it would appear that the person by whom Mozart was employed to compose this work, was a Count Waldseck, who, having lost his wife, took it into *his head* not to obtain, but to pretend to compose a *requiem* to her memory; that he determined to procure *a composition* of which the reputed authorship would *do him* credit; and that his steward was Mozart's em-

ns visitant. M. André's evidence amounts to a umption, and nothing more, that this might have i the case; but the truth will now probably never be rtained.

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## OPIUM-SMOKING.

D JOCELYN, late military secretary to the China ion, in a small work published some years ago—*Six ths with the Chinese Expedition*—makes the following rvations on opium-smoking, which prevails not only hina, but in the adjacent islands of India:—

)ne of the objects at this place [Singapore] that I the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his 'en; and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although aps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard i spirits, lowered to the level of the brute, and owing in his filth. The idiot smile and deathlike or, however, of the opium debauchee, has something more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the r. Pity, if possible, takes the place of other feelings, 're watch the faded cheek and haggard look of the g abandoned to the power of the drug; whilst dis- is uppermost at the sight of the human creature lled to the beast by intoxication. [What beast?—do not know any animal but man who indulges in ticating liquors.]

)ne of the streets in the centre of the town is wholly ted to the shops for the sale of this poison; and here ie evening may be seen, after the labours of the day over, crowds of Chinese, who seek these places to fy their depraved appetites. The rooms where they nd smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with es for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room *voted to gambling*. The pipe is a reed of about an *in diameter*, and the aperture in the bowl for the

admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head, The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office.

'A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain extent under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages—some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenances, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast merging to the wished for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building—a species of dead-house—where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.'

Lord Jocelyn contends that the stoppage of the opium *trade* from India would prove most disastrous to British *interests* in that great empire. The rajahs and petty *princes* are the chief growers of the poppy, and it is

important to conciliate their favour. The best opium is produced in Malwah, a district of India. From that quarter it pays at Bombay a duty of 125 rupees (L.12, 10s.) per chest, fetching in that market from 400 to 500 rupees (L.40 to L.50). This quantity sells on the Chinese coast for 700 dollars (L.151, 5s. 4d.), and perhaps much more. The temptation to get so large a profit sets all plans for stopping the trade at defiance. 'The opium-trade,' his lordship observes, 'however hateful it may appear in the eyes of many, is, it must be recollected, a source of great benefit to the Indian government, returning, I have heard, a revenue of upwards of L.2,500,000 yearly. It therefore becomes those who are so eager for its suppression, to point out some method of making up the serious defalcation of revenue that must necessarily accrue to the Indian government, whose expenses already outrun its present income.' The question, which is surrounded with a thousand difficulties, ought to be treated calmly, and on large and enlightened views.

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## STORY OF FISHER WILLIE:

### A TRADITION OF FIFE.

THE castle of Dreel is a place well known to all who have traversed the coasts of the county of Fife. Its ruins overhang the harbour of Easter Anstruther, at a point precisely opposite to the church of Wester Anstruther, and they shew it to have been a fortalice, or baronial keep, of no slight strength. Its eyrie-like position on the rocky edge of the deep, would of course add greatly to its security. In long-past days, the castle of Dreel was the dwelling-place of the Anstruthers of that *ilk, the seignorial lords of* the district around; and people *even at the present day* hold in particular remembrance

one of the early barons of this family, named by tradition *Fisher Willie*, who flourished in the reign of Robert III., at the beginning of the fifteenth century. He is said to have been devotedly partial to the more adventurous scenes, at least of the fisherman's life, and to have accompanied his fishing dependents and neighbours on their excursions, in all seasons of peculiar peril, acting always as keenly and warmly as if he had been by profession a hunter of the creatures of the ocean. It was not always, moreover, that the fishermen of the Forth-mouth, in those days, had leave to follow their trade in peace—their national enemies beyond Berwick, as well as their hostile neighbours nearer home, being apt frequently to intrude upon their proceedings; and Fisher Willie knew no higher glory than to head his vassals and friends in the hand-to-hand conflicts which sometimes agitated the surface of the firth from such causes and on such occasions.

Sir William Anstruther (for Fisher Willie was a belted knight, and one, too, of no carpet kind) was scarcely past the prime of life at the time when we would introduce him to the reader. He had two children, a son and a daughter, the former of whom had been at the court of King Robert almost from boyhood; while the fair Margaret dwelt with her sire in the castle of Dreel, and, by her attention to the comforts of the rough but generous-hearted knight, made up to him for the early loss of her mother. This flower of the household was one day summoned hastily to his presence—a command which she no sooner received than she hastened to obey. She presented, in figure and aspect, such a contrast to the fisher-baron, that it might have been difficult for a stranger to believe that she bore so near a relationship to him as that of a child to a father. Sir William was of a tall and powerful frame, and looked like one who had braved many a blast by sea and land; while his daughter, *though not* deficient in height, was cast in a mould of *exceeding* slightness, heightened in its fairy-like effect by *her light* hair and complexion, and pure blue eyes. This *gentle* apparition entered the private apartment of the

knight somewhat hastily, as if she knew her
mer to be imperious, though kind.
William had a paper in his hands at her entrance. He
is eyes quickly, and seemed about to speak to her
ing it, but on casting a glance at her countenance,
pped the paper again on his knee, and was silent a
it. A frown gathered on his brow.
my honour, Meg,' said he harshly, 'you have been
in tears! What! have I disturbed your tender
s? I told you to have done with this, girl, and I
to be obeyed.'
her, dear father!' answered the young lady, to
eye the tear had now indeed started, 'I ever
our to obey you.'
deavour!' said the knight with additional ill-
r; 'doubtless you have been sitting moping in
hamber, plaining against the tyranny of your father.
irl, if you were true blood of mine, your very flesh
shrink at the approach of a Home, though you
him not.' Sir William was silent for a minute, and
roceeded a little more mildly. 'All this comes of
n folly in letting you go to the court, though it was
a month or two. Your silly brother would have
nd I am rewarded by getting back a changeling
e of my own good Meg.'
, dearest father,' replied the daughter, encouraged
w her arms around his neck, and press her lips
brow, 'I am unchanged, at least in love and respect
u. Only I knew not—till he followed me hither,
s seen by you—that you had an aversion to Patrick
and his house.'
ersion, truly! a gentle word!' returned the knight;
ou knew not of this aversion! Could not any old
within fifty miles of us, have told you how my
ather was killed on the firth by these Homes and
order marauders?'
eed, I knew nought of all this, dear father,' said
et; 'but, knowing your feelings and wishes now,
*to yield them all* due obedience.'

'Well, well,' answered the knight, clearing up his brow, 'be dutiful, Meg, and be cheerful. And now,' continued he, 'to other gear. Here is somewhat concerns you of a different sort. To your tiring-maiden, Meg, and bid her see to her office! Look you here!' Sir William then shewed his daughter an invitation which had come to them, clerkly worded, from their neighbour the Laird of Thirdpart, who let them know that he would hold himself highly honoured by their presence on the morrow, at his 'poor house of Thirdpart.' The language of the invitation was respectful and courteous in the extreme. 'Now, this is well,' said the baron to his daughter, after they had perused the paper; 'I scarce thought our neighbour had manliness enough to forget the rebukes I was forced to give him, both about his presumption in respect to thee, Meg, and his attempts to make himself the king of the walk here. But I am glad to see that he can stomach his ire in a manly way, and keeps up no grudge. I shall ever think the better of him for it. Be ready, girl, and let us shew him all fair courtesy.'

'I like him not, father,' said Margaret, 'and can scarce think that there can be much of good in his thoughts towards us.'

'Tush, girl!' returned Sir William; 'hast thou the vanity to think no man can like thy pretty face at one time, but he must sigh for it to the end of his days! It pleases me to find that our neighbour has a better soul in him than I thought, and we shan't balk his feasting. Be ready, and I will see that a fair answer be returned to this same friendly cartel.'

Leaving Sir William Anstruther and his beauteous daughter to themselves, let the reader proceed with us to the mansion of Thirdpart, a low-built structure of comparatively recent erection, in a private apartment of which sat the master of the dwelling with two of his *friends*. Margaret Anstruther had, upon the whole, some *reason*, so far as looks went, for not being favourable to *the Laird* of Thirdpart. Though a man in the prime of *life*, he was low in stature, with a countenance which

tokened acuteness, but in the shape of low cunning. together, the expression was a sinister one, though haps, if asked to say where the unpleasing charac- ristics lay, one might have found it difficult to answer. e Laird of Thirdpart was, in reality, a man of despicable sions, and formed a good specimen of the dissolute en of the period, when such law as existed met with le respect, and private feuds led to a commission of the rst of crimes. The ill-regulated mind of the laird had, appears, fired at the rebuke of his neighbour the knight Dreel, and now contemplated that species of revenge hich the Scottish landed gentry at the time seldom rupled to perform, either by their own hand or that of red assassins. A vassal, who knew no law but his aster's will, was generally employed in these vengeful ices; and such the Laird of Thirdpart would have listed in his cause, but for the timely arrival at his use of a wandering beggar or gaberlunzie, whose form, anner, and apparently audacious character, seemed to nction his being engaged for the purpose. What were e precise inducements held out on the occasion, tradi- on does not say; and it is enough to know that the anderer, who, in his rambles in the district, had sought temporary residence at Thirdpart, was to remain for a y or two in the mansion, and to take an opportunity of urdering the expected guest.

According as the story runs, the ragged mendicant mported himself, on the night of his arrival at Third- rt, in a manner not to be expected from one of his pparent character. For more than two hours after tiring from the hall, to the mean apartment allotted for s rest during the night, he never stirred, but remained atchful like a sentinel at his post. At length, all sounds aving ceased in the house, he raised his head in an ititude so indicative of alertness and attention, that it as plain he had hitherto lain in meditation not sleep. l a short time, he rose from his couch, and lifting the mp, went softly to the window. It was a high square ; not more than a foot and a half in diameter, and was

no further secured than by the strong wooden frame, which was not hinged or movable. With the help of the table, the beggar examined it closely, and then, stepping down, he took from his dress a strong knife, and ungirt a rope of considerable length, which was wound round his person beneath his rags. With great caution, he began to force off the whole frame of the window, and, after much working, succeeded in getting it down without noise. The vagrant then fastened one end of the rope to a hook above the window, and, after bolting the door of his room, he passed his body backwards through the window, and by means of the rope, aided by the grasp of his feet upon the wall, descended safely to the ground. Leaving the rope hanging, he then cautiously but swiftly passed from the precincts of the house of Thirdpart, guided on his way by the light of a half full-moon.

Within an hour afterwards, the mendicant reached the castle of Dreel, and with some difficulty procured an audience of its proprietor. His story was soon told, and to wondering ears.

'Sir William, your life is in danger. You have been invited to Thirdpart on the morrow at noon?'

'I have,' said the knight.

'You are asked thither to be *murdered!*' returned the beggar.

At command of Sir William, the stranger then detailed the whole of the circumstances of the previous day, and disclosed the proposal made to himself. The startled knight cross-questioned the man relative to all the parties and particulars, and found the whole statement so clear, that conviction forced itself upon his mind. A pause then ensued.

'And how come you,' said the knight suddenly, casting a sharp glance at the stranger, 'to take so much friendly *interest in* me, as to risk thy life, perhaps, to give me this *warning*?'

*As if* conscious that the act did appear strange, the beggar looked down, and it was with some hesitation that

ed: 'No true man should stand idly by, and see a
entleman borne down by traitors.'
' said the knight, 'is this language natural to one
tation?'
oor man, Sir William, may be a true man,' said
er.
it if I detain thee to await the issue of this affair,
thy truth to the test?' returned the baron.
vagrant looked up, and replied, quietly but firmly:
ill then, Sir William, give warning to your enemies
betrayal, and put them so on their guard, that
ay either make light of any accusation brought
them, or defy your power of retaliation. To
proof of my words to appear, I must return to
rt, and be found in the morning where I was left
.'
Villiam thought deeply for a few moments. 'Yes,'
'I will give them plot for plot! Return, friend,
lpart. We shall meet again, I doubt not, when I
nk thee more fully for this service than is now in
er.'
without the castle, the beggar started off at speed,
n reached Thirdpart. By means of the rope and
vity of his limbs he reascended to his chamber.
s undisturbed. By the first light of dawn, he
l the window as carefully as possible, and then,
first time after his strange night-adventures, the
slept soundly.
aird of Thirdpart received a disappointment in the
. A messenger from the castle of Dreel an-
l that its lord had become suddenly unwell, though
a very severe extent. 'So hopeful, indeed, was
liam Anstruther of the speedy disappearance of
ient, that he prayed his neighbour of Thirdpart,
courtesy, to visit him on the following day.' So
important part of the missive. The Laird of
rt saw *nothing in these* circumstances, excepting
*rrence of an* unforeseen accident; and he hugged
*rith the consoling* idea, that his revenge was but

postponed, not frustrated. He even imagined that his visit to Dreel would improve matters, by throwing the knight more off his guard; though Thirdpart was sensible that Sir William, under any circumstances, was open and unsuspicious in temperament. The laird took care to warn certain confederates of what had happened, and he also had a conference with the beggar, whom he found in the morning quietly asleep in his place of confinement.

'The service which I looked for at your hands cannot be done to-day,' said Thirdpart.

'And when may it be done?' said the other.

'That cannot be told at present,' returned the laird; 'but the matter will be executed soon—soon, I hope. All you have in the meanwhile to do is to be at hand, and ready. Here you can find no difficulty in loitering about in your roguish profession, and be noway troubled for your safety. A boat, with a trusty hand to row it, waits at Elie, to carry you afterwards across the firth to Lothian.'

To this charge there was no remonstrance, and the treacherous laird shortly afterwards set out for the castle of Dreel. The distance being short, and the visit being one not of state but neighbourly courtesy, Thirdpart went alone, trusting also, by this show of easy and friendly confidence, to further the great purpose which he had in view, and which his dastardly spirit had brooded over, until all idea of its criminality had disappeared. It was true that in those days kings, and barons, and gentry, were all alike unscrupulous on occasions, and could take away the lives of guests sitting at their boards with confident trust in the ties of hospitality. Such deeds were not then viewed in the light which their guilt deserved; and it was comparatively easy for the actors, by money or influence, to exonerate themselves from the vengeance of the law, or other consequences that might follow. But, on the whole, men knew well enough that such actions were vile crimes. Thirdpart was sufficiently aware of this, but the rankling sense of imaginary insults

o forget it, and to meditate a retaliation far, far
g the offence.
night of Dreel was made aware of Thirdpart's
to the castle. Fisher Willie was, as we have
rally generous in spirit, but hot-tempered, and,
f his class and race at the time, prone to revenge.
e communication of the beggar had been made,
at had meditated upon the intended assassination,
had wrought himself into a state of wrath which
l it difficult, almost perilous, to keep within
On hearing of the coming of his foe, he snatched
-axe, and rushed to the landing-place at the top
nding stair of the castle, by which Thirdpart had
ly to ascend. The unsuspecting traitor came up
, with his smoothest looks called up to meet the
Behind him came one of the domestics of the
id in the train of this man followed an unnoticed
th quick but quiet steps. This was the beggar,
gining probably that the fiery knight might take
easures likely to be affected by his presence,
owed Thirdpart unperceived. But the vagrant
t foresee what the hot and rash knight was

traitor!' cried Sir William, at once fronting
t on the landing-place, and raising his pole-axe
houlder; 'how darest thou pollute this castle
r presence? How darest thou come to smile
n the man whom, hadst thou attained thy
s, thou wouldst have stabbed yesterday to the

sudden and unexpected charge, the conscious
t grew pale as death, and staggered backwards.
moved, but, in the shock of the moment, he
no audible words. 'Look behind thee!' cried
us knight, whose eye had lighted on the beggar,
fess thy guilt!' Thirdpart unconsciously obeyed.
e saw the vagrant, he started, and could not
*the word 'Traitor!'* The word was a rash one.
*s he?' roared* the knight; 'thou art the traitor,

and shalt die a traitor's death!' And as he spoke, the axe descended on the head of Thirdpart, and laid him lifeless on the spot where he stood.

The passion which dictated this dreadful act quickly abated; and while the domestic and the beggar looked with anxious faces on the body of the slain traitor, Sir William himself said, in a low voice: 'It was a hasty deed!' A long silence ensued. The reason of the knight gradually resumed its full sway, and his thoughtfulness indicated that he had become fully alive to the possible consequences of what had passed. Thirdpart was not without friends, and, through ignorance of the motives, the action might be viewed in a very unfavourable light—one much more so, at least, than those who knew the whole case would certainly view it in. 'The king! the king!' cried Sir William at length, starting from his remorseful musing; 'the king must be told all! He alone can remedy this evil hap!'

Within an hour or two afterwards, the knight of Dreel was ready to take the road, with an attendant or two. He had seen his daughter, and though the rashness of her parent had called forth many tears, the knight had partly succeeded in soothing her, and quieting her anxious fears for the consequences. 'Fear not, child, I know my royal master well,' said he. 'A thought has struck me, which I will pursue.' Accordingly, after giving particular orders for the detention of the beggar, the knight set out on his journey.

Sir William was not long in reaching the palace. Without delay, he presented himself before the king. 'A boon, a boon, my liege!' was the exclamation of the knight as he knelt before his sovereign.

'What! my burly knight of Anstruther! Welcome, welcome! How doth the fair Margaret? One word of her before aught else.'

'My daughter is well, royal sir,' replied Sir William. '*But*, may it please you, listen to the suit I have humbly to prefer.'

'*Speak*, Sir William Anstruther,' said the king; 'a

a hard asking which I will refuse to a tried
ike thee.'
e, then, my liege,' returned Sir William gravely,
that I may live to wear the coat now upon my
l to possess all that is in it.'
riousness with which this seemingly droll peti-
preferred tickled the fancy of the king, as well
others present, and they burst into prolonged
. 'Thou hast thy boon, Sir William, and thy *suit*
th it,' said Robert. The courtiers were bound
at the royal joke, and all enjoyed the con-
lemnity of Fisher Willie's look a little longer,
of them, with the remark that the knight was
emed silly, suggested that the king should call
planation of the petition. 'I have no fears that
s under it,' said Robert; 'my Fisher-knight was
terror to me with his quarrels, like some else.'
's glance at the previous speaker gave point to
ark. Sir William Anstruther, though assured
king would not retract his word, and that, by
ce which he had used—a device, by the way,
as far from uncommon in these strange old
e had secured life and lands, his *charter-deeds*
his *coat-pocket*, yet felt it a difficult matter
o tell the rest of his story. The account of
t's death made the king start and look grave,
n the treacherous plot of the deceased was
, the cloud in a great measure disappeared.
Robert confirmed his first decision, that the coat
ontents should stick by the knight as long as he
k by them. The monarch only required that a
t of the affair should be put into his hands,
lly certified, if possible, by the confession of one
rviving parties to the plot. 'But, mark me, Sir
' were the sovereign's last words, 'no feuds with
ls of Thirdpart. Enough of blood has been shed.
y protection in case of assault, and the word of
*all be kept with you.*'
*with a lightened* heart that Fisher Willie entered

his own castle again, on the third day after his departu
'All is well, all is well, Meg,' said he, as he kissed
daughter, and gave her an account of what had pass
'And now, Meg,' said he, 'I have a debt to pay wh
must stand against me no longer.' Then calling
servants, he ordered them to bring the beggar bef
him. In a few minutes, the vagrant stood in presence
the knight and his daughter, with head respectful
bowed towards the ground.

'I owe this man my life,' said the knight, 'ho
thinkest thou, daughter, he should be repaid?'

'He has the warmest gratitude of a daughter, for th
boon he has conferred, in saving a father from death
said Margaret, with moist eyes.

'By my honour, but he shall have more,' returned th
knight. 'How! are fathers so plenty, or of so litth
worth, or so lightly esteemed, that a daughter can giv
but the breath of her mouth for such an act as this? No
he must have more from thee, Meg!—to be brief, he mus
have thy *hand!*'

'Father!' exclaimed Margaret, in tones of extreme
surprise.

'Yes,' said Sir William, 'such a debt can only be paic
thus. He *shall* be thy husband! I swear it, by my
father's bones!'

'Father! dearest father!' cried Margaret in tones o
agony—heedless of the beggar, who had started forwar
with clasped hands; 'dearest father, do not break my
heart! Oh, say you are not in earnest! I love another!'

'Pshaw, silly girl!' exclaimed the knight, startling his
daughter still further by bursting into a hearty laugh;
'can an old man's eyes detect the face which he had but
once seen, while a slight disguise can blind thine, *loving*
though they be?' As he spoke, he seized the long black
locks of the gaberlunzie, and, snatching them off, dis-
closed to view the short brown hair and fine features of
*a youth* of two-and-twenty.

'*Margaret!* beloved Margaret!' said Patrick Home,
*for such* was the unveiled beggar. The young daughte

knight grew suddenly red and pale by turns, and
ıtending emotions erelong found vent in a flood of
ears. These were shed in her lover's arms, which
pened to receive her, and which folded her in an
e the more exquisite to both, as former circum-
i had given but little reason to hope that such a
e would ever fall to their lot—at least with a
s full sanction, and under his eye.

have now almost closed this traditionary story of
Willie and the fair Margaret Anstruther. Patrick
whom she had met at court and loved, as already
made the avowal to the knight, that he had dis-
himself as a beggar, in the hope of seeing his
s once more; and that he had brought with him a
repared at all risks to attempt the accomplishment
interview with her, without whom he felt life a
. That rope had been of signal use to him, when,
e accident, he had been taken into the house of
art, and had become acquainted with the designs
; personage and his associates. The knowledge
ıirdpart had been a disappointed suitor of Margaret,
criptions of the plotters, and other circumstances,
ıde him fully assured that Sir William Anstruther
e victim aimed at. The rest is known to the

To the delight of Margaret's ears, Sir William
. loudly young Home's courage and presence of
which had been the means of producing such an

The knight also took some individual credit for
ng the youth through his rags, and admitted that
ıve train of thinking which his own rash act had
ɔn the journey to Stirling, had determined him to
ıis feudal hatred, and reward Patrick Home by
ting to the match in which his happiness and that
garet seemed to be bound up.

ick Home, soon after these events, conveyed across
h to Berwickshire one of the loveliest brides who
ıtered the bounds of the Borders. We shall only
*say, that regret* for his rashness made Fisher
*nore temperate* in his wrath throughout his re-

maining life, though some palliation of his act was derived from the confession, under promise of safety, of one of Thirdpart's associates. But, in truth, few in those days blamed Sir William for Thirdpart's death; and the king, in honouring the knight with new heraldic bearings, even made him take the allusive device of a 'hand with a pole-axe,' with the motto 'Periissem ni periissem;' in English, 'I should have perished, had I not gone through with it,' or 'had I not made another perish.' To this day, the Anstruthers bear these arms; and it is also said that the coat in which Fisher Willie went to Stirling was preserved, up till within these few years, at the modern family seat of Elie House. It was an ample garment, and very rich. A thoughtless lady-descendant unluckily cut this relic to pieces.

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## VISIT TO THE VOLCANO OF KIRAUEA.

THIS volcano is situated in the southern part of the island of Owyhee, the largest of the group called the Sandwich Islands. Owyhee, like many of the islands of the Pacific, is of volcanic origin. Vast streams of lava have since flowed over the greater part of it—some of these have rolled on for thirty and more miles, and then precipitated themselves over the cliffs into the sea—and so late as the year 1800, a single current from one of the large craters filled up an extensive bay, twenty miles in length, and formed the present coast. The recent lava is quite bare, without even a blade of grass, while the more ancient has become decomposed, and is covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. The scenery of the island is sublime: some of the mountains are from 15,000 *to 18,000* feet above the level of the sea. The following *account* of a visit to the great volcano has been drawn *up for* Professor Silliman, from the statements of two *American captains*, who visited it in 1833.

arly in the morning, on the 7th of May, Captains
e and Parker, in company with several others, left
ort at Lord Byron's Bay, for the purpose of visiting
celebrated volcano Kirauea. After travelling a few
s through a delightful country, interspersed with hill
valley, and adorned with clusters of trees hung with
ichest foliage, they came to a forest several miles in
nt, so entangled with shrubs, and interwoven with
ping vines, that its passage was extremely difficult.
ssuing from this, the scenery again wore a pleasing
ct, but was soon changed into a dreary waste. Their
e was now in the direct course of a large stream of
, thirty miles in length and four or five in breadth.
lava was of recent formation, with a surface in some
es so slippery as to endanger falling, and in others so
ed as to render it toilsome and dangerous to pass.
tered around were a few shrubs that had taken root
ie volcanic sand and scoriæ, and on each side of the
am grew a stunted forest. Mouna Roa and Mouna
were seen in the distance, and on either side stretched
broad expanse of the ocean, mingling with the far
zon. The party had travelled nearly the whole
nt of the current of lava before sunset; they were,
ever, much fatigued, and gladly took possession of a
hut erected by the islanders, where they slept
dly through the night. Early the next morning, ere
sun rose, they resumed their journey, and soon a
tiful landscape broke upon their view; but its
htful scenery detained them only a few moments,
he smoke of the volcano was seen rising gracefully in
listance. Quickening their march, they arrived soon
nine o'clock at a smoking lake of sulphur and
æ, from which they collected some delicate speci-
s of crystallised sulphur, and proceeded on. The next
ct which attracted their attention, was a great fissure
or 600 feet from the crater. It was about 30 feet
, 500 or 600 feet long, and from all parts of it con-
*dly issued immense* bodies of steam, so hot that the
s *cooked potatoes* over it in a few minutes. The

steam on meeting the cold air is condensed, and not far from the fissure on the north, is a beautiful pond formed from it, that furnishes very good water, and is the only place where it occurs for many miles. The pond is surrounded with luxuriant trees, and sporting on its surface were seen large flocks of wild-fowl. It was now ten o'clock, and the whole party, since passing the lake of sulphur, had been walking over a rugged bed of lava, and standing by the side of vast chasms, of fathomless depth. They had now arrived at the great crater of Kirauea, eight miles in circumference, and stood upon the very brink of a precipice, from which they looked down more than 1000 feet into a horrid gulf, where the elements of nature seemed warring against each other. Huge masses of fire were seen rolling and tossing like the billowy ocean. From its volcanic cones, continually burst lava, glowing with the most intense heat. Hissing, rumbling, agonising sounds came from the very depths of the dread abyss, and dense clouds of smoke and steam rolled from the crater.

'Such awful thrilling sights and sounds were almost enough to make the stoutest heart recoil with horror, and shrink from the purpose of descending to the great seat of action. But men who had been constantly engaged in the most daring enterprise—whose whole lives had been spent on the stormy deep—were not easily deterred from the undertaking. Each one of the party, with a staff to test the safety of the footing, now commenced a perilous journey down a deep and rugged precipice, sometimes almost perpendicular, and frequently intersected with frightful chasms. In about forty-five minutes, they stood upon the floor of the great volcano. Twenty-six separate volcanic cones were seen, rising from twenty to sixty feet; only eight of them, however, were in operation. Up several of those that were throwing out ashes, cinders, red-hot lava, and steam, they ascended; and so near did they approach to the crater of one, that with their canes they dipped out the liquid fire. Into another they threw large masses of scoriæ, but they were instantly tossed

high into the air. A striking spectacle in the crater at this time, was its lakes of melted lava. There were six; but one, the south-west, occupied more space than all the others. Standing by the side of this, they looked down more than 300 feet upon its surface, glowing with heat, and saw huge billows of fire dash themselves on its rocky shore—whilst columns of molten lava, sixty or seventy feet high, were hurled into the air, rendering it so hot that they were obliged immediately to retreat. After a few minutes the violent struggle ceased, and the whole surface of the lake was changing to a black mass of scoriæ; but the pause was only to renew its exertions, for while they were gazing at the change, suddenly the entire crust which had been formed commenced cracking, and the burning lava soon rolled across the lake, heaving the coating on its surface like cakes of ice upon the ocean surge. Not far from the centre of the lake there was an island which the lava was never seen to overflow; but it rocked like a ship upon a stormy sea. The whole of these phenomena were witnessed by the party several times, but their repetition was always accompanied with the same effects. They now crossed the black and rugged floor of the crater, which was frequently divided by huge fissures, and came to a ridge of lava, down which they descended about forty feet, and stood upon a very level plain, occupying one-fourth of the great floor of the crater. This position, however, was found very uncomfortable to the feet, for the fire was seen in the numerous cracks that intersected the plain only one inch from the surface. Captain Chase lighted his cigar in one of them, and with their walking-sticks they could in almost any place pierce the crust, and penetrate the liquid fire. Sulphur abounds everywhere in and around the volcano; but here the whole side of the precipice, rising more than 1000 feet, was one entire mass of sulphur. They ascended several feet, and were detaching some beautiful crystallised specimens, when accidentally a large body of it *was thrown down, and that* rolled into a broad crack of *fire, and obliged them* immediately to retreat, for the

fumes that rose nearly suffocated them. They had now been in the crater more than five hours, and would gladly have lingered; but the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the cliffs above, and they commenced their journey upward, which occupied them about one hour and a quarter. They repaired to their rude hut, and while the shades of evening were gathering, despatched their frugal meal. Curiosity, however, would not allow them to sleep without revisiting the great crater. Groping along, they reached the edge of the precipice, and again looked down into the dread abyss, now lighted up by the glowing lava. The whole surface of the plain, where they had observed cracks filled with fire, appeared as though huge cables of molten lava had been stretched across it. While examining these splendid exhibitions, the entire plain, more than one-fourth of the whole crater, was suddenly changed into a great lake of fire; its crusts and volcanic cones melted away and mingled with the rolling mass. They now hurried back, astonished at the sight, and shuddering at the recollection that only a few hours had elapsed since they were standing upon the very spot. The next morning they returned to the crater for the last time. Everything was in the same condition: the new lake still glowed with heat, the volcanic cones hurled high in the air red-hot stones mixed with ashes and cinders, and accompanied with large volumes of steam, hissing and cracking as it escaped, and the great lake in the south-west was still in an agitated state. The situation of the volcano Kirauea is very remarkable, differing from every other of which we have an account. It is not a truncated mountain, rising high above the surrounding country, and visible from every quarter, nor is it seen until the traveller, after crossing an elevated plain near the foot of Mouna Roa, suddenly arrives at a precipice from which he looks down into its dread immensity.'—*Athenæum.*

# THE CONSCRIPTION:

## A FRENCH STORY.

In one of the later years of the Empire in France, at a time when the conscription laid its terrible hands on the flower of the youth of the country, and sent them off, reluctantly or unreluctantly, to the field of battle, the society of a certain small town in one of the central departments received a notable addition in the person of the Baron de Valville, a returned emigrant. He was a man apparently about fifty years of age, yet his figure retained all the erectness and elegance of early manhood. He was understood to be of one of the principal families of Normandy, and had come, it was said, to a country residence, in order to recover from the harassing effects of exile on body and mind. The little circle into which he stepped was delighted with the refined polish of his manners, and the intellectual charms of his conversation. Young men, of any rank, were scarce in those days, and the baron had few competitors in his course to popularity, and to the favour, in particular, of the ladies. His fifty years were almost forgotten, and might have been wholly so, had not his temples been undeniably whitened a little by time. The only rival, almost, of the baron, was a young man, named Florestan de Blavaux. At the first appearance of the baron, this youth had cast upon him a doubtful eye, as if afraid that the hour of M. de Valville's captivations had not yet passed by. Indeed, there was a more special and precise reason for the alarm of Blavaux —he was in love.

Some time after the baron had settled down in his new scene, Blavaux and he met in a spot where they were almost *obliged to converse.* The baron could not help *smiling at the appearance* of the other. Though young, *all, and well-formed,* Blavaux wore immense blue

spectacles, and leaned over his cane, as if bent down by years. He saw the baron's scanning glance, and said, half seriously, half smilingly: 'You see before you, sir, a victim of war.'

'What!' said De Valville, 'you have served, then!—you have been wounded?'

'Wounded! yes; ruined by the enemy that wounds us all,' replied Blavaux.

'Your property has been ravaged by the enemy, perhaps?' said the baron inquiringly.

'Yes; the enemy called the conscription,' was the answer: 'for ten years I have struggled with it, and, unequal as was the contest, as yet I have triumphed. But at what a cost! dear have been my victories! Sir, I have given *eight* defenders to my country—I have eight representatives under our banners. You know how costly substitutes always are. Mine have cost me ten thousand francs apiece.'

'That makes in all eighty thousand francs,' said the baron—'a goodly sum!'

'Yes,' continued Blavaux in a rueful tone; 'to defray the expenses, I was obliged to sell my property. I had fifteen thousand livres of income, and now I have but three. One or two new conscriptions, and I am a beggar. Our fighting government won't hear reason. It is in vain for me to tell them that I am already a soldier—in fact, that I am eight soldiers at once; that I am serving in three armies, fighting in three places—north, east, and south; that I have received more than thirty wounds, and have lost three legs and five arms; and that I have even been twice killed on the field of battle. It is needless for me to tell them all this, true as it is. The government simply say: "We have need of men, and we take you." Never was there such a system! Being no longer able to pay with my purse, I am growing ill *to avoid* new and worse evils. I have certificates of rheumatism, and can prove that my sight is weakening daily.'

The baron smiled at this tirade. 'Excellent pretext for escaping being a hero!'

baron,' said Blavaux, 'that is all very well. But
rings are not without some alloy of good. I have
reat sacrifices for my country, and enjoy an ad-
in being left almost alone—the only young man
lace. I may marry well.'
have you fixed on an object?' replied the baron.
ve,' said Blavaux after a short pause; 'I have
r affections—yes, affections—on a certain object,
n not sorry to have an opportunity of speaking to
the subject. Bow, and smile, and flirt, baron,
the world but one person.'
who may that be?' said De Valville.
ame de Nercy,' returned the young man; 'I have
ıy heart to the young and charming widow. I
at she will not give away her hand but to one of
. age, so that you need not come in my path with
intentions. Pray be warned! I will not bear
ence in that quarter. Flirt with all else whom
ıse.'
aron only laughed at Blavaux's injunctions; nor
fterwards alter his conduct in the slightest degree
Madame de Nercy. On the contrary, he was
ılly by her side, and seemed ever to call up his
owers of pleasing when in her presence. He
ome measure not unsuccessful. The lady seemed
to him with delight, but Blavaux had not misre-
ıd her, in ascribing to her a dislike to matches,
ıe age was unequal. She had, in truth, suffered
h in her former wedded state, from the disparity
caused by disparity of years, not to feel strongly
subject. Thus it chanced that, when she had
long to the attractive converse of the baron, she
cast a glance at his gray locks, and think to
'What a pity that he is fifty!' Widows are
ɔr telling their mind with freedom, and the baron
long in catching up some expressions from her
ch revealed the state of her thoughts.
*you will only* wed with one of your own age,
*'d the baron.*

'I confess to that weakness,' returned Madame de Nercy with a smile.

'You are in error,' said the baron; 'men of mature years'——

'Oh, pray do not trouble yourself to praise them!' interrupted the lady; 'my poor dead husband was of your years, and though he was as good a soul as ever lived, I learned from him that age and youth cannot assort together.'

'Then why not marry your admirer Blavaux!' said the baron.

'Pshaw, Blavaux!' replied the lady; 'he is young, to be sure, but I will never wed a man who would hide in a closet or a tub to avoid the conscription. No, no,' continued Madame de Nercy, 'I am in no hurry; I will wait for the *peace*. And in the meantime, baron, do you try with all your might to grow young again. If you were twenty years younger—we should see, we should see, baron!'

M. de Valville was silent for some time. He then said: 'Madame de Nercy, you encourage me to give utterance to a secret. I am a man of fifty, and young again I shall never be; but I have a son, the very image of myself in person, and fully twenty years younger. In him I see my very self, as I was at his age. Madame, my son loves you. He saw you but once, at a ball in Paris, during your last visit. He learned who you were; but, alas! he is so unfortunately circumstanced as to be unable to appear and own his love. Our family have ever been Royalists, and my ill-fated son was mad enough to join in a conspiracy against those in power. The plot was discovered, and he became a proscribed fugitive. For some time, he has been concealed in my own house, not in this town, but at the little country villa which I purchased near to yours. From that concealment he would ere now have burst to throw himself at your feet *but for* my entreaties. I promised to plead his cause *with* you, that he might not risk his life by exposing *himself to* the chance of seizure by the police. You have

now given me an opportunity to fulfil my word. Ah, madame, take pity upon him — take pity upon me! Consent to see him, and hear him plead his own cause!'

This strange revelation made a strong impression on the fair widow. A beautiful young man, deeply in love, and a proscribed fugitive, presented a most charmingly romantic picture to her fancy. 'I go to the country to-morrow,' said she, after some moments of blushing, yet not unpleasing confusion, 'and you may come to me at eight in the morning. We will go together.'

'Ah, madame,' replied M. de Valville, 'that is a pleasure which prudence forbids me to enjoy. Beyond a doubt, my movements are secretly watched. My son will be left to greater freedom and safety by my remaining here. In truth, it would be well for me to avert suspicion by going to some other place.

The widow was somewhat averse to go alone, but the difficulty was got over by her resolving to take a confidential friend with her. To the country, accordingly, she went on the following day. Soon after her arrival, she received a visit from a young man, whom she could not look upon without surprise. He was the very image of his father. It was the same figure twenty years younger—eyes, look, and tone of voice being the same. The step of the son was more elastic, and in place of the gray locks of the baron, short and beautiful chestnut tresses adorned the head of the son. As to the rest, the son proved to have the very spirit of the father—intelligent, polished, and tender. The poor widow's heart was soon in chains. At the end of a fortnight or so, she returned to town, and was soon after waited on by the baron, who, she understood, had fulfilled his intention of averting suspicion by a short tour.

'Ah, well,' said he, taking the hand of Madame de Mercy respectfully, 'what have you made of my poor boy? Does he consent to take care of his safety? Is he gone?'

*The widow looked* down and blushed. 'No, he is not

gone yet. Before he goes, we wish to go th little ceremony, and I now have to ask your to it.'

'You have it,' replied the baron with emotion, one can pray more sincerely for your happin the marriage!—it must be so far public, and I new perils for my son!'

'Oh, fear nothing,' exclaimed the lady; 'we ranged all that. The mayor, in whose presence take place, is devoted to me, and will be silent larly as I mean to give him a piece of ground which he has long coveted. Then the publica seem to be in your name, Adrien de Valville, wh same as your son's. It will be believed that I you, and this we will countenance. Fear noth baron. All will be done safely, though prude require you to be absent.'

The report, accordingly, went abroad of the ing marriage of the baron with Madame de Ner person was, or seemed to be greatly annoyed This was M. Florestan Blavaux. He visited th and spoke of duels and death. The baron onl and begged him in courtesy to allow the ceren to pass, to which request M. Florestan, being conscription man, gave his consent.

The ceremony passed over, and Madame A Valville returned alone from her country-seat, many regretful tears, not on account of the c certainly, but because she had seen her young a some husband quit her side to seek a safer retr to wait for more fortunate days. She came to h expecting there to meet, and to receive consolat her father-in-law. To her surprise, she saw t the gray-haired baron, but her own husband.

'You here, Adrien!' exclaimed she in terro *imprudence*! yet I embrace you again. Ah, *what* brought you here. You could not depar *seeing* your dear father!'

The young husband knelt down before her

he; 'I and my father are one! Beloved wife,
. When you saw me first as a man of fifty
s in disguise, and—can you bear to hear it?—
of the conscription! But not because I would
ldier. No; I would have served my country
But an eccentric relation bound me by his
ry under a certain age. I saw you in Paris,
have addressed you without disguise; but I
en drawn for the army, and Napoleon himself,
ir family's former principles, gave me positive
erve in person. My fortune and my love were
ke. I disguised myself, and fled—fled to the
you were. This is my whole story. You will
—I trust you will forgive me—the deception I
ised. Now when we are united, I will, if you
serve my country wherever she has need of
ou I would have revealed all before now, had
eclaration, that you would never wed one who
he conscription, terrified me into silence; and
ught of the scheme which has been followed.
, dearest wife!'
y's pardon was not difficult to obtain. Soon
sclosure which has been related, M. de Valville
it M. Blavaux. He found that gentleman too
rbed in other matters to think of duelling.
unate Blavaux had just been drawn for the
n for the *ninth* time.

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## A SEA-CHASE.

'HOIST the peak of the main-sail, Jupiter; that r gaining on us fast!'

'Ow, massa, de mast be no able to bear more s creak an' bend like a bamboo a'ready.'

'I can't help it—we must try; 'tis our only cha

The game was fast becoming desperate. W flying before a perfect hurricane, and had reh taken in sail after sail, until we were now carryir small storm-jib and a half-set main-sail. The *Wa* was as pretty a little schooner, of some sixty tons eye of a sailor would wish to look upon; and I knew her spars were as fine bits of wood as B could turn out, yet it was with no little anxi I watched the increased yielding of the main-mas wind, as the long peak was pointed to the sky, sp under it a broad white sheet of canvas. But it only chance of escape from our pursuer.

A brig of about 200 tons was on our track; her lc hull, long yards, and gracefully-cut canvas, pro her a clipper, and we had too little reason to do she was a slaver and a pirate. This was the sec she had been evidently in chase of us. She hove off the Isle of Saona, on the windward corne Domingo, and had ever since pursued us, as with determination to make us her prize. So long as t had been moderate, we had pretty well kept our but since the gale had risen to such a height as us to take in sail after sail, and had stirred up su that the poor *Water Lily* could scarce get throu brig had gained on us rapidly.

As soon as I suspected she was in pursuit of u determined to try rather a dangerous mode of but one which, from its danger, I had hoped successful. We had passed the wide bay that

st of St Domingo ; and instead of standing out into the
en sea to double Cape Mongon, a high bluff-point, formed
the range of the Barucco Mountains running down to
) sea, I had kept the schoonor's head close into the
id, determined to try to baffle our pursuer among the
)als and rocks that extend off this point. The schooner
ing so much smaller, I thought might safely pass where
) brig would be afraid to venture ; but to my great
appointment, I now saw that my calculations were
ong, for we were just coming upon the shoal that
etches from the small island of Beata to the point, and
persevering pursuer still kept straight upon our track.
vain we all gazed to catch the slightest deviation in her
rse, or the smallest alteration in her sails. Onwards
) came, careering before the gale, under fore-top-
lant and top-sails ; her foresail was half clued up, to
ow her jib and stay-sail to draw, and, perhaps, to enable
) helmsman more truly to shape his course in our wake ;
l as at this time (1812) the Western Archipelago
s infested with pirates, as formidable as savagely cruel,
)egan to feel an uncomfortable apprehension that my
:thly career, with its hopes, its fears, its ambitions, and
disappointments, was fast drawing to a close. The
*ater Lily* mounted four twelve-pound carronades—
midable enough weapons when used at close quarters,
l they had on a former occasion proved useful friends
repelling an attempt to take her by boarding when
alined on this same coast of St Domingo. But our
r guns and my crew of ten negroes, even though headed
their sable chief, Master Jupiter, would have proved
; a mouthful to the blackguard that was now fast
uring upon us. Old Jupiter knew this right well ;
l though he offered a sort of remonstrance at my order,
hastened to see it executed ; and that done, he took
stand by the weather-shrouds, holding the peak haul-
ds, once turned over the belaying-pin in his hand, and
ciously watched the motion of the seasoned spar, as it
*lded to the heavier* pressure of some passing gust, and
*stood again stiff* and erect, as in mockery of the

howling storm. With a dozen such men as Jupiter, I would not have felt much hesitation in attempting to fight off the pirate. He was about six feet two in height, and proportionally stout. Some fifty summers had passed over his head, and I daresay he had been in as many scenes where a man's life depends on his own arm. From a kidnapper of negroes on the coast of Africa, he had passed through the several stages of piracy, chains, and slavery, and was now first-lieutenant of the *Water Lily*, in the service of Messrs —— of Jamaica, and spent his time in running the schooner between the islands on mercantile and trading speculations. And as the old grizzly-headed negro now stood, with nothing on but a pair of duck-trousers, and a checked handkerchief round his head—his muscular chest and tremendous arms scarred and seamed with marks of former broils—you would have imagined him a fit representative of the merciless gang who were in pursuit. Yet Jupiter, whatever he had been, was now an honest and a faithful servant. He loved me like a father; we had been long together, and I had a sincere regard for the faithful old fellow. The only ornament he possessed, I believe, was a long knife, beautifully ornamented in the blade, which was fitted into a silver case, and studded with silver knobs over its shagreen handle. He always wore this knife secured by a silver chain round his neck, and thrust into the waistband of his trousers. There was a mystery connected with it that I could never fathom. The answer I always got was: 'Neber mind, massa, old Jupiter hab him secret too; maybe he tell you some day;' and with this answer I was forced to be content.

The brig was by this time within less than a mile of us, and every moment was shortening the distance. The sea was running fearfully high, and the spray flew from the tops of the waves, as they curled before the wind, like a snow-drift. Our little schooner seemed but a mere cockle-shell amidst the waters; she was at one moment borne aloft on the crest of some towering wave, that foamed hissing and boiling around her, as it were:

utter vexation that we could not fly along with it from our pursuer; and, again, as the mass of water rolled away from under us, we sunk down into the 'valley of waters,' and for the moment the sail actually flapped in emptiness of wind ere we were again hurled onwards by the next vast billow that swept past, foaming and hissing like its predecessor.

It was truly a wild scene, and without the additional excitement of a pirate astern, was enough to have created anxiety in the mind of the stoutest-hearted blue-jacket.

Our pursuer was now near enough to try the range of her guns; but, thanks to the rolling of the sea, and consequent unsteadiness of the mark, her shot had as yet passed harmlessly over our heads or fallen short. But this was not to last long. And as we were borne upwards by a huge sea, bang went the gun, and whirr-rr whistled a shot, seemingly close to us.

'What think you of that, Jupiter?—the fellow is coming too close.'

'Tink, massa! me tink some of us lose our grog soon.'

I thought so too.

We were rapidly closing in with the land, and a high bluff-point lay over our lee-bow, on the other side of which I knew the sea took a turn inwards at right angles, forming a fine large bay, where the whole navies of the world might have rode at anchor, sheltered from the gale that was now blowing. Towards this point I kept the schooner's head; and had resolved, should no other chance of escape present itself—of which at present I saw little—to run round under the shelter of the point, and, in smooth water wait for the pirate, and endeavour to repel her attack. I mentioned this to my sable sub, Master Jupiter, and was glad to find he entirely approved.

'Ay, ay, maybe we lick 'em dam rascal after all. Old Jupiter lub more for *fight* nor be shot dis a way like a *runaway nigger.*'

*Bang went another gun*, whirr flew the ball, and our

lee main-shrouds were as cleanly cut through as if a knife had severed them.

'Eh—now dat too bad,' growled old Jupiter.

'Never mind, my lads,' I cried; 'give another haul on the weather topping-lift; it's a good thing it's not our weather-shrouds.'

'Ay, dat true; noting so bad but he can be worse. Here, Cæsar, Jack, bring a gasket, and splice dem shroud; quick now, fore anoder shot ketch you.'

The brig had now got within a quarter of a mile of us, and I saw that our chase was fast drawing to a close. The headland was close over our lee-bow, and there seemed no alternative but to sell our lives as dearly as we could, for I scarce dared to hope that we would succeed in beating off the brig. The one gun that had been brought to bear on us still banged away; its shot flying sometimes near, and sometimes at a safe distance from us, and we were still creaking and straining under the canvas we had been able to stretch. Our men were now set to loading the carronades, and arms and ammunition were distributed—old Jupiter impressing upon the negroes, that the least they could expect, if captured, would be chains, and a sale to a new master, and the most likely fate they would meet would be walking the plank. The poor fellows were quite willing to fight, from whatever cause it proceeded, and eagerly set about loading their guns. They were so engaged when a shot from the brig struck us just beside the helm, where I was standing, and ploughed up the planks of the deck in a deep furrow, half the length of the vessel, upsetting in its course one of the carronades, and pitching the negroes that were engaged in loading it heads over heels like so many ninepins. A shower of splinters flew from the deck, and one poor fellow was hit severely; a ragged bit of wood penetrated deep into his thigh. He was taken below, and I felt in the loss of even one man, that my chance in the desperate game was lessened.

We could now distinguish the deck of the brig crowded with men; and when I considered the little chance we

had in a struggle against such fearful odds, I hesitated for a moment whether it would not be more advisable to run the schooner ashore, and trust to hiding ourselves among the thick bush that skirted the sea. I wavered in my idea of fighting, but we were now close upon the point. 'Come, Jupiter, let go the peak haulyard, and then come and stand by the main-sheet; we'll have to jibe her to round that headland, and we must show as little canvas as possible, or we'll carry away our mast. Down came the peak as Jupiter let go the haulyard, and he turned to come aft to stand by the sheet. Bang went the heavy gun from the brig. The report was followed by a sound which I can best express by the word *smash*, and a short groan. Old Jupiter doubled up, and fell forward on his face. I rushed forward to pick him up, and saw that the poor fellow's career was over. A large, ragged, horrible hole appeared about the middle of his back, and the broken handle of the knife, fastened with the chain, protruded from the wound. It was a sickening sight. The negroes crowded around the body, and gazed upon it seemingly horror-struck. We lifted him up, but there was no sign of life; the huge ball had struck him in the pit of the stomach, just on his favourite knife, and had shivered it, forcing the fragments completely through his body. For the moment I was paralysed, and forgot everything in sincere grief for the loss of my old servant, my faithful friend. But another shot from the brig roused me, as the ball whistled past.

'Come, lads, there's no time to cry; but we'll revenge poor Jupiter—we'll fight that devil.'

'Ay, ay, massa, we'll fight dat debbil,' echoed the men.

I seized the helm, which had been quitted in the horror of the moment, and cast my eyes round me to see where we were, when—could I believe my sight?—we had opened up the bay, and a large ship stood beating out towards us, under top-gallants and top-sails, and bearing at the mizzen-peak the union-jack. Hurrah!—it is—it is *an English frigate. She* had taken refuge from the gale *the bay, and hearing* the firing, was coming out to see

what it was. 'Run Cæsar, Jack, Sambo, run bel
fetch up the English ensign—run, ye rascals!' An
willingly they ran to execute my orders. The
haulyards were rove through the peak of the m
and, as it was hanging against the mast, the cor
not run. The frigate was meeting us like the wi
came on plunging and dashing through the se
nobly. It seemed utterly incredible that she coul
so much canvas beating up against such a ga
though her lee-scuppers were buried in the sea,
heeled over to the storm, yet she dashed onwards,
alike the wind and sea. Bang went her gun, and t
skipped off the top of a wave ahead of us. '
Master Skipper, we can't broach to in such a ga
with your leave we'll do all we can—which is just
before it; but we'll shew you our colours.'
jumped on the stern-sheets, and extended in my
the ensign. We were understood, and the frigat
tinued her course, closing in upon us as if to speak

It was a glorious sight to see so gallant a vessel
ing and tearing through the sea, as if rejoicing
gale that threatened momentarily to send yards an
in shivers to leeward. And to us the sight was
glorious, for in the presence of that ship we felt
were saved. Onwards she came. I stood with the
ing-trumpet in my hand, ready to hail her. S
within a hundred yards, still dashing onwards; and
I began to have some dread lest the vast mass, tha
roaring up to us, might crush us into the 'yeast of
But she was under too perfect command to cau
danger of a collision; just as she seemed to be u
her bows fell away, and she passed close under ou
'Schooner ahoy!—what brig astern?' roared the
voice of the commander. 'Pirates!' I answered.
—plunge—hiss—and she swept away past us, lea
*broad* white streak upon the water, to mark
*instant* her track.

*Her* decks were crowded; every haulyard, s
*sheet*, and down-haul, was manned by a cluster

Here, then, was the secret of this vessel's ability to carry so much sail in the teeth of such a gale of wind. Had the finger of the anxiously-watching sailing-master but moved as a signal, in an instant every stitch of canvas would have been off the masts. This is the secret, and this is the advantage of men-of-war. They are well and ably manned, and can face danger with the knowledge that they are always prepared to avert it. They may carry sail to the very verge of rashness, for they can shorten it in an instant.

But where was our pursuer? The brig, too, saw the frigate as she came out from behind the point. Her crew had been too long in the habit of avoiding such craft not to know well that now was the time, if ever, when there existed a terrible necessity to try the virtues of their beautiful vessel. At first there seemed some confusion on board the brig, but the captain's course was soon taken; his hope lay in following our plan, and trying to escape the frigate among the rocks and shoals through which we had just passed. The helm was put down, and the graceful brig came round to the wind, on the opposite tack from the frigate, bending over to the increased pressure until her fore-yard-arm dipped into the wave. She plunged bows under into the sea, and seemed scarcely able to rise again under the mass of water that rushed over her decks. For an instant I thought she was over, but she struggled on; and though her crew might be seen clinging to the weather bulwarks and shrouds, no hand was stretched, and no order was given, or if given, could not be executed, to reduce the canvas which threatened to drive her to the bottom. It was impossible that she could long stand under so much sail—she was literally buried in the sea—and after dragging her yard-arms through the waves for a few minutes, the main top-mast snapped, and top-gallant and top-sail fell over the side. A feeling of something like pity crept over us, as we watched with *intense interest* the death-struggles of the graceful brig. *The piratical* crew were forgotten, and we fixed *on the beautiful craft* as if she had been a thing of

life, and was using her own faculties in these st
struggles for self-preservation; and when her
masts went over, an involuntary expression
burst from us all.

That pirate captain was no laggard, howe
there was work to do. He had lost all hope
to windward, but another and more desperate c
remained. In an instant the helm was put up
squared, and the now maimed brig resumed
before the wind. The fore-sheets were brou
and the fore-top-sail yard was manned by activ
run out studding-sail booms. The frigate inst
and the two now ran before the wind, the pi
astern, and the frigate gradually closing in upo
brig commenced her fire, and poured a broadsi
the frigate's spars, in the hope that some lucky
wound a spar or rend a sail; and either a wo
would, with the wind that was blowing, have i
snapping of the spar or the splitting of the sail i
Some little damage might have been done, but
seemed not to heed it; she came on as regard
discharge as if the guns had contained but blan
She rapidly neared the brig, and fired a gun t
to. It was answered by a second discharge of
side, but it was a scattered firing. Confusion
began to affect the conscience-stricken crew.
charge, however, broke the fore-top-gallant y
frigate; and the breaking of this spar would
heavily against her had the chase been prolo
latter had, however, now no alternative but to
fire of the brig; and most fearfully it was retu
after gun blazed from the frigate's starboard
until every cannon was discharged. The ir
told with fearful effect upon her opponent;
the poor fellows that were struggling to g
*studding*-sail booms, dropped one after another
*hold*. The cordage, which had before been
*trim*, now flew wildly and loosely to the gal
*mast*, deprived of its stays and braces, w

wounded, waved unsteady for a few moments
he breeze, then snapped close by the deck, and
ard with a crash, carrying with it sails, yards, and
e tracery of cordage; and the poor brig, so
efore so graceful and so perfect, bounding like
ope over the waves, and bidding seeming defiance
orm, now rolled heavily in the trough of the sea
log upon the water.
hase was over. The *Water Lily* had been flying
urse, for, having got rid of our pursuer, we did
ge it, and we soon lost the frigate and her prize
e horizon. Poor Jupiter was rolled in his ham-
id dropped into the roaring sea in deep regret.
rd was spoken as he was gently lowered over
but many a tear, that would not be repressed,
er the sable faces of his men.
lays brought us to Montego Bay, and, before we
, I had the pleasure of gratefully acknowledging
ficers of H.M.S. S——, the signal service they
ered me. And, if it can be so called, I had the
on of seeing a parcel of the rascally pirates
at the frigate's yard-arms. Poor Jupiter's death
he channels of my pity for the scoundrels. The
w's words were long remembered by me after-
Some of us may lose our grog soon'—and seemed
ke a prophecy of his own fate.

## STORY OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

THE lengthened and varied annals of the Peninsula contain no episode more deeply interesting than that which the reader will find laid before him in the following brief and unvarnished narrative. The scene of the story was Portugal, and the time the middle of the fourteenth century, when Alphonso IV. sat upon the throne of that country. This prince had been distinguished in his youth for the display of almost every bad quality, having rebelled more than once against his father, and so embroiled the kingdom in repeated civil discords. When he ascended the throne, he exhibited that total disregard for his new duties which might have been expected from his previous conduct, until a solomn and bold warning from one of his chief nobles effected a compulsory reformation, rendered comparatively durable by fears for his personal safety. The caution referred to was thus given. The council of state had long waited for him one day, having affairs of consequence to transact. Alphonso had gone a-hunting, and when he appeared at length in council, it was only to entertain the grave statesmen and nobles there assembled with an account of his day's sport.

'Sire,' said one of the counsellors, 'we did not come here to listen to things fitted for the ears of huntsmen. If your highness will attend to the necessities of your subjects, you will have humble and faithful vassals; if not'——

'What then?' cried the angry king.

The minister calmly proceeded: 'If not, they will *seek another king!*'

Alphonso broke forth into a torrent of invectives; but something in the manner of those around him compelled *him* ultimately to moderate his passion, and to promise *that*, from that time forward, they would find in him, 'not Alphonso the hunter, but Alphonso the king.'

To this seasonable warning, history tells us, the Portuguese people owed many public benefits during the remainder of Alphonso's reign; but the reformation did not extend to the king's private conduct. His son and heir, Dom Pedro, was united in marriage to Constance, daughter of a powerful Castilian prince. The affections of the Infante, as the heir-apparent was called, were not consulted or engaged in this match. He was strongly attached, in fact, to another lady, named Inez de Castro, the daughter of a noble Castilian, who had sought refuge in Portugal from perils incurred in his native province. His attachment was mutual, yet Pedro remained constant in his vows to Constance, and lived in unbroken harmony with her. It is admitted by all annalists, that the virtuous fidelity and self-command exhibited by the Portuguese prince, were as commendable as they were rare in stations like his, at that period of the world's history. However, King Alphonso was aware of his son's passion for Inez de Castro; and from the fear that circumstances might yet occur to bring about a match between them, which he regarded as one unworthy of the royal house of Portugal, the king caused Donna Inez to stand godmother to one of the Infante's children by Constance, thus creating a spiritual bar to the possibility of future wedlock between the two parties. The Church of Rome forbade the union of the sponsor of an infant with its real parent.

Nevertheless, when Constance died, as she did after having married but a few years, Dom Pedro's attachment set all such obstacles at defiance. He obtained a papal dispensation, and married Inez de Castro. At the same time, he concealed his marriage from his father and the public, the lady consenting rather to bear the imputation of an illegal connection, than to subject the Infante to the risk of Alphonso's anger. For some years, Inez lived in great seclusion at Coimbra, where she bore four children to her husband—namely, Alphonso, John, Dennis, and *Beatrice. Unacknowledged as this union was, the court, nevertheless, suspected something of the kind. In*

his private conduct, Pedro not only exhibited all the affection and constancy of a husband as regarded Inez, but peremptorily declined entering into any of the new matrimonial engagements which his father was perpetually proposing to him. Inez de Castro, therefore, could not but be an object of suspicion to Alphonso and his confidants, and she unfortunately incurred, through other circumstances, a degree of additional odium, which brought on the crisis of her fate. The despotism of the reigning sovereign of Castile caused many of her countrymen to fly to Portugal for protection; and by gaining for them the favour of her husband, the Infante, she was able to place them in a position that excited the envy of the native courtiers. A strong party was by degrees formed against Inez, and to these persons it became an object of importance to dispose of the unfortunate lady, ere the demise of Alphonso called his son to the throne, and consolidated her power beyond all possibility of overthrow.

This inimical party commenced operations by working on the fears of the old king, and persuading him that the life and rights of Ferdinand, his grandson by Constance, were endangered by the influence of Inez de Castro. They brought Alphonso to the belief, that the death of that unfortunate lady was indispensable to the security of the royal line and the general peace of the country; and at length the king consented to the execution of the cruel purpose to which his mind had thus been made familiar. Pedro was absent on a lengthened hunting excursion; and during that absence, Alphonso betook himself to Coimbra, accompanied by Gonsalves, Pacheco, and Coelho, those of his courtiers most hostile to Inez de Castro. He entered the dwelling where she had lived so many years in peace with her family. Alone, with her protector and husband far away, the unhappy woman beheld this intrusion with mortal alarm. She gathered her children about her, as if her feeble arms could save them from peril, and prostrated herself along with them at the feet of the old king. She implored him to have

pity on his innocent grandchildren, and on herself, their mother. The king was not without natural feelings, and these were touched by the appeal made to him, and by the sight of his son's lovely offspring and their still beauteous mother. He left her uninjured, and rejoined the three courtiers, who eagerly waited outside, expectant of a summons to complete the bloody act in contemplation. Their arguments speedily cured the king of his humane relentings, and he gave them authority to return to the chamber of Inez, and despatch her with their daggers. The three courtiers waited for no second orders, but in a few minutes had dyed their weapons in the blood of the defenceless wife of the Infante. They then hurried with the king from the scene of their barbarous crime.

Dom Pedro's rage and grief were violent in proportion to his affection for Inez, and to the happiness he had enjoyed with her during their wedded life. From the hour of her death, his very nature seemed to be changed, and one absorbing, overwhelming passion—the desire of revenge—took possession of his soul. In the first burst of his resentment, he took arms against his father, and commenced a bloody civil war. The contest was terminated, however, by the interposition of the aged queen, who represented to her son the injustice of continuing to punish the whole country for the crime of one or a few. Pedro was alive to the justice of this appeal, and laid down his arms, to save the nation from further calamities. He submitted even to a reconciliation with his father, who thenceforth employed all possible means to appease his son, and divert his thoughts from the murdered Inez. However, Alphonso allowed the actual assassins to quit the country, and take refuge in Castile. Whether or not the old monarch succeeded in banishing the remembrance of Inez from the breast of the Infante, was made apparent soon afterwards, when the latter, by the demise of his father, was called to the throne.

*The first act of the new* king was to conclude a treaty with *the reigning sovereign* of Castile, by which all

fugitives were to be given up on both sides. Pedro of Portugal shewed a desire to effect this compact at any cost. He betrothed his three sons to the daughters of the Castilian sovereign, though these daughters were illegitimate, being the offspring of Maria de Padilla—a lady for whose sake the king of Castile had cruelly misused his wedded queen. By giving his assent to this arrangement, and any others stipulated for by the other contracting party, Pedro accomplished the grand object of his wishes —the gratification of what had become the ruling passion of his life. He got into his hands the murderers of Inez de Castro. From these men Pedro had certainly received a mortal injury, and one that deserved the punishment of death. They had cruelly and treacherously violated the privacy of his home, and for ever ruined its happiness, by dipping their hands in the blood of an unoffending woman, the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his infants. But the death which Pedro inflicted on these men was one not to be excused even by the greatness of their crime. Gonsalves and Coelho (for Pacheco escaped seizure) perished by tortures too painful to describe. Naturally a man of no ungentle nature, and even admittedly possessed of many virtues, Pedro is said to have glutted his eyes with the sufferings of his victims, all other feelings being lost in the gratification of the one great passion of revenge.

Nor was the monarch satisfied with this offering to the manes of his wife. After the execution of her slayers, he assembled the cortes, and solemnly took oath that he had obtained a papal dispensation for his marriage with Inez de Castro, and that that marriage had taken place in presence of the Bishop Guarda and the equerry of his own household. These individuals confirmed by their oaths the statement of the king. This ceremony ended, a new scene took place, of a character almost unexampled *in history*; a scene so strange, so solemn, so fearfully *impressive* in its nature, that it is little marvel that the *name* and fate of Inez de Castro should have afforded a *theme* for the poet and the painter in all lands, and

throughout all succeeding times. In presence of the whole assembled court, the body of Inez de Castro, raised from the quietude of the tomb after a sleep of several years, was placed on the throne beside her husband, and there, gorgeously attired, as became the consort of a powerful monarch, was crowned with the queenly diadem of Portugal. The heir-apparent of the sceptre, Prince Ferdinand, son of Constance, knelt in homage before the corpse, and kissed her cold hand, as the first of her subjects. The whole Portuguese nobility, lords and ladies, followed the example of the prince; and, in short, every customary rite was performed which might have accompanied the coronation of the most powerful and popular of living princesses. Pedro, meanwhile, looked on in stern enjoyment of the honours paid to the remains of his beloved wife. The body of Inez was conveyed, immediately after this ceremony, to the royal burial-place at Alcobaça, and there magnificently re-interred. Pedro closed the scene by formally establishing the legitimacy of the children of Inez, and by profusely rewarding all who had ever served her, or had any claims upon her gratitude.

Thus closes the extraordinary history of Inez de Castro. It is but fair to the memory of Pedro to state, that when he had avenged the murder of his consort, and done all in his power to clear her memory from stain, he became to Portugal a just and even popular ruler. To the last, he administered the laws with severity, but at the same time with undeviating impartiality. These qualities perhaps rendered him a ruler more fit for such times than one of milder and more merciful sentiments. He shewed, also, that a sovereign austerely just could also be habitually generous, and even munificent. Up till the hour of his death, Pedro retained his affection for the memory of Inez de Castro unchanged and undiminished, and it was his frequent custom to retire to her tomb, and there indulge in meditation upon her virtues and her fate.

## VERSES

WRITTEN BY A FATHER ON A BELOVED DAUGHTER, HELEN CALLED BY HIM 'ELLY PYE'—WHO DIED 23D MAY

I saw her in her infant day,
Whilst on a mother's lap she lay;
Her smile was heaven—her opening
Reflected deep the azure sky;
A happy, happy father I,
For oh! how sweet my 'Elly Pye.'

I saw her in her girlhood sporting,
To glen and woodland oft resorting
The flowers to cull, the notes to hea
Of sooty black-bird, whistling near,
To chase the wavering butterfly,
With nimble foot—my 'Elly Pye.'

I saw her in her teens arrayed;
Not now a girl—not yet a maid;
A girlish form, a maiden mind—
The all but woman, all refined.
Such once the form that met mine
And such the soul of 'Elly Pye.'

I saw her in her twentieth year,
Accomplished, lovely, and sincere;
A full-blown rose in bower of bliss-
A father's hope, his paradise;
My heart was light when she was b
My dear, bewitching 'Elly Pye.'

Her years had numbered twenty-on
Her bloom was fled—her spirits go
Her eye was sunken, *sadly clear*—
And dull was now her startled ear
Her *hope* was with her God on hi
Her *heart* was mine—my 'Elly

'The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear,'
She whispered low, with deadening eye,
And *kissed*, and *died*—my 'Elly Pye.'

I saw her breathe her latest breath
(And, oh! how beautiful in death!)
The passions still—the combat o'er—
And pain and sorrow *now* no more.
I could not weep, I could not sigh,
But groaned aloud: 'My Elly Pye!'

I saw the coffin borne along,
Amidst the motley, griefless throng;
I thought my heart would burst in twain—
I scarce can feel the like again,
Till in the grave I come to lie,
With my own darling 'Elly Pye.'

One year has passed, and still my heart
Feels all its love and all its smart;
There's not a glen, a wood, or wild,
That has not seen me weep my child—
That has not heard my wailing cry:
'Oh! where is now my Elly Pye?'

One year, one circling little year,
Has passed, yet Helen still is dear—
Dear as when last she blest my love,
And talked of meeting yet above;
Yes, we shall meet again on high,
My early-sainted 'Elly Pye.'

T. G.

## ELEPHANT KRAAL IN CEYLON.

ONE hot morning in November 18—, we set off from Kandy for the purpose of seeing that interesting sight, an elephant kraal, which was expected to take place the next day, eighteen miles distant. Our resting-place, however, was eight miles beyond; and although in this country twenty-six miles would be no great ride for a lady, yet in a tropical climate it was rather an undertaking. However, I must either have done so or given up what I was most desirous to witness, as we could not secure any coolies, or palanquin-bearers, at that time in Kandy, they being all engaged to carry down tents, &c., to the kraal, for the general and his party. The day was fortunately rather cloudy, and although the heat was very great, we had not the direct power of the sun to contend with. We did not reach Kornegalle till six in the evening, as we rested half-way for some hours during the hottest part of the day. I was dreadfully tired, so was glad to find that the kraal was not to take place the next day, but on the one after. It was a very pretty as well as an amusing ride; the whole country seemed in motion: elephant-carts and bullock-bandies, loaded with furniture and eatables, on their way to Cospeltie Orji, where several tents were pitched; and for some miles near the intended scene of action, the remains of fires, broken branches of trees, &c., gave it the appearance of having recently been a gipsy encampment.

On the morning of the kraal, our party started at daylight, some on horseback, and the rest in an elephant-cart, in which we got over the ground pretty well, without the pace being unpleasant. The greater part of the *gentlemen* arrived at Cospeltie the day before, as it was *intended* to drive the elephants into the enclosure in the *evening*, and take them prisoners next day, which would *have* been done easily, as in the afternoon the herd had *come* very near the entrance. With respect to the kraal,

it was nothing more than an enclosure about 200 yards long, and nearly square in form, made with very strong posts, or rather, small trees, stuck in the ground, and bound together. The inside was a thick jungle, with large trees in it, and the outside the same, excepting where it was cleared sufficiently to admit of the fence and a path round it. The entrance was about ten feet wide, with deep holes ready for the stakes to be driven in the moment the poor brutes were entrapped. It was covered over by a few green boughs, and is generally so contrived as to be in a track the elephants are in the habit of following. I saw several of these paths, and very curious they were: some appeared like covered archways, where the jungle was high, and were so thick, that I should think nothing but an elephant could make its way through. Kraals are only constructed in parts of the country frequented by elephants, and when it is known that there is a herd in the neighbourhood. As soon as the enclosure is finished, the elephants are surrounded by a crowd of people, who form a circle from the entrance of the kraal, and enclose them within it. This circle of course is very large, and varies according to circumstances; in this instance, when we arrived, the animals were enclosed in a circle of about two miles. Whenever they attempt to break through, they are driven back by the people, who shout and yell with all their might, beat the tom-toms, discharge guns, and at night fires are lighted at every ten or twelve yards' distance round the circle, and this always frightens the elephants. The natives are most anxious to have them destroyed, as they do much mischief, particularly to their paddy-fields; so that at all the kraals the natives in hundreds volunteer their services, which of course are gladly accepted. Government gives a premium of L.3 for every elephant captured.

A very large tree at one end of the enclosure was selected for the spectators, on which, about one-third of *the height up, was* laid a platform, capable of holding *hirty or forty people*, and formed of small branches

fastened together by what is called jungle-rope, which is nothing more than the creepers which are twisted round every tree and bush. It is very tough and strong, as may be supposed; but I confess I should have felt safer with a piece of English rope. A very large party of us sat down to an excellent breakfast in the tents; and the yelling appearing to come nearer and nearer, we were advised to make the best of our way to the tree, which we ascended by a steep ladder, and found it very comfortable, as we were completely shaded from the sun by an awning of cocoa-nut leaves. Having gained this commanding point, our patience was tried for several hours; for though the elephants were often so near the entrance that we could see the bushes move, and sometimes their ears flapping, they always broke away again, till at last, about three o'clock, eight elephants were driven into the kraal. Then the noise of the people became deafening, and their shouts and yells of triumph drove the poor creatures on; and we had a fine view of them as they came rushing towards us, crushing the jungle in every direction. The posts were immediately put down at the entrance, and the natives stationed themselves all round the fence; and whenever the animals came near it, they were driven back by howling and waving white sticks at them. It is said that the elephant particularly dislikes white, which is the reason the wands are flourished; but perhaps it is that white is more conspicuous than anything else among the dark green. They were driven back several times till they had half exhausted themselves, and were then comparatively quiet in the thickest cover they could find, and all we saw was an occasional shower of earth that they tossed over their bodies with their trunks. In the course of the preceding night, the rest of the herd had broken through the watch, and got clear off, and the gentlemen were loud in their regrets that they had not then been *driven* in. I was very glad this had not been done, as *I think* the rush of the elephants into the kraal was the *finest* thing we saw.

ng thus so far succeeded, the next thing was to them; and for this purpose the tame elephants troduced into the kraal. Six very large ones were t in, just under our tree, and began breaking down gle and clearing a space round the large trees to t was intended to tie the wild ones. It was really ful to see them twining their trunks round some smaller trees, and with two or three good shakes them flat. They sometimes pushed their head a tree, so as to bring the whole force of their on it, and then down it came; as for the brush- art of which was upwards of six feet high, they mowed it down with their trunks. In about an ime, the whole was, comparatively speaking, clear, e poor herd had no longer any hiding-place, but ll huddled close together in a little thicket, about ldle of the kraal. There was one very little thing them, not much bigger than a large pig, and they to take the greatest care of him, keeping him in tre of them.

tame elephant had two men on his back—one to im, and the other to noose the wild ones, which seem to be much afraid of them, as they allowed o come very near, and then walked rather slowly One of the tame ones then followed, in the most r and treacherous manner possible; and when he lose enough to the wild one, he began coaxing and him with his trunk, whilst the man with the which is fastened round the tame one's neck, off his back with it, and watched his opportunity w it over the hind-leg of the other. He soon did apparently the tame one gave the wild elephant with his tusk, which made him lift his leg as if to n; and in a moment he was a prisoner. While n was thus employed, it was curious to see the hich the tame elephant took of him, interposing e head *in such* a manner that the wild one could *h him; and if* he should fail of securing the wild ; *which* sometimes happens, the tame one puts

out his leg for the man to mount on his back, and sets off in pursuit again, which is sure to be successful in the end.

When the poor animal was noosed, he set up a dreadful yell, and tried to escape; but that was impossible, for the other tame elephants came up and headed him, whichever way he attempted to go; whilst the one to which he was fastened bent his body the way he wished to take him, and pulled him along with all his strength to the tree to which he was to be tied. When he was dragged close to it, the tame one walked round it two or three times with the rope, till he was quite secure. Another came to his other side, and thus he was wedged so closely between them, that he could not make much resistance; and if he did, he was immediately thrust at with the tusks of both of them. In this way, his legs were all firmly tied to two trees by great cable-ropes.

When the tame ones left him to go in search of the others, he began struggling most furiously, and moaned and bellowed in a very melancholy manner, frequently throwing himself on the ground, and digging his teeth into the earth, while the tears were rolling down his face. Although I came on purpose to see all this, and should have been much disappointed if I had not, still I could not help feeling very sorry to see the noble animal suffering so acutely. My consolation was, that some day he would have the pleasure of doing the same to others, for it really seemed a pleasure to the tame ones. His cries brought back the rest of the herd, which looked at him through the bushes, but did not attempt a rescue, which they often do, but took to their heels whenever they saw the tame ones turn in their direction.

In this manner they were all secured, excepting the little one, as he could not do much harm, and always kept close to his mother, which was very quiet, and was therefore only tied by three legs. A young elephant is, *I think*, the drollest-looking creature possible. This one was supposed to be about three months old, and was not above three feet high, but it made more noise than all the rest, and trumpeted and charged in great style.

Kraals are now much less frequent in Ceylon than ey used to be. Some years ago, there was one in the on of Kandy, in which a good many elephants were ken; and a gentleman told me he was present at one Tangalle, where 270 were enclosed, which no doubt ust have been a very fine sight; but of course only few, comparatively speaking, could have been taken, e rest must have been killed. There are now immense mbers in that part of the island, but still they are creasing everywhere, and must continue to do so as e population increases, and the country is laid more en.

It is dangerous to meet a single elephant. He is almost re to attack you, but a herd will allow you to come ry close to them, without attempting to touch you, less they are irritated by being hunted or fired at; but is a hopeless case if you meet a *rogue* elephant, as a gle one is called in Ceylon. People tell you that they ve been dismissed from the herd for misconduct, and at that is the reason why they are always so furious. ere is a little stream very near the kraal at Cospeltie, ere, some years ago, the *tappal man* (as the postman called) was killed by a rogue elephant early in the rning. The poor fellow was told that an elephant was the road, but he did not like to delay, and pushed on. me people, who were not far off, just heard the animal ar, and a sort of moan followed. When it was day-ht, the unfortunate man's body was found crushed a frightful manner, but his death must have been stantaneous.

There were temporary stables near Kornegalle, where e elephants were kept till tame enough to be made use-l. We went and saw them. There were ten elephants the stalls, which had been taken at a kraal in the ighbourhood a month before. Some of them were very ld and furious looking, one little one, as usual, making re noise than all the rest; and as he was strong enough *knock a man down*, he was tied by the leg in the l. *He was afterwards* given to the 78th Highlanders,

who brought him home, and was made a pet of h regiment.

The situation of the elephant in his stall must be painful and uncomfortable, and there is often great culty in fastening him into it; it is made just enough to admit him, but not sufficiently so to all his turning round. There is a wide stall on each into which two tame ones go, dragging their prisone the middle one, and remain beside him till he is se to posts by each of his legs. He therefore can injury but with his trunk, and not much with that, neck is also fastened to a beam above. In this irk position he is kept for forty days, without the pow turning round or lying down; the only change perm is when he is taken down to the water to wash, whi done every day; and that cannot be much pleasu him, as he walks between his two tame friends, which so close to him, that he has very little power to mo look about him. Each elephant has three men to upon him; and a native doctor is always in attend After forty days, he is gradually allowed more lil and generally in three months he is perfectly tame sent down to Colombo to be educated. The most part of the business is, that he is tied so tightly, hi are full of sores, and quite raw. I think this mig obviated with a little more care; but as it does not i his value, the people do not much concern them about his sufferings. Sometimes they feel their cap so much, that they will neither eat nor drink, and ac die of a broken heart; and when a very young caught, it must be separated from its mother, as aft first day or two the poor thing can never give it nourishment. They are fond of their young ones often the mother does not survive the separation pines away by degrees.

Two of those we saw captured were brought Kornegalle the next evening; they were very q *walking* each between two tame ones, to which *were fastened* by strong ropes, which were first th

ihe necks of the tame ones, and then round those
wild; their hind-legs were also loosely tied to-
so as to allow of their walking, and it was really
ing to see how easily they went along. Once only
them tried to lie down, and would not move for
ime; but his companions at last roused him, by
him well with their tusks, and after that there
difficulty.

stopped at the kraal the next day on our way
ınd saw the rest of the animals still tied to their
One of them was remarkably fierce; he trumpeted
hed his trunk about, and tried to charge at us as
he ropes would allow him. We heard afterwards
broke his neck on his way to Kornegalle, from
ent efforts to break loose; and a few days after,
ther of the little one was found strangled in her
robably with her exertions to get at her young
r she was the tamest and gentlest of them all.
le thing was brought into Kandy in a bullock-cart,
quired no fewer than fifty men (not Europeans)
him in. He was given to the general, who was
xious to rear him; and for a week or two he seemed
ın very well, drank twelve bottles of buffalo milk
day, besides eating a quantity of rice and plan-
he was very far from being tame, and was obliged
ied. However, he died after eight or ten hours'
without any cause that could be assigned, but
y from overfeeding and want of exercise. He
e a walk with two attendants every morning, but
se that was not the same as roaming about in his
jungle.

e is one thing about the elephants in Ceylon that
every one, and that is, whether those with tusks
listinct breed or not. Tusked elephants are very
ınd though they are always males, still very few
asks, whole herds being frequently encountered
one tusker amongst them. When they do happen
one, the others seem to be very proud of him;
aken the greatest care of, and always kept in

the centre, so that it is very difficult to get a shot at him. In no other respect but his tusks can he be distinguished from other elephants, and he is to be met with of all sizes. To shoot a tusker is, consequently, the ambition of all sportsmen in Ceylon.

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## MY PICNIC.

BY A MILITARY LADY.

I WAS quartered at Gibraltar in 1836. One day, to make head against ennui and the mosquitoes, I proposed a picnic. My husband being agreeable, the first business was to select the party. Mr R—— was chosen for his inexhaustible fund of good humour and good spirits; Captain O—— for his constant flow of nonsense and anecdote, chequered occasionally by wit; Mr D—— for his excellent qualifications as a listener (rare and never-to-be-enough admired quality!), and his quiet resignation to all the possible mischances of a pleasure excursion. Some others were afterwards added. We also resolved to take a couple of servants and two pair of boatmen.

The party being assembled at our quarters, a council was held to deliberate on the when and where. The when was easily fixed, but the where not quite so easily. The difficulty chiefly lay in one and all of us wishing to visit some select spot in the vicinity which we had not visited before. St Roque was voted a bore—nothing there but Spanish soldiers lounging about with everlasting cigars. The Orange Grove—beautiful! but sure to be preoccupied by some other party. Algeciras—we are *generally* there once a week. The council seemed *nonplussed*, when at last some one exclaimed: 'What if we *should* go to Pigeon Island?'

'*Impossible*—no one ever does go there!

'So much the better, for it will be at least a novelty, id we shall have something to tell of when we get ick.'

Some one present now remembered having heard that ere was game of some kind upon Pigeon Island. The ck, to be sure, was barren, rugged, and desolate—nothing be seen—but the game decided the question. We termined that it would be charming for once to go and e a place where there was nothing to be seen. In fact, rrison-life is so little varied, that its victims are glad to lieve it with anything of a novel kind, even though ere should be little prospect of positive pleasure.

The appointed morning arrived, and sea and sky were ke serene. At nine, after a hurried breakfast, we ıbarked with a variety of baskets, hampers, and other sirables, the arrangement of which cost no small thought, ımping, and tumbling. The sails were unfurled to the ht breeze, and away we went. Our regimental bark, *Fra Diavolo*, was about twenty-five feet in length— :it-rigged, sharp, and dangerous; built under the direc- n of our officers at about three times the expense she s worth. For about half an hour, we enjoyed ourselves tremely; but, alas! the light breeze died away, and s succeeded by those fitful gusts and squalls peculiar the Mediterranean, and which are so particularly ublesome to open boats in the Bay of Gibraltar. Our ıtmen began to speak to each other in whispers, and to k melancholy. By way of beguiling the time, they an to recount to each other their respective experi- ces in such squalls, and all the dismal accidents they l ever heard of resulting from them. Snatches of the ıversation, such as: 'The boat was swamped,' 'Ay, it s just hereabouts,' 'Crew drowned,' &c., reached my : at intervals. Our mirth and laughter were now ex- ınged for serious looks, or *efforts* at jocularity. I began wonder how I could have ever, in the hope of a day's asure, *exposed myself* in such a manner. My sensa- ıs *were evidently* shared by my maid, who evinced n *every few minutes* by a slight hysterical scream.

There was a heavy swell, and, to preserve the balance of the boat, we were desired on no account to move. When we had obeyed this injunction for about an hour, the cramp came to add to my woes. The wind, which had continued to increase, now changed, and was dead against us. It was debated whether we ought not to give up Pigeon Island, and make the best of our way back; but the anticipation of the laughter and ridicule with which our return would be greeted, decided against that course. Then followed a constant tacking and shifting of sails, to induce our vessel to go onward; and, after several hours of the most disagreeable boat voyage I had ever endured, we reached Pigeon Island about half-past four o'clock, having taken seven and a half hours to go eleven miles!

After all, it seemed at first as if we should not be able to set foot on this bold and rocky isle. However, after sailing more than half round it, we espied a creek, into which the boat was put, and we then scrambled ashore the best way we could. It was decidedly too late to commence a shooting excursion; but then to return with no trophies of sport—it was not to be thought of. So, each hastily swallowing a glass of wine, and faithfully promising to be back in an hour, off started the gentlemen, not, however, before Captain O—— had handed me a mysterious-looking wooden box, which I had not before seen, and likewise its key, desiring me to take the utmost care of both.

When they were gone, the curiosity attributed in all ages to my sex incited me, though not without a certain Mrs Bluebeard kind of compunction, to open O——'s box, which I found to contain a pie, a grape-tart, melons, and some other things, being, in fact, his contribution to the picnic. Exerting a degree of resolution for which I could not but take great credit, I locked all up again carefully, and stowed away the box in the cleft of a rock, where I thought it would be safe from every kind of danger. The breeze now died away, promising a pleasant evening for our voyage home. While sitting on the cliff, musing

on the prospect, an exclamation of surprise from
boatmen drew my attention to Captain O——'s
box, which, having been reached by the rising
now floating out to sea. All was immediately
rry to recover it, and to carry the hampers
her ground. *The* hour passed away without
ack our gentlemen. When did sportsmen ever
the stipulated time? If unsuccessful, they go
for a turn of luck; if successful, the sport is *so*
. At length, they did come back, laden with
ns, and all talking very loud. It seemed that
m disputed the honour of having shot the last
e point was not settled that night, nor while I
ibraltar; perhaps it is not laid at rest till this
was, however, temporarily given up while
ns were making for our meal. A cloth being
a rock, the hampers were put in requisition, and
O——, having desired from me his key, opened
which he found only *half* full of salt-water. His
dreadful. Everything was ruined. It was very
but I could not help it. After all, he shewed
nanimity, for he did not utter a word of blame,
ng hurled back the box into the sea, resumed
umour immediately. I have liked and admired
since. Enough remained for a good meal, and
alt nor a cork-screw had been forgotten; so
g passed off very well.

*éjeûné* concluded, it was high time to think of
. There was a dead calm. So sails were taken
d oars taken up. As we passed Cabrita Point,
posed that the guns should be discharged for
accidents. This was accordingly done in two
here being four double barrels. We continued
e for the Rock [Gibraltar]. Nothing was to be
; the measured dip of the oars. It became nearly
aptain O——, totally exhausted, lay down in the
f the boat, and soon gave audible signs of having
eep. The two volleys had a result little antici-
: our ears were soon after struck by the noise of

many oars, and we could see at a distance through the gloom the dark form of a huge Latteen boat, with a lantern partly shaded hanging on her stern. It instantly occurred to us that she must be a Spanish guarda-costa, such vessels always lurking about Algeciras and in the Bay, on the alert to capture smugglers, which they seldom do, as the contrabandistas constantly outwit their adversaries by giving false alarms. The gentlemen, delighted with the novelty and romance of the adventure, and more than usually prepared for frolic by sundry bottles of Marsala, agreed that they would not answer when hailed. One asked if there was any chance of their firing to bring us to—a comfortable idea for my poor nerves!—but all agreed that such a thing was not to be imagined, and that the utmost they could do would be to detain us till assured of our quality. Meanwhile the guarda-costa, for so it proved, gained upon us. When about twenty yards off, 'La bote—la bote!' was heard from several voices; but our people still pulled on. Another minute, and they were by our side. Never shall I forget the scene. There were upwards of twenty men, all armed with boarding-pikes and muskets. Their lantern flung its dull beams on their swarthy and angry countenances. All were jabbering Spanish, and apparently bent on terrible deeds. I had determined to address them, just knowing enough of Spanish to enable me to say who we were; but my fright deprived me of the use of both my speech and my feet, except that with the latter I contrived to awaken Captain O ——, who I thought would be the most useful man on the occasion, as he was best acquainted with the language. He started up, rubbing his eyes, and greatly confounded at the scene before him; but I soon acquainted him with the nature of the case, which he no sooner understood than he bawled out: 'Amigos! amigos!' which seemed to mollify our assailants a little. A lengthened and wrangling explanation ensued; and at length our Spanish friends sheered off, much to my *comfort*, but to the great *professed* mortification of our *frolicsome* officers.

Another spell of hard pulling, and we reached Rosia Bay, exactly at a quarter past one in the morning, by which time I deemed myself more dead than alive. So much for a day of pleasure! I trust, after what has been related, I need hardly warn any of my lady-successors in the garrison of the Rock, against making a picnic-party to Pigeon Island.

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## MONSIEUR DE PARIS.

In France, the office of judicial executioner was long an important and even a respectable one, and various rights and privileges of no common nature were attached to it. The finisher of the law was held to be a regular and immediate officer of the crown. Families seem often to have held the place for successive generations. The French newspapers some years ago announced the death of a man of no slight distinction in his way, M. Sanson, the executioner of Paris, or, as the people of the French capital have emphatically styled this official, 'Monsieur le Paris.'* The progenitors of M. Sanson, for a considerable length of time, have occupied the same situation in the French metropolis, and he himself was the man who did the mournful offices of the scaffold to Louis XVI. A writer in the Book of *The Hundred and One* has given us an account of M. Sanson, which has, we imagine, a

* The term Monsieur, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, has the same meaning as our 'Mr' in its common acceptation, is pointedly applied to a few particular dignitaries by way of special distinction. The brother of a reigning sovereign of France is always called 'Monsieur,' without any other title; and Bossuet, when primate of France, was commonly known by his official name of 'Monsieur de Meaux.' A third Monsieur is the executioner, 'Monsieur de Paris.' The only thing analogous to this, observable in our own country, is the application of the word 'Master' to the eldest sons of barons in Scotland. We have also Masters of the Rolls and Masters in Chancery. But these uses of the word have by no means the same specific emphasis as in the case of the three Monsieurs of France.

peculiar interest, as well from the character and qualities of the individual, as from the complete discrepancy of the account in all its particulars with our preconceived notions on the subject of a public executioner. After some introductory observations, in which the writer describes the ideas which most people have of an executioner, he proceeds nearly thus. [We abridge the account slightly.] 'For a long time I had felt an anxiety to examine closely this occult power so dreaded by mankind; I wished to see, in the bosom of his family, the being of whom the world entertained so gloomy an idea—to hear him speak of his terrible functions, and to gather human words from his lips.

'Not finding any means of obtaining an ordinary introduction, I resolved to venture upon presenting myself without one to "Monsieur de Paris," and accordingly directed my steps one morning to No. 31 Rue des Marais du Temple, the house of M. Sanson. Arrived there, I beheld a small house, fenced by a railing, the interspaces of which were boarded up, so as to shut out the interior from the view. A small gate, with a bell beside it, formed the path of entry, and in that gate there was a letter-slit, where were deposited the fatal missives, sent to warn the executioner that his arm was in request. I touched the bell gently, and immediately appeared a man of about thirty years of age, tall in person, and vigorous in make. He asked with civility whom I wished to see? "Monsieur Henry Sanson," said I. "Enter," was the reply of the man. He was one of the assistants of the executioner, and his politeness tended at the very first to undermine my prejudices against his class. I was introduced to a little parlour, where I found a person seated at the *piano*, and drawing from it not unmelodious sounds. He was a man advanced in years, and of a frank and pleasing appearance. This was the public executioner, M. Sanson *himself*. Near him was seated a young man, of about *thirty*-four years of age, fair in complexion, and gentle, *if not* timid, in air. He held upon his knee a little girl, *of* from ten to twelve years old, extremely beautiful, and

vely and intelligent aspect. These parties were the
ıd grandchild of the executioner. For several years,
m of M. Sanson has fulfilled the chief duties of the
though the father, being yet the only official recog-
by the law, must be present at every execution.
.e sight of this family group—of the gentlemanly-
g old man at the piano, the mild and retiring son,
ıe lovely child—a sight so different from all that I
:e-imagined, struck me very forcibly, and even con-
me a little; but the elder M. Sanson soon set me
ə by his manners, which were modest, but those of
of the world. The apology I made for my intrusion
hat I was desirous to write on the subject of capital
ıments, and had hoped that he could assist me. He
ıd readily into my views, and spoke with ease and
ım, though I could see that he never forgot his
ar position for an instant. For example, his snuff-
y before him, and I perceived that while he himself
t often, he never offered it to me, contrary to the
ɔf ordinary sociality. All at once, I, mechanically,
were, offered him my own box. The expression
came over his countenance cannot be described; it
l my very blood. An accompanying and significant
ion of his *hand*, in token of refusal, spoke of remem-
ɔs of blood—blood of yesterday—upon his fingers.
lt pollution adhering to that hand, which rendered it
ɔo touch aught belonging to other men of happier

ı conversation of M. Sanson shewed a mind
ıghly cultivated, and a heart full of sensibility.
'ery man, who watches with a calm eye all the steps
execution—who erects, part by part, the dreadful
ne of destruction—who oils the cords, tries the edge
axe, and, with a steady hand, draws the bolt which
.ifeless upon earth the work of Heaven—this same
annot refrain from tears when the remembrance of
*execution is* awakened within him. You will hear
*ise his voice* with energy against the punishment
*h, and develop* with judgment the means for

abolishing it most efficaciously. On the occasion of an execution, you will find him at home, pale and exhausted, incapable of taking nourishment, and seeming as if about to suffer what others have suffered under his hands. These features in the character of the public executioner of Paris I could scarcely have believed to exist, but for the evidence of my own eyes and ears. M. Sanson told me many touching anecdotes, all illustrative of the same peculiarities in his disposition. He gave me a singular explanation of the reason for pulling down the scaffold immediately after the execution, a thing not formerly done. An execution had taken place one day, and the head-executioner had gone home, leaving his assistants to take down the scaffold, after the usual interval. This interval was spent by them in an adjoining tavern. While they were there, it chanced that a young barber's lad was caught in the act of stealing a watch among the crowd still assembled round the scaffold. The populace, prompt in ire, seized the thief, and carried him to the scaffold, where they laid him on the block, below the uplifted axe of the guillotine. But they required a key to enable them to bring down the fatal knife. They sent a messenger, with an artful tale, to procure the key from the assistant-executioners. The latter, however, had it not; it had been taken home by M. Sanson. The boy was thus saved, and was relieved from his fearful situation, after a long period of such agonising suspense as the mind can only guess at. After this event, the scaffold was never left standing longer than absolutely necessary.

I asked M. Sanson to shew me his collection of implements—those which he had used at executions during his own long career, and which his predecessors had used before him. The sight of that collection made me shudder. One object of interest only shall I speak of, however, and this was the sabre with which the Marquis de Lally was executed. It had been purposely made for the occasion, but it was chiefly on account of an anecdote *which* was called by the weapon to M. Sanson's recollection *that* I was led to view it with interest. About the

year 1750, a party of young noblemen, three in number, who had been supping with some gay party, came into the streets of Paris after midnight. They were not in a humour for repose, but could find no house open—no food for fresh amusement at that hour. At length, however, they saw lights in one house, and heard the sound of mirth and music issuing from it. Without a moment's hesitation, the young courtiers rushed to the door, and knocked at it. A man answered the call, and was addressed in such words as these by one of the youths:—

"We are merry, sir; we have been with a jovial party, and we are come, with your leave, to join yours."

"You cannot," replied the man coldly, "this is entirely a family party."

"Bah!" said one of the courtiers; "that is nothing. You *must* admit us; better company, I promise you, never entered your saloon."

They pressed the matter further, until the man said: "Gentlemen, this is folly! If you *knew me*, you would fly from my house as fast as you now desire to enter it!"

"Ha! ha!—good!" cried the leader of the youths; "so you think it would be easy to frighten us?"

"Gentlemen, do not insist on entering!"

"Who are you, then, friend?"

"I am the *executioner of Paris!*"

This announcement produced none of the expected effect. "What!" cried the leader of the youths, "you the executioner!—delightful! So you are the gentleman who nips off the people's heads, quarters their bodies, cracks their bones on the wheel, and tortures poor souls so agreeably in a dozen other ways? Eh?"

"On the *poor*," replied the executioner, with a due regard for the honour of his office, "my duty calls me not to officiate personally. But when a man of quality—a noble like yourself, sir—incurs the anger of justice, I act then with my own hands." Precisely twenty years after this scene, M. Lally, who mocked the functions of the executioner in the manner now related, died by the hand of that same official of the law.

'Though oppressed at heart with what I saw,' says the writer of the paper in *The Hundred and One*, 'I felt so pleased with M. Sanson, and had so far forgot his position in the charms of his society, that, on leaving his threshold after a two hours' conversation, I involuntarily held out my hand to him. He recoiled a step, and looked at me with surprise and even confusion. This recalled freshly to my mind the incident of the snuff-box. I comprehended all the ill-fated man's feelings. He was conscious that it became not a hand ever in contact with blood and crime, to press that of an ordinary man.'

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## THE MID-DAY SIGNAL OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

A FEW years ago, on a fine spring morning, illuminated by the richest rays of the sun, a troop of vagabond boys were playing about the gardens of the Palais-Royal. Hanging in clusters upon the iron railings which encircle these gardens, the band in question occupied themselves busily in throwing stones among the flowers, aiming at the sparrows, and watching fit opportunities to play other malignant tricks, whenever the backs of the guardians of the place were turned away. In such circumstances, the young rascals of Paris are most ingenious and inventive. So was it shewn on the present occasion.

The leader of the youthful band, seizing a favourable moment when no one could perceive him, adroitly scaled the balustrade of the Palais gardens, and crept along the grass, on all-fours, towards the spot where stood the mid-day cannon, which is cleverly made to announce the hour of noon by its discharge through the medium of the sun's meridional rays. When the intruder reached the spot, the hour was exactly half-past eleven. But this did not deter the tricky youngster. He had with him a lucifer-match; in an instant it was kindled and applied to the

cannon, which accordingly made its official detonation, announcing prematurely the hour of noon.

Immediately afterwards, in all the streets, shops, and coffee-houses of the city, men might have been seen to pull out their watches, in order to test the exactness of these articles by the infallible report. A general movement of surprise was the consequence, and a great variety of reflections came from the lips of the Parisians within hearing. 'Singular,' cried one; 'I have always found this watch of mine to go well.' 'What!' exclaimed another, 'a full half-hour behind! And this is the watch which was guaranteed to me to go without varying a minute in a month!' 'This is the first time,' muttered a third, 'that my Breguet ever went wrong!'

The watchmakers were still more astonished than other people; but the majority of them were compelled to yield to the evidence of the official detonation. A few did stand out for their chronometers; and one of these paladins of watch-making ventured upon the daring suggestion, that 'the *sun* might have gone wrong!' But, as may be imagined, this ingenious idea did not find many supporters. The infallibility of the god of day was not a thing to be generally questioned; and, accordingly, almost all who were within hearing of the cannon of the Palais-Royal, whether followers of the art of horology or simple amateurs, took their watch-keys, and set their watches to the hour of noon, or, in other words, half an hour in advance of the real time. The evidence of all the clocks of Paris could not stand against the fiat of the sun.

On first consideration, one might not be able to foresee any great mischief likely to result from this mischievous trick of the boy with his match. Grave consequences, nevertheless, were the result. To make a mistake of half an hour in the progress of time, is not an error to be committed with impunity. A watch that goes too quick or too slow will often originate a series of mistakes of the most serious kind, from the consequences of which it may be very difficult to escape.

'*Already noon!* Boy, my bill!' These words were

uttered, on the morning here referred to, by a gentleman who had breakfasted at Véfour's, and who, after his meal, had fallen into a long and thoughtful reverie. This gentleman was Monsieur D——, the banker, whose affairs had long appeared to be in a flourishing state, but who had lately sustained some pecuniary reverses, which his credit found it difficult to conceal much longer. When the young rascal's lucifer had done the duty of the meridional sun, M. D—— started up in haste, and left the restaurateur's. He had in his hands at the moment a letter, which he re-read as he hurried along. It was conceived in the following terms:—

'I have received, my dear friend, the letter in which you communicate to me the disastrous position of your affairs, and tell me that you have no remaining hope but in me. My own resources are insufficient, as you well know, to enable me to relieve you, but I am about to set out, as you suggest, to the country, though with little hope, I confess. Nevertheless, it is possible that the application may be successful, and you may rest assured that I shall spare no pains to make it so. If I succeed in realising the sum necessary for your preservation, I will meet you to-morrow in the Orleans Gallery, within the hours of twelve and one, *pointedly*. You will be punctual of course in meeting me. I do not propose to meet you at your own house, because the precariousness of your present condition may render you afraid of receiving embarrassing visits there. If I am not at the appointed place exactly within the hour, you may be assured that I have failed; and I should advise you, in that case, to lose no time in accomplishing your project of quitting Paris. Your creditors will then see more strongly the necessity of arrangement, that they may have your personal aid in making your assets available. You may readily guess my reason for not wishing to come in person, and tell you of my having failed to procure funds. My uncle, to whom you stand so heavily indebted, would never pardon me if he thought that I had aided you in your flight. Be punctual. Yours ever, &c.
*Lucien B——.*'

M. D—— reached the Orleans Gallery, and walked up and down in a state of great anxiety. 'The crisis of my fate has arrived,' thought he; 'I am rapidly hurrying down the slope to ruin, and have only increased my danger tenfold, by endeavouring to conceal my situation while there was yet time for an honourable submission. Every hope is failing me. Lucien is the last; and if he brings not the hundred thousand francs which I must pay this day, my fate is sealed.'

Agitated by such harassing reflections, the banker looked again and again at his watch, as he paced the gallery. He had set the watch by the unlucky report of the Palais-Royal, happy at the time, poor man, that he had such an assurance of chronological accuracy. The moments passed away. No appearance of Lucien. Every minute destroyed a portion of hope, and when the unfortunate banker's watch at last told the hour of one, a cold sweat broke out on his temples. 'He comes not,' muttered M. D——; 'all is over.' Yet he lingered on still. Again and again he trod the gallery, scanning anxiously every outlet and inlet. It was only when the watch told him that the stated hour, and twenty-five minutes more, had passed away, that he saw the necessity of acting decidedly, and hurried with speed from the gallery.

At that very moment, Lucien entered the same place by another entrance. He was still five minutes before the expiry of the hour—that is to say, it wanted five minutes of one o'clock—the banker's watch, set by the cannon-report, having been wrong by precisely half an hour. While Lucien walked about the gallery, with the required sum of 100,000 francs in his hands, wondering what could possibly be the cause of his friend's absence, that friend was flying at speed from Paris, in a carriage which had been in readiness for the purpose. He was flying into acknowledged bankruptcy. Lucien, meanwhile, could not but conclude that some new evil had occurred to render his friend's affairs irretrievable. How could Lucien possibly conjecture what had been the

influence of a lucifer-match in the hands of a mischievous boy?

That little ragged rascal of the streets had caused an important bankruptcy—in fact, a pretty serious commercial crisis.

At the same period of time when these affairs were in progress, a young lady, elegantly attired, might have been seen in the passage Delorme. She was walking about with steps somewhat hurried and impatient; and an attentive observer might have remarked upon her countenance an expression of angry surprise. Nay, she might have been heard to mutter pretty loudly, and very peevishly: 'It is scandalous! My watch *must* be right' —and here she looked at it for the tenth time—'my watch must be right; but a few minutes have passed since I got it out of the hands of my watchmaker in the Palais-Royal. It cannot be wrong already, and Monsieur Leopold chooses to be behind his time! After my condescending, too, to listen to his humble petition that I would go to the museum with him, and going out of my way, besides, to meet him here! Scandalous!'

The surprise, impatience, and anger of the lady increased every moment—and no wonder that it was so. Young, pretty, rich, and surrounded by admirers, the widowed Madame de Luceval had distinguished in the crowd of her suitors M. Leopold de Versy. She had even given him fair grounds to hope, that erelong she would consent to resume for his sake the chains of matrimony; and, by the way, she had agreed to take his arm to visit the Museum of the Louvre—an honour envied by many and accepted by him with gratitude; yet the hour had seemingly come, the lady was in waiting, and the gentleman was not there! 'I expected to find him before me,' continued the irritated lady, in her meditative mood, 'but I was in error. It was a piece of presumption on my part. M. Leopold does not plume himself on punctuality. If I am to wait thus upon him before marriage, *what* will be my condition afterwards? Shall I remarry *only* to taste again of evils which I have already felt in

such bitterness!' These murmured meditations boded no good to the unfortunate but innocent M. Leopold de Versy. The fair widow looked at her watch for the last of many times. Ten minutes past one was the hour indicated. 'My patience is at an end,' said the beautiful widow; 'the most rigorous politeness accords but a few minutes on occasions of appointments; but where one ought reasonably to expect to be eagerly waited for, this conduct on the part of Monsieur Leopold is somewhat too bad.' And the beautiful widow waited no longer, but walked away.

M. Leopold de Versy arrived at the appointed spot, on the wings of love, full ten minutes before the time agreed upon. He of course received a disappointment, nor would the lady afterwards either give or take explanations. The match between the pair was broken off decisively, and the lady sought, and soon afterwards found, a gentleman of whose punctuality she took care to be well assured.

Behold, then, what mighty consequences may flow from a little gunpowder ignited too soon! Not on the field of battle, and between two powerful armies—for there great consequences might be expected—but in the gardens of the Palais-Royal, from the premature discharge of a single harmless little cannon, through the agency of a lucifer-match, in the hands of a little mischievous boy!

Doubtless, other results, equally serious, flowed from the same event; but we can carry the inquiry no further.*

* We have translated the above from the French of Eugene Guinot.

## THE PESTILENCE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

DURING eight years in the middle of the fourteenth century, the world is thought to have lost a fourth part of its inhabitants by a pestilence which, like the cholera morbus, broke out in the East, and extended into Europe where it was known by the terrible name of the *Black Death*.

It is remarkable that the countries where this pestilence originated, and to which it spread, were visited for some years before with an unusual amount of physical calamities. Earthquakes, inundations, and failures of crops, were the chief forms in which the evil appeared. It is more than probable that the effects thereby produced, in lessening the aliment and harassing the minds of the people, were conducive, if not to the rise, at least to the extension of the pestilence.

According to the learned Dr Hecker, whose history of the Black Death we propose to follow,* the malady originated in China, whence it moved westwards, in an unbroken though not even line of route, involving in destruction each successive country to which it came. A year or two were occupied in the transit, and it reached the Mediterranean at the close of 1347. Dr Hecker thinks it possible that the disease itself might not be given to Europe by actual contagion; but that the 'corruption of the atmosphere came from the East,' is not to be doubted. The Black Death appeared in Cyprus and Sicily in the end of 1347; in 1348, it visited Avignon; during the early part of the same year, it spread through France and Germany; in August it reached England. In 1349, it attacked Poland, Sweden, and Denmark; and in Russia it appeared in 1351. Thus the disease is seen not to have broken

* *The Black Death* of the Fourteenth Century. Translated from the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M.D., by B. G. Babington, M.D. Schloss: London. 1833.

out simultaneously, nor to have followed a direct course.

'The Black Death,' says Hecker, 'was an Oriental plague, marked by inflammatory boils and tumours of the glands, such as break out in no other febrile disease,' and accompanied by black spots, indicative of putrid decomposition. Burning heat and thirst, with black mouth and throat, were also among the symptoms, which are so far those of ordinary Eastern plague. In from twelve hours to six days, the sufferers died. The disease was fearfully contagious. Not only the sufferer, but any article of clothing or furniture, or any animal which he had touched for an instant, gave the malady with certainty to others.

The mortality caused by this pestilence was enormous. Calculating Europe then to contain about one hundred millions of people, Professor Hecker sets down the loss of lives at *twenty-five millions*. It was reported to Pope Clement, that in Asia, exclusive of China, twenty three millions of people had perished. 'India was nearly depopulated. Tatary was covered with dead bodies.' We cannot guess at the precise loss in Africa, but it is known that Cairo lost daily, when the plague was at its height, 15,000 persons. Annalists say that England retained but a tenth part of its population after the cessation of the mortality. This is next to incredible, yet we learn that a single burial-ground of London received 50,000 corpses. Norwich lost 51,000 people; Venice, 100,000; Florence, 60,000; Siena, 70,000; Paris, 50,000; and Avignon, 60,000. In Germany, 124,000 Franciscan friars died, and in Italy, 30,000 Minorites. Two queens perished in France, two princes in Sweden, and Alphonse XI. of Spain was one of the victims. The church-yards were soon filled everywhere, and at Avignon the pope found it necessary to consecrate the Rhone for the reception of the dead. From 1347 to 1350, Europe remained more or less under this frightful scourge, Russia only being afflicted at a later date. Occasional relapses took place down till 1383, but were not attended with much mortality.

Some of the features of the time, as described by contemporary annalists, are of a sufficiently striking nature. Ships, in which the whole crew had perished during their voyages, were seen drifting unmanned through the ocean, or going to pieces on the shores. Merchants of great wealth coldly and willingly renounced their goods, or, carrying their treasures to monasteries, besought the prayers of the monks, who, however, cared not to receive what, equally with less valuable articles, was calculated to communicate death. 'When the evil had become universal,' says Boccaccio, speaking of Florence, 'the hearts of all the inhabitants were closed to feelings of humanity. They fled from the sick and all that belonged to them, hoping by these means to save themselves. Others shut themselves up in their houses, with their wives, their children, and households, living on the most costly food, but carefully avoiding all excess. None were allowed access to them; no intelligence of death or sickness was permitted to reach their ear; and they spent their time in singing and music, and other pastimes. Others, on the contrary, considered eating and drinking to excess, amusements of all descriptions, the indulgence of every gratification, and an indifference to what was passing around them, as the best medicine, and acted accordingly. They wandered day and night from one tavern to another, and feasted without moderation or bounds. In this way they endeavoured to avoid all contact with the sick, and abandoned their houses and property to chance, like men whose death-knell had already tolled.

'Amid this general lamentation and wo, the influence and authority of every law, human and divine, vanished. A vast number of official persons had been carried off by the plague, or lay sick, or had lost so many members of their families that they were unable to attend to their duties; so that thenceforth every one acted as he thought proper. Others, in their mode of living, chose a middle course. They ate and drank what they pleased, and walked abroad, carrying odoriferous flowers, herbs, or spices, which they smelt from time to time, in order to

invigorate the brain, and to avert the baneful influence of the air, infected by the sick, and by the innumerable corpses of those who had died of the plague. Others carried their precaution still further, and thought the surest way to escape death was by flight. They therefore left the city; women as well as men abandoning their dwellings and their relations, and retiring into the country. But of these, also, many were carried off, most of them alone and deserted by all the world, themselves having previously set the example. Thus it was that one citizen fled from another—a neighbour from his neighbours—a relation from his relations; and in the end, so completely had terror extinguished every kindlier feeling, that the brother forsook the brother—the sister the sister—the wife her husband—and, at last, even the parent his own offspring—and abandoned them, unvisited and unsoothed, to their fate. Those, therefore, that stood in need of assistance, fell a prey to greedy attendants; who, for an exorbitant recompense, merely handed the sick their food and medicine, remained with them in their last moments, and then frequently became themselves victims to their avarice, and lived not to enjoy their extorted gain. Propriety and decorum were extinguished among the helpless sick. Females of rank seemed to forget their natural bashfulness, and committed the care of themselves, indiscriminately, to men and women of the lowest order. No longer were women, relatives or friends, found in the house of mourning, to share the grief of the survivors—no longer was the corpse accompanied to the grave by neighbours and a numerous train of priests carrying wax-tapers and singing psalms, nor was it borne along by other citizens of equal rank. Many breathed their last without a friend to soothe their dying pillow; and few, indeed, were they who departed amid the lamentations and tears of their friends and kindred. Instead of sorrow and mourning, appeared indifference, frivolity, and *mirth*; this being considered, especially by *the females, as* conducive to health.' No proper regulations were made, or could be enforced, for the disposal of

the dead, who were generally taken out and laid on the streets, where 'the early morn found them in heaps, exposed to the affrighted gaze of the passing stranger.'

In other parts of the world, the conduct of the people was marked by a terrible contrition and the wildest extremes of fanaticism. 'There first arose in Hungary, and afterwards in Germany, the brotherhood of the Flagellants, called also the Brethren of the Cross, or Cross-bearers, who took upon themselves the repentance of the people, for the sins they had committed, and offered prayers and supplications for the averting of this plague. This order consisted chiefly of persons of the lower class, who were either actuated by sincere contrition, or who joyfully availed themselves of this pretext for idleness, and were hurried along with the tide of distracting frenzy. But as these brotherhoods gained in repute, and were welcomed by the people with veneration and enthusiasm, many nobles and ecclesiastics ranged themselves under their standard, and their bands were not unfrequently augmented by children, honourable women, and nuns; so powerfully were minds of the most opposite temperaments enslaved by this infatuation. They marched through the cities, in well-organised processions, with leaders and singers; their heads covered as far as the eyes; their look fixed on the ground, accompanied by every token of the deepest contrition and mourning. They were robed in sombre garments, with red crosses on the breast, back, and cap, and bore triple scourges, tied in three or four knots, in which points of iron were fixed. Tapers, and magnificent banners of velvet and cloth of gold, were carried before them; wherever they made their appearance, they were welcomed by the ringing of the bells; and the people flocked from all quarters to listen to their hymns, and to witness their penance, with devotion and tears. In the year 1349, 200 Flagellants first entered Strasburg, where they were received with great joy, and hospitably lodged by the citizens. Above a thousand joined the brotherhood, which now assumed the appearance of a

wandering tribe, and separated into two bodies, for the purpose of journeying to the north and to the south. For more than half a year, new parties arrived weekly; and, on each arrival, adults and children left their families to accompany them, till at length their sanctity was questioned, and the doors of houses and churches were closed against them. At Spires, 200 boys, of twelve years of age and under, constituted themselves into a brotherhood of the Cross, in imitation of the children who, about 100 years before, had united, at the instigation of some fanatic monks, for the purpose of recovering the Holy Sepulchre. All the inhabitants of this town were carried away by the illusion; they conducted the strangers to their houses with songs of thanksgiving, to regale them for the night. The women embroidered banners for them, and all were anxious to augment their pomp; and at every succeeding pilgrimage, their influence and reputation increased. It was not merely some individual parts of the country that fostered them; all Germany, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Silesia, and Flanders, did homage to the mania; and they at length became as formidable to the secular as they were to the ecclesiastical power.'*

The Flagellants were not a new order, but a revival of one which had before existed. The brothers scourged their half-naked bodies in market-places and other public spots, singing psalms at the same time, and uttering loud prayers. Some subtle impostor was usually their leader, and deceived them with pretended messages from above. The church grew alarmed. The pope excommunicated them; and the inferior clergy became, from being their supporters, their most zealous persecutors. They were ultimately suppressed, but not till they had done much evil, for their processions lasted during the plague, and undoubtedly conduced in no small degree to the spread of infection.

Another display of the fanatical spirit at this era consisted in the *persecution* of the Jews of Europe. The

* Dr Hecker.

cruelties to which this unhappy race were then sub
are described as having been almost unparalleled.

The Black Death set the medical art at defianc
many recorded instances, the physicians of the a
their duty nobly, as regarded personal exposure; b
can we expect to find them treating the disease rati
when we learn that almost every one of them he
belief, 'that a grand conjunction of the three su
planets, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in the sign of Aq
in March 1345, was the cause of the pestilence?' S
tion, and the avoidance of all contact with things t
by the infected, was the only fixed medical rule, yet
not carried into effect by public and general consen
the actual cause and real nature of the Black Deat
impossible, from the imperfect accounts before us, t
any correct estimate; but it may be rationally con
to have been occasioned by some species of atmos
derangement to this day beyond the ken of science,
ing originally upon frames reduced by physical pri
and mental excitement, and afterwards extendi
contagion to the healthy. Some of its effects,
arresting of wars and the patching up of truces, v
a remarkable nature. By a reduction of the popu
it caused such a rise in the price of labour, as E
III. of England deemed it necessary to repress by
regulations, all of which are believed to have bee
Nevertheless, it was remarked that, in a wond
short space of time, the population of Europe had r
nearly its former limits.

## STORY OF A PYRENEAN BANDIT.

'OUR peaceful mountains,' says a letter from Lavelanet, in the department of Ariége, south of France, 'have been for some months agitated by occurrences of an unusual kind. The sole and constant subject of conversation is a bandit, named Tragine, whose consummate daring and extraordinary career have made his name too famous among the Pyrenees.' This letter was dated in the year 1840, and the adventures of the person indicated in it have been of so remarkable a kind, that we conceive them likely to interest our readers, as well as to make us all beneficially sensible of the great blessings which we possess in a country of order and good government. Enjoyed daily, such advantages are too apt to be forgot, to the nursing sometimes of uncalled-for discontent.

Pierre Sarda, familiarly known by the name of Tragine, was a man of about thirty-five years of age, and, though of the common height, prodigiously strong and muscular in body. He was born on the Pyrenees of Ariége, and familiar with all their recesses. He was condemned in 1837, for an attempt at assassination, to five years' imprisonment, and was accordingly shut up in the round tower of the old castle of the Counts of Foix, but made his escape from it soon afterwards, in company with another prisoner named Sastré. From this period, Tragine became an outlawed plunderer; and such was his character for strength and daring, that he moved about almost openly in that simple district, and no one ventured to meddle with him. For sometime he had an associate in Sastré, but at length quarrelled with him, and shot him dead. After committing this crime, he coolly passed into the village of Leychert, and told what had happened. The consequence was, that he was condemned to confinement and hard labour for life, but was never caught, to be subjected to the punishment. He knew the mountains

so well, and was so active and dangerous, that no one could seize him. He had the audacity to build a hut in a lonely spot, and to bring to it his wife and two children. Here he remained, sometimes visiting the villages around, and always armed with a double-barrelled gun, two pistols, and a poniard. He would go in this guise into inns, or would visit acquaintances, asking favours which no one dared to refuse. He even presented himself more than once at church on Sundays, and attended with seeming devoutness to the services. On meeting any man, he would hold out his hand, and wo to him who refused to grasp it! In short, by dint of unparalleled effrontery and daring, Tragine made himself the annoyance and terror of the whole neighbourhood.

Such was the state of things until a new act of the bandit aroused the district to increased exertions against him. M. Pierre Pic, mayor of Leychert, was out in the fields near his own house, accompanied by a friend, an old man like himself. Tragine perceived them, and burst upon them, crying: 'Faces to the earth, and death to you if you move!' The old men recognised Tragine, and obeyed in terror. The ruffian advanced toward Pic, exclaiming: 'Ah! Mister Mayor, so you were at Foix the other day, to bring the prosecutor-fiscal and the police upon me!' With these words, he struck the poor old mayor several strokes with his gun, so severe that M. Pic, unable to endure them, grasped the weapon to prevent its further use in the same way. But the struggle was too unequal to last, and Pic fell, deeply wounded by a new blow. His passions being now awakened, the bandit did not rest here, but drew his poniard, and gave the mayor several other wounds, which dyed the grass with blood. Suddenly, however, the assassin stopped, and exclaiming: 'I have wounded you enough, but you would struggle with me, and if you do not say *you hurt yourself* in the struggle, wo be to you! Give me your hand.' The mayor could not hold out his hand, but the ruffian *seized, and* shook it heartily; and afterwards embraced *his passive* victim with great seeming fervour. He then

ook him upon his shoulders, in order himself to bear the oor old man home. But the blood poured so copiously om his wounds, that Tragine was forced to set him own by the way, and then went off to announce the vent in person. At the first house he came to, he opped, and called on the occupant to go instantly the wounded mayor. The man, recognising Tragine's oice, cried that he would go shortly; but the ruffian rdered him to appear instantly, and the other dared not isobey. By the directions given, he went straight to ıe unfortunate mayor. Tragine did not yet close his range and most audacious proceedings, but went to the ayor's own house, and announced the condition in which . Pic was. He, moreover, gathered the mayor's cows, inking, apparently, that in the confusion they might be rgotten; and he sent them home under a safe-convoy. or was this all: after the mayor was carried home, and id in bed, the attendants, late at night, were surprised the appearance among them of a man covered with lood. He went to the bedside, embraced the sufferer, aded him with kisses, and again disappeared. The upified attendants made no motion to seize the wretch ll it was too late. It was Tragine!

These strange tokens of real or seeming repentance uld not prevent the attempt to punish a crime so efarious. A brigade of gendarmes was immediately ationed at Leychert, with orders to pursue the ruffian, ıd take him alive if possible. A public reward of 1000 ancs was also offered for his capture. But, as he had lready done for three successive years, Tragine conti- ued, by his watchfulness and desperate courage, to elude l attempts to seize him; and, in fact, in place of diminish- g, the presence of the gendarmes seemed to increase is effrontery. For example, learning through some of ıe peasants, whom either fear or favour led still to talk him, that twenty of the police were assembled one ight at Pic's house, the bandit went thither, and fired in one of the windows. The double detonation warned ıe police of the party with whom they had to do, but

before they could get on his track, the ruffian was far beyond their vengeance. Unhappily, the balls, of which not less than five were found, shewing how heavily he loaded his gun, struck the mayor's son, and wounded him dangerously. Roused to violent wrath by the pursuit to which he was subjected, Tragine even menaced with death all who should assist the wounded Pics, making only one exception. To the curate of the village he sent a condescending message, bidding him do the duties of his office towards the sufferers without fear. In short, the bandit, for some weeks after the assault on M. Pierre Pic, continued to be the terror of the district, bursting upon his pursuers here and there like a meteor, but with such caution that they could not arrest him.

At length a report was studiously sent abroad that every man who saw Tragine was empowered to shoot him. This soon came to the bandit's ears, and as he had once or twice narrowly escaped by speed of foot and skill in climbing the rocks, he was much alarmed by the tidings—so much so, that he left his old haunts. Whither he went, remained for a time a mystery. In the interval, the prefect of Ariége sent orders to the mayors of all the different villages to be on the watch, and to remember the reward for the villain's capture. In the end, the mayor of Larcat, named M. Joulé, formed a plan for the capture of the bandit, but, to shew the disinterestedness of his wish to serve the public, he first refused the reward. M. Joulé was a man of thirty-five, tall in stature, and athletic in make—a man fit perhaps for a struggle with Tragine, if the latter could be caught unarmed; but there lay the difficulty, for he never parted with his fatal weapons. However, ingenuity may do much. M. Joulé having laid down his plan, went out into the streets and market-place, and there, in the hearing of many persons, descanted on the extraordinary courage and address of Tragine, adding: 'That he would be wise to retire to Spain, and that surely some mayor, if properly applied to, would *grant him* a passport, which must be the only difficulty *in the* way.' Some days afterwards, a man came and

ght a secret interview with the mayor of Larcat. The ject was to know if he would grant a passport for Tragine go to Spain. Three hundred francs were offered on the rt of the bandit. M. Joulé at first refused, but after- rds consented, on condition of receiving 500 francs. interview was to be held with Tragine, to take down description, and a house in the country, near Foix, s fixed on as the place of the meeting.

M. Joulé was at the appointed place in good time; but re he found, not Tragine, but his wife, who brought ) francs, with some necessary marks for making out passport. M. Joulé made a promise to hold the ney sufficient, but it was not his purpose to do without personal presence of the wily bandit. He therefore d the wife that he came only to take down the scription, and had not brought the necessary papers h him; but that, if Tragine would come to his house a certain day, the passport would then be ready, except regarded the filling up of some personal marks and signature. On the day named, Tragine did come Larcat, but remained at the house of an associate or end, and sent for the mayor to come thither. M. Joulé nt, and an interview took place between Tragine and n. The suspicious bandit remained inside of a window, ning on his deadly gun, while the mayor stood outside. e latter refused to write the passport among people o might compromise him, and said, besides, that the icial seal was at his own office. But the cautious robber uld not trust himself in the mayor's house. Such, at st, was his first decision. The mayor, however, at last d: 'Well, well, take your money back, and go away.' ese words, uttered in an easy manner, changed the olve of Tragine.

'I will go with you,' he said, and accordingly followed steps of the mayor homewards.

Arrived at his office, the mayor made Tragine stand fore him, face to face. But the robber kept his hands mly on the gun.

'What height are you?' said M. Joulé at last; 'set

down your carabine, and stand upright.' Tl
business-like regularity of the mayor's proceedi
reassured Tragine, and setting down his wea
placed himself in the soldier's attitude of attent
Joulé stood side by side, and measured him; a
looking fair in the bandit's face, he said: 'Wha
are your eyes?' Tragine opened his eyes widely
that instant the courageous mayor threw his arm
the robber, and pinned him as in a vice, exclaimi
same time in a voice of thunder: 'You are my p
Help, my friends, help!' When the bandit saw
chance, his struggles to get at his carabine were
But he was in the hands of a man as bold and vig
himself. The combatants fell both on the floor;
wrought with the force of desperation to pull
of his pistols; but the mayor relaxed not his gr
indeed to do so, would have been to give Tra
opportunity to sign a passport for him to another

The struggle was terminated by the entranc
men whom M. Joulé had planted close at hand.
them seized the formidable carabine in the fir
and then they threw strong cords around the
body and arms. Thus bound, he was conveyed i
to the town of Foix, and lodged in the old rock
castle of the counts of that place. The whole
flocked out to see the notorious Tragine, and a
rejoicing took place throughout Ariége. The
took place about the close of 1840.

# WILLIAM PENN.

family of Penn occupied for several centuries a
guished position, as regarded territorial possessions,
counties of Buckingham and Gloucester. Admiral
Villiam Penn, father of the subject of our memoir,
he head of the family, rose to great eminence as a
commander in the times of the Protectorate, and
ose succeeding the Restoration. His only son
am, whose birth took place in London in the year
was educated in a manner befitting his prospects as
eir of an ancient and wealthy house. He was first
o the grammar-school of Chigwell, in Essex, adjoin-
is father's summer residence of Wanstead; and in
ime was entered a gentleman-commoner at Christ's-
h, Oxford. Here he distinguished himself by
rkable proficiency in his juvenile studies, and was
oted for his propensity to athletic exercises. At so
an age as sixteen, moreover, he displayed some of
peculiarities of thinking upon religious subjects,
affected his after-career in so prominent a degree.
g heard the preaching of one Thomas Loe, a
er, he adopted the opinions of that sect, so far as to
ct the established worship of the college, and attend
ivate meetings. He was fined, in consequence, for
nformity. Subsequently, when an order came from
for the resumption of surplices by the students,
am Penn not only declined to comply with the royal
and, but even assembled some friends of his own
f thinking, and falling with them upon those colle-
who had assumed the surplice, tore the obnoxious
e from their very backs. Being expelled the uni-
y for this somewhat rash behaviour, Penn went
, and attempting to justify his conduct by argument,
eaten by the hasty old admiral, and turned out of

These circumstances are worth noticing, as indicative of the self-determined spirit of William Penn, even in boyhood. His father, after a time, forgave him, and sent him to travel for two years on the continent. On his return, he was entered of Lincoln's Inn, and subsequently sent to the Duke of Ormond's court at Dublin, where he was intrusted with the management of his father's extensive possessions in Ireland. Being but twenty-two years of age, he possibly might yet have been swayed from the tenets which had caught his fancy, had he not again met Loe the Quaker, who made him a complete and permanent convert. Attending sectarian meetings in Dublin, he was thrown into prison. Being liberated by application to Lord Orrery, Penn returned to England, and a new contest took place between him and the admiral. The latter found that his son had become a confirmed Quaker, and, losing hope of moving him further, only stipulated that the youth should consent to depart not far from the customs of his sect, as to take off his hat in presence of the king, the Duke of York, and himself! After a violent struggle between filial affection and religious convictions, William announced that he could not agree even to this limited amount of hat-worship, and was again turned out of doors.

Penn now began, at the age of twenty-four, to preach at meetings, and, in short, to treat devotion as the business of his life. He at this time, too, commenced his career as a polemical pamphleteer—a character which he never dropped till his dying day. Against every opponent of his sect, for a long succession of years, he presented himself as a champion, and two vast folio volumes yet exist as monuments of his zeal and industry. His most considerable work is one called *No Cross, no Crown*, which is an elaborate defence of Quakerism. By another early pamphlet, the *Sandy Foundation Shaken*, he gave such offence to the clergy, that they caused him to be thrown into the Tower. Here he was treated with great severity; but this had no effect on his indomitable spirit, and, being unable to preach, he produced six

nphlets during his seven months' incarceration. On the erposition of the Duke of York, moved to it by regard the old admiral, he was at length liberated. But he l now chosen his part in the world, and nothing could ke him swerve from the zealous propagation of what believed to be the truth. His father got him out of m's way for a short time, by sending him to Ireland; ; as soon as he returned, the young Quaker was again en into custody, and brought to trial for preaching at etings, which was declared criminal by a law of the e against 'conventicles.' This trial was a memorable . William Penn behaved with astonishing firmness l dignity; his judges with equal meanness and brutality. e prisoner, according to the customs of his sect, ap- red with his hat on in court. The door-keeper took off, but the judge ordered it to be replaced, and then ed the wearer for contempt of court. Penn demanded know what law or statute he had here violated, in wer to which the recorder called him an 'impertinent ow.' Nothing daunted, Penn instantly quoted Magna arta and Lord Coke against his antagonist.

I tell you to be silent,' cried the recorder in a passion; we should suffer you to ask questions till the morning, I would be never the wiser.'

That is *according as the answers are*,' said the perturbable Penn.

Take him away! take him away!' bawled the judges. He *was* for awhile taken away, but the jury proved as ly obstinate as the prisoner. Their first verdict was: 'e find the pannel guilty of *speaking* in Grace-Church eet.' Reproached by the court for this legally ineffi- nt finding, and shut up till next morning without at, drink, or fire, they still brought back the same rdict. With violent menaces, they were again enclosed, starve for other twenty-four hours. Their finding ntinued the same. On the third day, the natural and rious effect of this brutality on the minds of English- n was produced. In place of the indirect acquittal ntained in their former verdict, they now, with one

voice, pronounced the prisoner 'Not guilty!' Upon some paltry legal pretence, they were all fined for their contumacy, and Penn himself was shut up, till he should pay the mulct for contempt of court. This he would not pay, but his father, it is thought, laid down the money for him, and he was liberated.

These things occurred when Penn was at the age of twenty-five. His father died immediately afterwards, and left him a clear estate of L.1500 a year. In 1672, the young Quaker also married Gulielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments. None of these events, however, made the slightest change in the career of William Penn. He continued to preach and write without intermission, and seems to have been in prison once every six months, for a succession of years. It is saying little to state, that not a vestige of real criminality was ever brought home to him, or even laid to his charge. His patience and firmness under these reiterated persecutions were almost marvellous; but our space will not permit of our entering into details upon this subject, well worthy of record though they be. We shall only quote one appeal made by him in public, when taunted with hypocrisy by a magistrate. 'I make this bold challenge to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with having seen me drunk, heard me swear, or speak one obscene word, much less that I ever made it a practice. I speak this to God's glory, who has ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions.' Then turning to his calumniator, and forgetting for a moment his wonted meekness, 'Thy words,' said he, 'shall be thy burden, and I trample thy slander as dirt under my feet.'

We must now turn from the detail of Penn's long and severe sufferings for conscience' sake, to the matter which gained for him his main celebrity, associating his name with one of the fairest and most important portions of the globe. He first became connected with the New *World*, as trustee on the estate of one Billynge, a Quaker, to whom the family of Lord Berkeley had sold a part of

e territory ceded to them by the crown in New Jersey
id Pennsylvania. As agent for Billynge, William Penn
ew up a charter for his friend's possessions, and super-
tended the emigration of a ship-load or two of Quakers
that region. Hearing the best accounts of their pros-
rity, he was led to think of founding a larger settle-
ent on his own account. Fortunately, his father had
d a claim upon the dissolute and needy government
Charles II. for the sum of L.16,000, and Penn pro-
sed that, in lieu of payment, the district of Pennsyl-
nia should be assigned to him, stipulating also, in order
insure religious tolerance and other social advantages,
at extensive legislative and administrative powers
ould accompany the concession. His proposal was
reed to. The memorable charter, founded upon it, was
awn up on the 4th of March 1681. Penn proposed to
ve the name of Sylvania to the ceded territory, but the
ng insisted upon prefixing *Penn* to it; and after some
uggles of modesty, the new proprietor agreed to the
dition.

Penn gathered together, erelong, a large body of settlers
r his transatlantic possessions. With a degree of
manity rare in that age, though quite in consonance
th his own noble character, he forewarned all his
herents that he was determined to put the native
dians on a level with the colonists as regarded civic
hts, and that all differences between the two parties
ould be settled by an equal number of referees from
th sides. Having prepared them for acting upon such
se and merciful principles, he first sent out a section
his party, under the charge of his relative and secre-
y, Colonel Markham, and followed with the remainder,
the close of the year 1682. Before departing, he ad-
essed letters of counsel to his wife and children, some
ssages of which are so impressive, and honourable to
s writer, that we cannot refrain from giving a brief
ecimen. 'My dear wife! remember thou wast the
re of my youth, and much the joy of my life—the
st beloved as well as most worthy of all my earthly

comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world; take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.' He next addresses himself to his children: 'Be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honour to you, for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, humanity, virtue, and good understanding — qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honour and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight; nay, love her too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors. And though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfullest acts of service to you in your infancy, as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you, before the Lord, honour and obey, love and cherish your dear mother!'

Penn embarked, and arrived safely in the Delaware with his company. Most of his contemporaries, to whom lands were ceded in these regions by the government at home, held that they had by that cession acquired all the necessary rights, and that no other parties were entitled to a voice in the matter. Not so thought William Penn. Immediately on landing, he made arrangements for meeting the chief men of the Indians, who were still numerous in the region, and for *purchasing* from them a district sufficient for the purposes of the colonists. A grand convocation, accordingly, of the Indians and settlers —the latter headed by Penn—was held near the site of *the present* city of Philadelphia. The natives came to *the place* of meeting in great numbers, and all armed;

enn came, with his friends, unarmed. The only mark
distinction which the leader of the settlers presented
as a sash of blue silk net-work, and the parchment-roll
hich he held in his hand, and which contained the
nditions of the treaty. The Indians, on his approach,
rew down their arms, and seated themselves on the
ound; on which their chiefs announced to Penn that
ey were ready to hear him. Tradition has preserved
e main points in Penn's address on this memorable
casion.

He began: 'The Great Spirit,' he said, 'who made
m and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and
ho knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he
id his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and
iendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of
eir power. It was not their custom to use hostile
eapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason
ey had come unarmed. Their object was not to do
jury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good.
ey were then met on the broad pathway of good faith
id good-will, so that no advantage was to be taken on
ther side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and
ve.' After these and other words, he unrolled the
rchment, and by means of the same interpreter con-
yed to them, article by article, the conditions of the
rchase, and the words of the compact then made for
eir eternal union. 'Among other things,' says the
riter of an abstract of the Memoirs of Penn in the
*dinburgh Review*, 'they were not to be molested in their
wful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated,
r it was to be common to them and the English. They
ere to have the same liberty to do all things therein
lating to the improvement of their grounds, and pro-
iding sustenance for their families,' which the English
id. If any disputes should arise between the two,
ey should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom
ould be English, and half Indians. He then paid them
r the land, and made them many presents besides,
om the merchandise which had been spread before

them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did—that is, call them children or brothers only, for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ: neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it.'

The Indian chiefs answered in lengthened speeches, and pledged themselves 'to live in love with William Penn and his children, so long as sun and moon should endure.' The treaty was concluded—a treaty of which it has been remarked with truthful severity, that it was the only one concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by oaths, and the only one that never was broken!

This was at least the case while William Penn and his friends, the makers of the treaty, lived to carry its conditions into effect. Subsequent to this convocation, Penn held meetings among the settlers for the establishment of equable laws, and fifty-nine statutes were passed in three days. These statutes testify not less strongly to the humanity than to the enlightenment and ability of William Penn. He abolished capital punishments, excepting in the two cases of murder and high treason; and he made the prisons of the settlement the scene of compulsive industry and instruction. That the enlightened of the *present* day should be struggling for the introduction *of reforms* approximating to these, affords a wonderful

proof of the high moral feeling and sagacity of William Penn.

After a residence of two years in Pennsylvania, during which time he was incessantly engaged in labouring for the public good, Penn returned to Great Britain, only to undergo new persecutions for conscience' sake. The Revolution ended his public troubles in a great measure, but he was afterwards afflicted by severe domestic distress, losing both his wife and his son. After travelling to recruit his health and spirits, he married a second time, and in 1699 returned for two additional years to his beloved colony of Pennsylvania. Coming again to England, he was attacked with apoplexy in his latter days, and finally expired in 1718, at the age of seventy-four. To the last, or as long, at least, as the ability was left to him, he continued unweariedly to preach and publish those doctrines on which he conceived the welfare of mankind to depend.

In the Life of Penn, drawn up by Thomas Clarkson, we find his character summed up in a few words. 'He was a kind husband, a tender father, a noble patriot, and a good man.' The effects of his labours can never be effaced or forgotten in the colony which he founded. Like all of the sect to which he attached himself, Penn was extremely neat and cleanly in person and attire, and his dislike to tobacco-smoking had well-nigh undermined his popularity in his transatlantic settlements. But his great merits overbore all such petty objections.

## AN OLD STORY OF FLANDERS.

THE small towns of Couvin and Chimay, situated on the borders of Belgium and France, were under the dominion, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, of two baronial families, who habitually viewed each other with feelings of jealousy and dislike. The people of Chimay shared in the sentiments of their count in this respect, as did those of Couvin in the prejudices of their marquis; and hence originated many a scene of bloody dissension and strife, continued with little intermission for a long period of years.

At a time when the towns of Couvin and Chimay were both under the dominion of youthful and high-spirited lords, a new incident occurred to widen the hereditary breach between the two families, and increased an animosity which was already excessive. The Marquis de Couvin and the Count de Chimay chanced to be both present at an assembly, where the nobility of the province had met for festive purposes. The daughter of a neighbouring baron was presented on the occasion for the first time to society. She was a creature of surpassing beauty, both as regarded form and face, and an air of languor, almost of melancholy, was apparent in her large dark eyes, which made her charms more touching and resistless. So felt, at least, the young barons of Couvin and Chimay. Love for the first time dawned on the souls of both—love ardent and strong as the morning sun of midsummer, but with it came also its too frequent attendant, jealousy, like the cloud which often dims the brightness of the day of nature, even amidst its July splendours. The count and marquis had their eyes respectively sharpened by the strength of their feelings, and each was conscious of the other's state of mind and heart. Though, as may be imagined, their feudal enmity was by no means diminished by these circumstances, no visible results ensued

e fate of their passion was determined by its common
ject. The barons again met the lady at a provincial
stival, and the fair one had to fix upon one of the two
her partner for the evening. Indeed, the choice was
r life; and so it was felt to be by all parties. The Lord
Chimay was the fortunate man.

Not long afterwards, the Count and Countess of Chimay
re spending the first weeks of their wedded life at
e castle of the bridegroom. These weeks were in all
spects happy, though the count was obliged to keep a
ard on his movements; for the marquis and his vassals
inced and avowed a burning thirst for revenge. In
joying the pleasures of the chase, the count was com-
lled to confine himself to the precincts of his castle, and
have a guard of huntsmen constantly about him. How-
er, as a month or two rolled away, he grew less
utious; and one day, when his dogs had started a large
ld-boar, he allowed himself to become so hot in the
rsuit, that he lost sight of all his huntsmen. It was
t long ere the latter took the alarm, and searched for
m everywhere, but in vain. They then repaired to the
stomary place of gathering, and waited for their master
ere. Hour after hour flew past, however, and the count
appeared not. Again they sent out scouts in every
rection, but with the same want of success. Finally,
er a great part of the night had been spent in these
itless searches, the huntsmen returned to the castle,
nging to the slight hope that the count might have
ached home by a circuitous route. He had not been
ard of, and they were then under the necessity of
mmunicating the tidings of their master's loss to the
untess. Already much alarmed by his delayed return,
e lady was thrown into a state of inexpressible anguish.
r a time she was incapable of any exertion, but at
ngth, arousing herself, she insisted upon recommencing
person the search for her husband. The most faithful
d experienced vassals of the count accompanied her.
ey searched every hill and plain, every glade and
icket; inquired of all persons in the neighbourhood;

but every effort was unavailing. The count could not be heard of.

Eight days passed away, and found the countess still in a state of widowed suffering and sorrow. At last, as an extreme step, she resolved to address her formidable neighbour of Couvin. To him all thoughts turned, as the party most likely to know the truth, if the count's disappearance had been the result of violence; but there was not a vestige of proof against the marquis. The poor countess knew what her influence over him had once been, and she hoped not to invoke his aid, at least, in vain. She believed him to be honourable.

Dressed in deep mourning, and all in tears, she presented herself, with a numerous suite attired in the same way, before the Marquis of Couvin, and called upon him to say, 'on his word as a knight,' if he knew aught of the lost Count of Chimay. The marquis swore to her, upon his honour, that he knew nought of her husband's fate. 'Oh, my lord!' said the countess, 'shew then to the world, in these melancholy circumstances, the magnanimity of your heart. Grant me your generous assistance in discovering the fate of my husband, who, though once your rival, will become, if found, your friend for ever! Order search to be made over your domains; be the protector of the unfortunate! Honour commands it, and a lady entreats it!'

The Lord of Couvin, with great apparent sympathy and compassion, promised to do everything in his power to aid the countess, and pressed her to stay at Couvin till a new search had been made. But perceiving the anxious looks of her old vassals, and herself feeling little confidence in the professions of the marquis, the countess returned directly to her own castle. There she awaited the result of the new inquiry. It was the same as the last—the Lord of Chimay remained undiscovered.

Several years elapsed without changing the position of affairs. The mateless countess lived in her castle, *lonely* and sorrowful, wearing over her mournings, and *praying* that the truth might yet be revealed. She could

not believe her lord to be dead. It may be conceived, therefore, what her answer was, when she ultimately received a proposal of marriage from the Marquis de Couvin, upon the plea of uniting the long-divided vassals of Couvin and Chimay. Her reply was brief: 'I have no hand to dispose of. Had I thought myself free, I should long ago have ceased to live.'

In the seventh year after the disappearance of the Lord of Chimay, it chanced that a young shepherd lad, a vassal of the domesne, saw a rabbit in the grounds bordering the estate of Couvin. He had his bow and arrows, and shot at it, but missed. Still he pursued it, and, getting heated in the chase, lost all thought of time or distance. His last arrow was fired at the animal as it sprung up a steep rock, and again the rabbit escaped, for the lad saw his arrow sticking in a crevice of the cliff. Young Basler, as he was named, now looked about him, and saw, to his dismay, that he had approached to the very rock on which stood the hostile castle of Couvin. However, he thought he might as well try to recover his arrow, as his chance of a supper depended much upon it. He accordingly clambered up the rock, and got at the arrow; but when he attempted to pull it out, he felt a strong resistance. Plunging in his arm to loosen the point, to his horror he felt a damp hand grasp his own, and place between his fingers the head of his arrow, along with a soft substance! The lad, terror-struck, pulled out his hand with its contents, and found that he had got a piece of linen, marked with bloody characters. For a moment he sat motionless; but at length starting up, he fled home as fast as his feet could carry him, to tell his adventure to his parents, and shew them the rag. Fortunately, the boy's father was so far a scholar as to make out the words: 'To the Countess of Chimay.' The recollection of his lord burst on old Basler's mind at once, and he set off with all speed to the castle. The countess was ever accessible to her vassals, and virtue was in this case its own reward. She got the piece of linen, and no sooner saw it than she screamed aloud. But she composed

f, and read these words: 'If thou art
al to me, arm thy vassals, and release
sons of Couvin.'
is my husband's writing and signatur
hted yet agitated and anxious count
oment's delay, she summoned all her
, and would have led them on the instant
her lord; but the wiser of them advise
ccess secure by calling in the assistance
ars, who would necessarily be indignant
Couvin. The countess saw the propriet
this suggestion, and as many friends as
noud were assembled during the night.
morning, the noble lady would not delay
Fortunately, a force was by that time gathe
for the accomplishment of the enterprise.

The castle of Couvin was attacked by
taken. Its villainous lord was brought on his
the countess, but he sullenly denied all kno
fate of the Lord of Chimay. Nevertheles
afraid for their lives, were less obstinate
One of them offered to lead the way to th
the captive was kept, and thither he we
the anxious countess. The poor prisone
melancholy state of weakness. His lif
lengthen out his torments, would soon
end but for the timely relief afforded.
count found himself in the arms of his b
he had long lost all hope of seeing a
his joy had nearly overpowered his we
was now in the hands of a kind nur
his dungeon, he suddenly turned ro
forgotten my only friend—my deli
he pointed out to his friends a litt
which young Basler had shot at.
taken up by Basler himself, and c
dungeon.

*The Count* de Chimay was cor
*triumph,* accompanied by his nur

friends his simple story. On the day of the hunt, been seized by Couvin and a party lying in watch , and cast into the dungeon. A morsel of food ily thrown to him, and he had never seen living or seven years, with the exception of the young which crept in through the crevice that yielded its only light, and had become the tame companion captive. The scrap of writing which had been o young Basler had been long prepared for such a , though with little hope that it would ever be use.

Basler family were not among the least happy riends and vassals of Chimay on this occasion. In ration of the service rendered by the youth, the was made ranger of the woods of Chimay. One nore was made to the family, and it was by this e event was kept long in remembrance: the decreed that a dish should be sent daily to the and their descendants, in time coming, from the f the Lords of Chimay; and during many centuries vilege was kept in use.

e story, which is a true one, has no other merit, at least serve as an illustration of the manners of d which we are too apt by the influence of imagi- to dignify by the appellation of the 'good old

# THE VOICE OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MISS PARDOE.

I HEARD a voice, a childish voice,
And it bade my inmost soul rejoice;
It spoke of pure and pleasant things,
Of birds and bees, of flowers and springs:
All that was sunshiny and fair,
To grace a tale, was gathered there!
Oh! childhood hath a gushing tone,
A clear sweet music all its own;
A flute-like sound, a wilding thrill,
Like the low rushing of a rill
Which gaily murmurs on its way,
Beside some ruin old and gray;
Untainted by the touch of time,
Unchanged by darkness or decay,
And laughing in its sunny prime,
That anything should pass away!

Yes—this is childhood, as it sports
Within a world of care and coil;
Heedless alike of camps and courts;
Thoughtless alike of grief and toil;
Oh! it is pleasant, in the shade
Of leaves and flowers, to hear the voi
Of children singing out the glee
Of their heart-gladness merrily,
Making the silence of the glade
Echo their cheerful song—'Rejoice!
And childhood is a lovely thing
In its first freshness; ere the wing
Of Time hath swept its downy chee
And left its trace of tears:
Ere wo hath made its young voice
The tale of after-years!

It is so fair—so pure—so bright—
So redolent of joy;
Sad, that its visions of delight
Should ever know alloy!
Its eye is like the glittering star
On Heaven's forehead set;
Its golden hair gleams lovelier far
Than the attendant vapours are,
When the bright clouds have met;
Ten thousand splendours blent in one,
The funeral pageant of the sun!
Its brow is placid, pure, and fair,
Untainted and untouched by care:
Its laughter, to maternal ears,
Seems the glad music of the spheres;
While its light form with artless grace,
Makes 'sunshine in a shady place.'
Its fairy foot, its bounding pace,
So lightly tempt life's cheating race,
As forward, with elastic limb,
It seems o'er sorrow's self to skim;
Wiping the tear as soon as shed,
And casting every care behind—
Alas! my heart hath often bled
To think that it would one day find
(Like He who peopled earth, by flinging
Stones, backward on the path he fled)
The cark and coil, for ever springing
Close on its track, with hydra head,
O'er which, in its first bloomy years,
It gaily passed—awaken tears
It never thought to shed!

Thus muse I in my silent hour;
But childhood, by the simple power
Of its free, fond, and flute-like voice,
Dispels the gloom, and says: 'Rejoice!'

The British or Hibernian fox-hunter, accustom
turn out in pink and white tights and tops, upon
thorough-bred horse, with a well-appointed pack o
hounds, and to make a run through a close or heavy
country, ten or twenty miles ahead, the ordinary
mode of conducting the chase in France will appear
extraordinary.

Before we give any sketch of the manner of hunting
in Normandy, we must notice the description of dog
employed in the chase. The genuine Norman hou
which was originally introduced from Denmark by Ri
is now very scarce; its characteristics are—great h
and proportional strength, erect carriage, large
wrinkled head, a thick muzzle and hanging lips, a
ful throat, a dewlap resembling that of the ox, and
tail. This fine specimen of the canine race wants
only; but in the attainment of this excellence (e
desirable for wolf-hunting) by admixture with t
variety, other valuable qualities have been lost
admirers of the true Norman dog lament the
tion introduced by the rage for hunting in
fashion, which has prevailed since the yea
one of the old school pathetically asks
not the English remain satisfied with
speed of their horses, without making
their hounds?

The French and English breeds wo
commingled long before that time
manuscript of the seventeenth cen
the sportsmen of that age consider
highly valuable, especially for th
as the *most* valuable variety, if
command; the same o
tablishment of Lo

of which a fourth was of English breed. Beagles introduced into Lower Normandy before the great ution, by M. de Rouskerolle, but soon after his , they degenerated, from indiscriminate crossing ther hounds.

e Frenchman says that the hounds of his country a finer-toned cry, hunt with more spirit, carry their igher, try back, and make off their hits better, and hey may be heard five miles off, when the cry of an sh pack would not be heard one. This supposed superiority results not from any peculiar organisa- f lungs, but from the style of running usual with rench hounds, which bear their heads erect, and not the nose on the ground, and the voice consequently d. So much for the animals now employed in the by the Norman French.

e clearing of woods, with the progress of civilisation, verywhere diminished, and in some districts almost ilated the deer where they used to be numerous. In rmandy, there are but half-a-dozen woods in which now abound, and not more than two well-appointed ng-establishments of stag-hounds in that extensive ace.

was our good fortune to be present once at a stag- at Chantilly, when the last of the princes of Condé ok of the amusement with an equipage suited to his ely rank and possessions. The arrangements were e most effective scale. The prince, with his personal f gentlemen and huntsmen, with their subordinates, red on the field with twenty-eight horses. He lf, with those of his suite who had personal or official were dressed—not in pinks and whites, but in buff- red coats, somewhat of a frock form, boots partaking e heavy cavalry cut, cocked-hats, and a *couteau de* at the side. A crowd of less important personages ed in his rear.

field-operations were planned and conducted thus: corps, which consisted of forty couples (a small f the entire force kept in the kennel at Chantilly),

was separated into four unequal divisions, or *relais*, as they are termed. The first, called the *lance*, was composed of the *élite* as to speed and scent. The second division, which was termed the first relais, comprised about the same number of the second-best troops. The third also contained the same in number. The fourth was a kind of veteran battalion, consisting of the remainder of the force, divided into very small parties of observation, to be brought into action and pursuit on the doubles of the enemy, and to harass him in the rear, or cut off his retreat.

The previous dispositions being thus made upon the ground, the manœuvring commenced thus :—The man (*valet de limier*) who had the charge of the single stanch hound, on whose accuracy of scent in discovering the first tracks of the stag the utmost dependence is placed, laid him upon what he conjectured to be the true track, holding him always by a leash, in order at once to restrain and guide his motions ; at the same time, the huntsman took a circuit outside the wood with a single dog, to have an eye upon the passes by which the stag was likely to return into the covert if he should have been driven out in other quarters. There was a great deal of preliminary movement of this kind ; the valet inside being as cautious in his observations as an Indian hunter, and apparently as quick of apprehension in noticing all the indications of the movements of the stag in advance or retreat, making fresh *brisées* wherever the sagacity of his hound or his own acuteness led him to perceive that the hunted stag had doubled in the covert or started another in his place to mislead his pursuers.

On the particular occasion to which we allude, the preparations had been so completely made, that little time was lost in this way ; the precise retreat of the stag was soon ascertained and reported to the nobleman who conducted the proceedings, and who ordered the advance of one of the relais. The attacking party was led by the *piqueur* on foot, who seemed to say to them, with the

ience of a distinguished general: 'There is the They rushed in as fast as the restraining couples mit, and wagged their tails and snuffed the he canine fashion: he sounded on his horn a of encouragement, while the prince and other were eagerly watching on the outside of the ulating upon the passes through which they traverse it.

e fortunate enough at Chantilly to witness a t, without serious checks, or even once hearing —the signal of retreat. Full of ardour and that ory which the young pack always possesses, lais pressed on the heels of the flying foe, with- ng their ranks, without confusion or perplexity ; during a chase of twelve miles.

ice and his suite had a splendid gallop through asses of the forest and the surrounding country, e impediment of a five-barred gate or any sort which, notwithstanding the ardour of their s, would have been insurmountable barriers to iorses accustomed only to a clear course. In ict, none of us (for *we* had our charger too) e seen much of the sport, if there had not been e roads for our gallop. As the stag went off e doubles, which would have rendered necessary e of any of the other relais, the first division idivided glory of this pursuit, and very wearied ; and very foot-worn, and exhausted, and was the enemy in the last stage of his retreat. t led him to cross and recross rivulets. He a moment in a little woody island—took d shorter rings in a small area—stooped his l—seemed bewildered with agonising fear at nent—staggered frequently from exhaustion— s a last but vain security, with nerveless limbs, self into the middle of a deep pond, turning ost breathless assailants his armed and still front. But in vain: the whole body of pursuers, l canine, arrived—the cry resounded; and one

of the boldest of the gentlemen in advance put an end to the sufferings of his prostrate foe with a couteau de chasse.

The huntsman—oh, Sport! what hast thou not to answer for?—after the dogs had gratified their revenge by trampling upon the body and licking the blood, cut off the right foot, and plaiting a bit of the skin attached, presented it to the prince, who soon came up. After this preliminary mutilation, the body was placed on its back, and the skin removed; the first incision was made at the knee and hock joints; the muzzle, pluck, tongue, ears, fillet, haunch, and other dainty morsels, were then laid aside for the table; the body was then rolled up in its skin, like a defunct warrior in his watch-cloak, and placed upon the belly in the attitude of repose. The huntsman then sounded a *vue;* the dog-boy removed the skin, shouting the cry of victory—hallali! hallali!—and the dogs uncoupled, rushed upon the poor remains of the carcass with very enviable appetites. We do not here mean to present to the reader any details of the chase of the boar or the wolf, and shall only add a few remarks respecting fox-hunting, in which the Englishman feels a nearer interest.

The French fox-hunter goes on foot to the cover, and prepares to attack Reynard in his own peculiar fashion. Instead of the smart and showy costume familiar to us, he is probably clad in strong trousers, gaitered or jack-booted half way up his thighs, has his body enveloped in a brown goatskin jacket or some other dark-coloured material—not *à la Brien O'Lynn*, but with the hairy side out—and his head incased in a cap slouched over his ears, while his chin is defended from the wind with a thick bushy covering of natural hair, such as might render a buck-goat jealous; he carries a rifle or fowling-piece slung over his shoulder.

The French idea of fox-hunting is, that it is only suited to bungling and inexperienced sportsmen, and an inferior kind of hound; and in point of practice, it is merely a system for destroying the animal, without much regard to the sport itself; just as the Scottish Highlander would

ll him for the security of his master's sheep, and with
ıe sole object of producing the head, in proof of his
ıdustry, on quarter-day.

Instead of stopping the earths in our fashion, the expe-
ienced earth-stopper in Normandy puts opposite to each hole at night a piece of well-oiled white paper, fastened to a wooden pin stuck into the ground, which has the double advantage of not preventing the egress of the fox, and yet of deterring him from entering during the night, if he had been previously without. The number of dogs used in the chase of the fox is so small, that it is very hard to make him break cover; nor is this desired, for in such case the sportsman would never see any more of him. He takes up his position in the wood, and there the manœuvres on both sides are conducted, though the piqueur himself can do little in person but sound his horn and shout as a Frenchman loves to do.

The sportsman, clad in his dark jacket, stands to lee-ward, but under the close shelter of a tree or hedge, in order that the fox may neither wind nor view him; and he places himself on the paths by which the fox is likely to make his retreating doubles, because if he be not pressed or disturbed, he is sure to try them, and all his earths in the neighbourhood.

The cries of the different persons in the wood indicate the close appearance of the fox. If the riflemen in ambush can get a shot at the poor fellow, who is by one contrivance or another prevented from entering his earth, the battle is won; otherwise, he is destroyed by the terriers in the earths, or in running from one stronghold to another; and sometimes he and a whole family, perhaps, are destroyed in his barracks with sulphur put into the earth, which is closed at the entrance. In short, there is no sport at all in the whole affair, except in a few localities where the English have introduced something of regular hunting. The flesh may possibly, to some persons, be an inducement to persecute him; it is said not to be *very bad*, if pickled, roasted, and served up in a hare ragout.

## A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

In the early part of the month of October of the year 1822, having passed the night at Spoleto, which still looks as if the fatal earthquake of 1703 had shaken all the inhabitants out of it, we proceeded, after breakfast, over the mountains to Terni, visiting by the way the curious remains of an ancient aqueduct, and an arch called the Arch of Hannibal, under which he is said to have passed in triumph after the battle of Thrasymene. Though we had but fifteen miles to travel, yet, as we had to creep over the Apennines a great part of it, it was towards the middle of the day when we heard our postilions crying 'Via! via!' as we drove up to the door of the hotel at Terni. An odd-looking foreign carriage that impeded our way moved forward upon this summons, and we took its place; and having alighted, were conducted to a room on the first floor. 'Will there be time enough for us to see the falls to-day?' was our first inquiry, for we were anxious to reach Rome on the following evening, and to do this an early start was necessary.

'Certainly,' said the host, 'provided your excellencies' [excellencies are cheap there] 'do not lose time.'

However, the air of the mountains had given us an appetite, and it was agreed that eat we must before we did anything else; but it was arranged that, whilst we took our repast, a carriage should be prepared, and that we should set out immediately afterwards. In the meanwhile, we took our seats at the window, and looked abroad to see what was to be seen.

'What is that building opposite?' inquired I of the waiter.

'That is the jail,' he replied.

'And whose carriage is this at the door?' said I; for *the odd*-looking foreign carriage was still there.

'It belongs to the Count and Countess Z——,' answered he; 'they are just going off to the falls.'

Effectively, two minutes afterwards, we saw the footman advance to open the door, and presently a gentleman and lady stepped out of the house and entered the vehicle. After handing her in, the count turned round and said something to the host, which gave us an opportunity of catching a glimpse of his face. It was a young and handsome one, dark, and somewhat sallow; his figure, too, was good; and he was well dressed, in a blue coat, dark trousers, and light waistcoat. Whilst he was speaking, the lady bent forwards to observe him, and as she did so, she caught a view of our English phizzes at the window, and looked up at us.

'Heavens! what an Italian face that is!' I exclaimed to my companion.

'What do you mean?' said he.

'Why, I mean,' I replied, 'that there is a ready-made romance in it.'

'What sort of a romance?' inquired he.

'Why,' I answered, 'Vandyck is said to have predicted, on seeing a portrait of Lord Strafford, that he was destined to come to a bad end; now, I do not think that lady is destined to come to a good one.'

'She is very handsome,' observed my friend.

'Very,' I replied; and so she was—dark-complexioned, magnificent full black eyes, a finely-formed mouth and nose, though these were rather on the large scale, and with that uniformity of colour often so beautiful in Spanish and Italian women. She was attired in a pale silk of *ventre de biche*, and wore a delicate pink satin bonnet, and an elegant white blond veil. Whilst we were making these observations, the gentleman stepped in, the carriage drove away, and our luncheon being shortly announced, we ceased to think more of the Count and Countess Z——.

As soon, however, as we had satisfied the claims of hunger, we remembered the business that was before us, and calling for our carriage, we proceeded to the foot of

ount St Angelo, where we alighted, in order to walk
e hill. There stood the foreign carriage; and I rath
oped that, as its owners were still viewing the falls,
ight have another opportunity of inspecting the han
ome pair. Some children, who are always in waiting
arn a few pence by shewing travellers the way, he
joined us, and advancing leisurely on account of the hea
we commenced the ascent. There were gates at differe
intervals on the road, at each of which some childre
were stationed, one or two of whom, after letting u
through, generally fell into our train. I think we ha
passed two or three of these, when we saw several peopl
hastening down the mountain toward us, with a spee
that implied they were urged by some more than commo
motive; and as they drew nearer, we distinguished
clamour, mostly of children, all talking as fast as the
could at the top of their voices, and gesticulating with th
utmost violence.

'Che sia?' (What is the matter?) said I to our littl
guides.

'Non so' (We don't know), said they.

They then carried on a dispute amongst themselv
in which some said 'Yes,' and others 'No;' but we co
not understand more of their *patois*. At length, on
them, pointing at the advancing group, cried out,
characteristic energy: 'Si eccolo!' (Yes, there he
and on looking forwards, I descried in the midst o
party, walking so fast that he seemed either to be
the influence of the highest excitement, or else try
outwalk his companions, the owner of the ca
Count Z——. He was bare-headed, his waistco
unbuttoned, and one side of his coat was torn c
from the lappel to the waist. His face—but no
might have painted it—words cannot describe
deadly hue, the white lips, the staring eyes, th
distortion of the whole features!

'Che sia? che sia?' I exclaimed eagerly, as w
*the party*; but they all dashed past us, whilst
*of our* train fell into theirs; and if my comr

not laid violent hands on one urchin, and prevented his secession, we should have been left standing on the hill-side by ourselves. After straining our eyes after them for some minutes, guessing, and wondering, and perplexing ourselves as to what had happened, and where the lady could be, we resolved to hasten forwards with all the speed we could, in the hope of having our curiosity satisfied, and of perhaps meeting the countess at the farm-house, or cottage, which we understood was to be found at the top of the mountain.

When we got in sight of this dwelling, our little guide ran forwards; and we presently saw him talking to a woman who was standing at the door, and who ultimately appeared to be the only living soul left upon the hill. The woman gesticulated, the boy held up his hands, and I once more called out: 'Che sia? Dov'e la donna?' (Where is the lady?)

'Morta!' (Dead!) was the reply.

'Dead!' we reiterated in amazement.

'Dead!' repeated the woman; 'murdered—drowned—gone over the falls—by this time you would not find a remnant of her as big as my hand—she must be dashed into a thousand pieces amongst the rocks. When the gentleman ascended the hill,' she continued, in answer to our questions, 'he drove the children back, and desired them not to follow him; and when they reached this place, he threw money to those who wanted to conduct him, saying he knew the falls as well as they did, and needed no guide. Most of them returned; but two, either from curiosity, or in the hope of getting more sous, followed at a little distance, hiding themselves amongst the trees that border the river. They had not been out of our sight above a quarter of an hour, when the children came running back, all aghast and out of breath, to say that the gentleman had conducted the lady to a spot very near where the river falls over the precipice, and that there they saw him stoop down and look into the water. He then appeared to invite the lady to do the same, and seemed to be shewing her something

in the stream. The children averred that she appeared unwilling, and that he rather forced her to comply; be that as it may, however, no sooner did she stoop, than, going behind her, he gave her a sudden thrust, and pushed her into the water. She snatched at his breast as she fell, but he tore himself from her grasp, leaving one side of his coat in her hand; and in another instant, she was over the edge of the precipice, whirling in the torrent, tossing amongst the rocks—one piercing scream alone was heard to testify that she was conscious of her fearful fate. Ere the children had well finished their tale,' the woman added, 'the gentleman had himself appeared in the state we saw him.'

Whether he was so overcome by remorse as to be unable to attempt giving the colour he had intended to the transaction, or whether he saw by the demeanour of the people that it would be useless, remains uncertain; but whatever his motive might be, he merely glanced at them as he passed, clasped his hands as if in great agony, and then hurried down the mountain at the pace we met him, followed by all the inhabitants. There, then, was my romance, even to the dire catastrophe, completed already!

It may be imagined with what strange and awe-struck feelings we proceeded to view the falls. The river that flows across the top of the hill is called the Velim. On each side there are trees—I think the willow and the ash—which droop over its margin, and cast a deep shade on the water. We walked along the bank till we approached the torrent, and within a few yards of the precipice, we thought we could discover the very spot where the catastrophe had happened. The soil on the edge of the bank had evidently been newly disturbed; the grass, too, was impressed and trodden—we concluded, by the count's feet in the moment of the struggle. There was something white on the ground; we picked it up; it was a little scollop of very fine blond—a morsel *of the* veil I had admired! We were dumb with *horror*, for everything was so vividly present to our

gination, that we felt as if we had actually witnessed murder.

Our anxiety to learn what was going on below rather precipitated our movements; so we descended the hill, and getting into our carriage, drove round to the bottom of the falls, to take the other view of them. A river, called the Nera, flows round the foot of the mountain, into which the cascade tumbles; and as the clouds of white spray, tinged here and there with many a gorgeous hue, tossed in graceful wreaths before us, we more than once fancied that we caught shadowy glimpses of the veil, the drapery, or the pink bonnet of the poor victim. But these were the mere tricks of imagination. All must have been whirled away by the torrent, and carried far from the spot before we reached it.

When we arrived at the inn, and eagerly inquired for the count, 'He is there,' replied the waiter, pointing to the heavy-looking building on the opposite side of the way—'there, in the jail.'

'And what will they do to him?' said I.

The man shrugged his shoulders. 'E nobile [He is a noble]; most likely nothing.'

On the following morning, we proceeded on our way to Rome, but not without making arrangements for the satisfaction of our curiosity as to the causes which had led to this melancholy catastrophe. What follows is the substance of what we heard.

The late Count Z—— had two sons, Giovanni and Alessandro. The family was both noble and ancient, but owing to a variety of circumstances, the patrimonial estates, which had once been large, had been gradually reduced, till there was scarcely enough left to educate the two young men and support them in the *dolce far niente** that became their birth and station. In this strait, the old count looked about for an alliance that might patch up their tattered fortunes; and it was not long before he found what he wanted in the family of

* Soft idleness—doing nothing.

Count Boboli. Boboli had been an adventurer; in short, no one knew very well what he had been, for his early history was a secret. All that was known was, that he had appeared in Rome at the time of the French occupation, and that he had found some means or other of recommending himself to Napoleon, to whom he owed his patent of nobility. He had also found the means of accumulating immense wealth, the whole of which was designed for his beautiful daughter and only child, Carlotta. The count of a hundred ancestors found no difficulty in obtaining the acquaintance of the new-made noble; and as each could bestow what the other wanted, they very soon understood each other, and a compact was formed between them well calculated to satisfy the ambition of both. It was agreed that the beautiful Carlotta should become the wife of the count's eldest son, and in exchange for the noble name of Z——, should carry with her the whole of her father's immense fortune. The wedding was appointed to take place the day after Giovanni came of age, of which period he wanted six months; and this interval it was that was the cause of all the wo. Giovanni no sooner saw his intended bride, than he became desperately in love with her; never was wealth purchased at a less sacrifice; he felt he would rather a thousand times resign every ducat of the fortune than resign the lady. He devoted the whole of his time to attending her pleasures and following her footsteps; and the consequence was, that Alessandro, the younger brother, to whom he was greatly attached, and who was generally by his side, was thrown much into her company. It seemed to have been universally admitted that Alessandro was the handsomest man of the two; some said also that he was the most agreeable, but on this point the world appears to have differed. Unfortunately, the mind of the beautiful Carlotta entertained no doubts on the subject; she resigned her affections, heart and soul, to Alessandro. Relying on her influence over her father, when she found that she could not fulfil the engagement he had made for her without disgust,

she threw herself at his feet, and implored him either to bestow her hand on the younger brother, or to break the compact altogether, and permit her to go into a convent. Neither proposal, however, accorded with the old man's ambition; and the only effect her entreaties had was, that he adopted means to keep the object of her attachment out of her way, trusting that, when she no longer saw him by his brother's side, she would cease to make comparisons disadvantageous to her intended, and would be resigned, if not happy, to become the wife of Giovanni.

But Carlotta was a woman of sterner stuff than her father had reckoned upon. Absence had no effect upon her passion; opposition rather increased than diminished it; and at length, a few days before that appointed for the wedding, she took an opportunity of disclosing the truth to her unhappy lover, and entreated him, by the love he bore her, to resign her hand himself, and to use all his influence to procure that she should be married to his brother. The poor young man, desperately in love as he was, could at first scarcely believe his misfortune—so near the consummation of his dearest hopes—within three days of the longed-for happiness—and the cup was dashed from his lips! As soon, however, as he had sufficiently collected his senses to speak, he told her that, from the moment he had first seen her, he had only lived to make her happy; and that he had looked forward to spending his days in that, to him, most blessed vocation; but that, since he found that this was a felicity not designed for him, he had nothing more to do with life. Finally, he promised that she should be obeyed, and should become the wife of his brother. He then went home, and after writing a letter to Alessandro, detailing what had led to the catastrophe, he stabbed himself to the heart.

The younger brother had now become the elder heir to the title, and the legitimate claimant of the lady's hand and fortune. But, alas! he was no more disposed to marry Carlotta than she had been to marry Giovanni. Old Boboli, by way of separating him from his daughter,

had contrived to get him sent to Paris; and by his interest there, had managed to place him in some situation about the court, where the young man soon found his heart assailed by the charms of the fair Mademoiselle Coralie de la Rivière, who shewed herself not insensible to his admiration, and whom he loved with all the intensity that belonged to his nation, and to his peculiarly ardent character.

His brother's letter, therefore, was a *coup de foudre*;* the fortune had no charms for him without Coralie; and besides, with that instinct that sometimes seems to guide our loves and our hates, from the very first interview he had with Carlotta, he had taken an aversion to her. However, he obeyed his father's summons to return immediately to the Abruzzi, where stood, frowning amongst the mountains, the old castle of Z——, but with a firm determination to refuse the hand of Carlotta, in spite of every means that should be used to influence him. But when people make these resolutions, they should take care to keep themselves out of the reach of everybody whose interest it is to induce them to break them. We are all apt to think resolutions much less brittle things than they are, till they have been tried in the furnace. Although Alessandro from the first had boldly declared that nothing should ever persuade him to marry a woman whom he had always hated, and whom he now hated infinitely more, since she had been the cause of his brother's cruel death, his father's pertinacity did not give way one inch. While his aversion by no means diminished, his resolutions gradually gave way before the old man's firmness on the one hand, tears and entreaties on the other, and his own horror at the idea of his ancient house and all its ancestral honours sinking into utter penury and hopeless obscurity, when it was in his power, by marrying the heiress, to restore it to all its original splendour.

Whether, at this time, any forefalling shadow of the

* Thunderbolt.

future had passed before his eyes—whether the idea that he might wed Carlotta, secure the fortune, and then find means to be again a free man, had ever presented itself to his mind—whether he had allowed it to dwell there—whether he had given it welcome—hugged it, cherished it, resolved on it—can now never be known; but certain it is, that he suddenly changed his mind, avowed himself prepared to obey his father's commands, and ready to lead the daughter of Boboli to the altar. The period for the wedding was then fixed; but he declared his determination of spending the interval at Paris, where, he said, the duties of his office called him.

When the time arrived that he should have returned, he wrote an excuse, alleging that he was still detained by business; and this he continued to do, week after week, till the period appointed for the wedding was close at hand. At length, on the evening before that fixed for the ceremony, he reached home. He had travelled, he said, with the greatest speed, having only been able to obtain a certain number of days' leave; and added, that the very moment the marriage was solemnised, the bride must be prepared to step into his travelling-carriage, and accompany him back to Paris. Carlotta, who, with her father and other members of both families, was waiting for him at the Castle Z——, made no objection to this arrangement. She must have been aware that he did not marry her from choice; but the amount of his aversion, or that he had another attachment, she did not appear to have suspected. She probably imagined that the wealth and importance he was attaining by her means, and the compliment she had paid him by her decided preference, were sufficient to expiate the wrong she had done his brother; and trusted to her beauty and her love to accomplish the rest.

The evening was passed in the society assembled at the castle; and it was afterwards remembered that, after the first salutation, he had never been seen to address her. On the following morning, there was a great deal of business to be transacted, many arrangements to be

made, and he was fully occupied till night; when, at the hour appointed, he and his friends entered the chapel at one door, whilst the bride and her party advanced by the other. The ceremony was performed—Carlotta was his wedded wife—after which the whole party withdrew to the saloon and supped; and then, ere the repast was well over, Alessandro's servant having announced that the carriage was at the door, the bride and bridegroom bade farewell to their friends and relatives, and departed on their way to Paris.

'You'll reach Terni to breakfast,' said Boboli, as he conducted his daughter through the hall.

'Yes—to a late breakfast,' replied Alessandro.

'Let us hear of you from thence,' said Boboli.

'You shall hear of us from Terni,' replied Alessandro.

'Adieu! my dear father,' cried Carlotta, waving her handkerchief from the window.

'Adieu! my child, adieu! May the Virgin protect you!' cried Boboli, as he turned and re-entered the castle.

Many of the party asserted afterwards, that she had appeared agitated and uneasy during the supper; and some declared that they had observed her watching her young husband's countenance with an eye of terror and perplexity. Her maid, too, affirmed, that she was quite certain her lady's heart had failed, and that she had some misgivings that evil awaited her. 'When I gave my lady her shawl and bonnet,' she said, 'she shook like an olive leaf; and when I asked her if anything was wrong, all she said was: "Madre di Dio, pietà! pietà!" (Mother of God, have pity on me!)

They travelled all night—at least all the remainder of the night, for it was past midnight when they started—only stopping to change horses, and had arrived at Terni to a late breakfast, as Boboli had predicted. Whilst the breakfast was preparing, the young countess changed her dress; and the maid asserted that she here again betrayed considerable agitation, and that she heard her say to herself: 'Ahi, mio padre! ahi, Giovanni!' (Alas, my

ıy Giovanni!) The waiter and the host
led them, remarked that she ate nothing,
y a little wine; and that the count himself
ve equally little appetite. No conversation
ı them, till, suddenly, her husband asked
ready. She started at the sound of his
were something unusual to her; but
se from her seat, and said, Yes.
' he said, and giving her his arm, he con-
n stairs. The horses for the falls had been
servant immediately on their arrival, and
ng at the door; and it was at the precise
ry has now reached, that we had looked
ow, and saw them enter the carriage and

he say to you,' I inquired of the host,
ed to speak to you on the steps?'
me to have horses ready for Spoleto, as
art the moment they returned from the

r says he will escape because he is noble

(It is possible), replied the host, shrugging

not escape: the young Count Alessandro
ıdemned and executed; partly, however,
ong interest that Boboli made against him.
of the mystery was ever disclosed, except
:. 'He died, and made no sign.'

## DINNERS.

It has somehow become a kind of reproach to the English, that they are unduly fond of dining. It is said that there are few occasions of public rejoicing, of public charity, or private entertainment, but must be celebrated or enjoyed over a dinner. Yet I cannot understand why this harmless propensity should be alluded to with implied censure. There is much philosophy in it. It cannot be denied that eating, when temperately indulged in, is not only a necessity, but a pleasure. Why, then, may not that pleasure be heightened by social intercourse? And where does social intercourse so well, so conveniently flow, as at the dinner-table? When are men's brows most unclouded, their hearts most open, their conversation most fluent? I answer after a good—which means a temperate—dinner. The company and the viands act upon each other to produce enjoyment; 'each lends to each a double charm.' The appetite enjoys its food, the intellect its company, and it is through both these media of enjoyment that we obtain harmless and legitimate entertainment. To dine for the sole sake of the meats, is mere gluttony; to declare society to be the entire attraction, is pure affectation. Now, the former of these faults is charged upon us Englishmen. We are accused of assembling frequently at table, *only* to indulge in eating and drinking. I deny this. Our companions, though not the sole, form the main attraction. Ask nine out of ten which they would prefer—an indifferent dinner along with agreeable persons, or an exquisite repast with a dull, uninformed, unconversable party. The replies would prove that, under such circumstances, the inferior dinner would command a preponderating majority. In the former case, one or even more bad dishes would have *little* effect in marring the entertainment; but in the *latter*, the most delicious dinner that ever was given,

loses its comfort and relish by the presence of a single stupid, gluttonous, or garrulous guest. It is on record, that a promising dinner-party was utterly marred by the presence of a man in whom were combined the two former faults. The poet Coleridge was a guest, and mistaking the expansive forehead and long silence of this person for indications of talent and intelligence, was effectually undeceived on the appearance of some apple-dumplings. The hitherto silent guest immediately commenced rubbing his hands, and with an expression bordering on enthusiasm, exclaimed: 'Them's the jockeys for my money!' The poet was so shocked at this, that he declined talking before a man who was evidently incapable of appreciating what he might say, and remained dumb during the whole evening. Thus the expectations of pleasure from his conversation were completely disappointed. This single dolt spoiled the entertainment—a result which the worst cook in Christendom could but have produced.

An irresistible plea in favour of dinner-parties, large and small, public or private, is the fact of social intercourse at and after dinner being favourable to health. It is pronounced by the high authority of Dr Combe, that solitary meals are decidedly difficult of digestion. 'There is,' he declares, 'no situation in which digestion goes on so favourably as during the cheerful play of sentiment in the after-dinner small-talk of a well-assorted circle.' More than this, the merrier the assembly, the better their digestion. 'Laughter,' says Professor Heufeland of Berlin, 'is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons, was founded on true medical principles. In a word, *endeavour to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals:* what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity, will certainly produce good and light blood.' It is upon this rule—though without knowing that there is any rule in the matter—that Englishmen act. They make any excuse first to have the meals, and then to collect

at them 'merry and cheerful companions;' or, if those companions be not naturally of a cheerful temperament, they make them so by a good dinner, which, when cleverly managed, acts directly upon the mind, and changes the very nature of a man. Entice a miser to a charity feast, and his contribution will be liberal. At corporation dinners, discontented patriots have been heard to utter the most loyal speeches; at private ones, bitter enemies have shaken hands. I therefore repeat it, there is deep and practical philosophy in the English propensity for dining. It takes root in the heartiest benevolence, combined with the wariest expediency.

It is a startling fact, but nevertheless it *is* one, that dining and dinner-giving form a part of the British Constitution! These are as much a means of government as the prime minister and the police. It is a system which begins at the throne, goes through every department of church and state, and ends at the local magistracy and the petty-sessions. It is as clearly a non-official institution of the country, as the three estates and trial by jury are official ones. It is therefore a question whether the business of this country could be adequately carried on without its dinners.

To pursue argument or research to the dinner-table daily spread before the throne, would be impertinent. We therefore simply refer our readers to that portion of the London newspapers headed the 'Court Circular,' for information. Neither will the periodical dinners given at Lambeth Palace to the clergy of England by its primate, bear, for a similar reason, any more than a passing allusion. Those of the Lord-Commissioner, at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, tended, till lately, in a powerful degree, to promote that harmony which a few years ago was unfortunately broken. And to shew what stress is laid upon this agreeable item in church management, the crown annually provides its representative on this occasion with L.2000 for the good *entertainment* of the Scottish convocation during its short *sojourn* in Edinburgh.

In the political world, the knife and fork play a no less ominent part. The Speaker of the House of Commons rives a regular income from the state, to give what are own as 'parliamentary dinners' to the members in turn. er party politics, also, this species of entertainment ercises a great influence. It has become an established le for the leaders of each party to give a continual ccession of entertainments. 'No one,' remarks an cellent authority on this subject, 'who knows anything human nature, will deny that it is of the last importce to a party to have a few noble and highly-distinished houses, where all its rank and beauty, wit, oquence, accomplishment, and agreeability, may congrete; where, *above all*, each young recruit of promise ay be received on an apparent footing of equality, his elings taken captive by kindness, his vanity conciliated flattery.' Many a time has a young politician, with nsettled views and undefined principles, received the litical creed which guided his after-career at one of ese party-dinners, to which he may have gone through e apparent accident of an off-hand invitation. Thus young member is subjected to the tactics which he rhaps caused to be practised upon the constituency at s election. Many a vote has been gained by a good nner and a good speech. It is stated by the above thority, that a former minister, celebrated for his niable disposition and convivial qualifications, organised regular series of entertainments, with an especial view obtaining parliamentary proselytes.

In the army and navy, dining may be said to form part the discipline. In the former service, the officers' ness' is especially useful. When men of equal birth d education are so constantly associated, a great degree familiarity must naturally exist amongst them, whatver be the disparity of military rank. And this gives se to the difficulty of preventing that familiarity from npairing the official respect and deference to orders, hich must be rigidly exacted from the subaltern to his periors. All this is set to rights by the mess. While

on duty, the differences of rank are most strongly
and obedience to the smallest command exact
peremptory tone, which a civilian would call ha
But at the mess-table, the order of things is r
Every expedient that ingenuity could invent h
adopted to put all the officers on a friendly
Their dresses—which, upon parade, mark thei
ence of rank—are now exactly alike; so th
impossible to tell the youngest ensign, by his c
from his colonel. In addressing each other, the
is simply used. The designation 'captain,' 'm
'colonel,' so rigidly exacted on parade, is seldom
table. The offices of president and vice-presi
undertaken by each member of the mess in turn
no permanent superiority may exist in that respe
field-officer, who has perhaps in the morning bee
a subaltern a severe reprimand—in military pa
'wigging'—may now be seen chatting and laugh
the same individual with the most unrestrained fa
The dinner is the great harmoniser: under it
influence, all misunderstandings are charmed a
differences forgotten.

The good effects of the dinner-system in th
service are no less apparent. The opinion of
Basil Hall is decisive on this point. Dinner-pa
asserts, contribute, 'and that in a most essential
to the maintenance of strict discipline on boa
Their mode of operation he graphically descr
supposing a captain to have reprimanded his li
with undue severity for some trifling fault. Th
smarting under the infliction, meets in the ward
marine officer, to whom he tells his grievance,
the narrative by exclaiming: '"It's quite clear
captain has a spite against me, and is determined
me out of the ship, to make way for some follow
own." "Stuff and nonsense!" exclaims the peace

* This is what is called a 'shell-jacket,' with small shou
of gold lace by way of epaulets; a white waistcoat; and th
ts and trousers,

man-of-war. "The captain is the best friend you have." "Friend!" roars the other; "I tell you what"—— But just at this moment the captain's steward enters the ward-room, and going up to the enraged officer, says mechanically to him: "The captain's compliments, sir, and will be glad of your company to dinner." To which the officer replies quite as mechanically: "My compliments, and I'll wait on him." But as soon as the door is shut, he turns again to the marine, and says: "I'm deucedly sorry now that I did not refuse."' The dinner is afterwards announced, and the sulky lieutenant takes his appointed seat at the captain's table. 'The pea-soup,' continues Captain Hall, 'is discussed in pretty solemn silence; but while the remove is under adjustment, the captain says to his offended officer: "Come, Mr Haultight, shall you and I have a glass of wine? What shall it be?" By these few magical words, and in a single glass of sherry, is forgotten for ever and ever all the previous irritation. It is not by the words so much, as by the tone and manner of saying them, that the captain makes the officer feel how anxious he is to have the good understanding restored, or that he regrets what is passed. Of course, if the officer be not one of those pig-headed and inflexible fellows, upon whom all sense of kindness is wasted, he seizes the bottle, and filling his glass replies: "With all my heart, sir!" And there, in all probability, is an end to the matter.'

Once a week the captain becomes a guest of the officers in the ward-room, and should any little differences be outstanding, they are pretty certain of being adjusted on that occasion by some adroit civility from the captain to the person in dudgeon.

We now turn to the jurisprudence of our dinner-loving nation. The road to the English bar may be considered one of the easiest and most pleasant of all the highways and byways to fame. The first step is taken solely by dint of dining. The candidate for forensic honours, having enrolled himself a member of one of the inns of court, is bound to keep twenty terms; but if he have

been educated at a university, twelve will suffice. 'Keeping terms' means simply the act of dining at the inn-hall every day during term-time, for three or five years. This gastronomic probation over, the 'student,' as he is styled, is called to the bar by the lord high-chancellor. The first time he dons the wig and gown, it is customary for him to give a supplementary entertainment on his own account, to the most intimate of his fellow-students: my own experience of these 'call-dinners' assures me, that they are not always conducted with the sober formality of the hall-dinners. No crabbed benchers are present to check the mirth, or to prescribe the exact modicum of wine, of which they are said, by nearly all the students of every inn, to be especially chary. On great public occasions, however, champagne has been known to flow 'in hall' with a liberality which far from corroborates the charge. It is on these opportunities that the students take ample revenge for what they term short-commons. At the Inner Temple, on certain grand days, a silver goblet is passed down the hall, filled with a compound, immemorially called sack. The butlers attend its progress, to replenish it; and each student is restricted to a single sip. Yet it chanced, some time ago, that seventy *sips* from this tankard (such being the number of diners on the occasion) were found to have caused the disappearance of thirty-six quarts of the beverage!

The student having eaten his way to the bar, the only road to the bench is by means of constant application to a profession decidedly more intellectually and physically laborious than any other. But it is the dinners which lay a solid foundation: for to what, I ask, is to be attributed that universal harmony which exists amongst the members of a profession, entirely supported by the contentions of other people? I refer for a reply to the early and lasting friendships formed at the hall-dinners. The term, 'my learned friend,' has more frequently than not *a deeper* meaning than that of being a mere formulary of *legal* etiquette.

To go lower in the scale of justice, we shall find that, upon the county bench, dinners have an omnipotent effect. Of the performances of road-trustees in this respect, it may be said with truth, that the excellence of English highways may be in some degree attributed to the heartiness of country gentlemen's appetites, and the excellence of English dinners. Again, how would directors of unsuccessful railways be able to meet the clamours of hungry shareholders, did they not fortify themselves previously with a good dinner? Lastly, let any person take a review of the municipal corporations of Great Britain, and he will find that the public business is most harmoniously conducted wherever the most dinners are given. Parish dinners are, I regret to observe, sadly on the decline; and I cannot but look upon it as a poor consolation, that the parish rates have decreased in consequence.

Having followed the English practice of dining through most of its ramifications, from the throne to the parish vestry, I have cleared the way for a few words on social dining. It is in the sphere of private life that the true philosophy of the thing develops itself. Whatever is brought nearest to our homes and our firesides, is most readily and generally appreciated; and though all kinds of public feasts have their separate attraction, none possess the charm of a 'friendly' dinner.

As nothing is worth doing at all which is not worth doing well, a few remarks on the best mode of giving this excellent kind of entertainment will not, perhaps, be taken amiss. In the first place, 'let not the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.' Secondly, do not fall into the too common error, of attempting more than can be well performed. A few plain dishes, well dressed, will be better relished than a great many rare ones ill done. All too highly-spiced dishes are not only bad in themselves, but in bad taste. There is a most fallacious supposition afloat on this subject. It is imagined that eminent foreign cooks are famous for imparting out-of-the-way flavours to the viands. The reverse is the fact; the most proficient in

their art heighten, rather than distort, the natural flavour of edibles. In proof of this, I need only refer to the particulars of a dinner given by Baron Rotheschilde, the great capitalist, to Lady Morgan, and cooked by Carême, a celebrated professor of his art.* It has been often alluded to as the perfection of expensive good taste, which, from her ladyship's account of it, it appears to have been. 'Every meat,' she says, 'presented its own natural aroma —every vegetable its own shade of verdure.' *Now, the plainer the dinner, the nearer this kind of perfection will be attained.* The next question is, what must be considered a plain dinner? A late accomplished but eccentric nobleman was wont to observe, that 'a good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas, or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot-tart, is a dinner for an emperor—when he cannot get a better.' In this I perfectly agree with him; but there is no doubt *he* would have thought it a plain dinner, and so would an emperor. I, on the contrary, in common, doubtless, with most of my readers, deem it a luxurious one. Thus, the definition of a plain dinner fluctuates according to the affluence of the person who provides or eats it. The rule I would lay down, then, is—let your entertainment be plain, according to the acceptation that term receives in the station of life to which you belong. The wines, therefore, need not only be limited in variety, but in quantity; for the least excess in drinking is so entirely exploded, that such a thing seldom or never occurs.

The custom of 'taking wine' with one's friends at dinner, is a most agreeable and social one. In fact, I look upon it as forming a main charm. It is sometimes productive of great benefit, particularly in case of a previous quarrel or misunderstanding. Let us suppose that Mr Brown and Mr Jones have had a 'tiff.' They meet at Mr Robinson's to dine. All have taken wine together, except the two on ill terms. Mr Brown begins to think

* This fastidious cook refused to remain with the Prince-Regent at Carlton House, upon a salary of L.1000 a year, because, he said, the royal establishment was too tradesman-like (*ménage bourgeois*).

that the omission will cause remark; and being, moreover, in an excellent humour, from a pleasingly gratified appetite, he begins to consider, that perhaps Jones was not so very wrong, after all, concerning the matter in dispute, nor himself so very right. Upon this thought, he resolutely places his hand upon the neck of the decanter, catches Mr Jones's eye, bows, and desires 'the pleasure of a glass of wine.' Jones, delighted at this mark of concession, cordially agrees: they smile, and sip. From that moment the quarrel is made up, and they become the best friends of the party. The custom, therefore, now adopted in the higher circles, of being helped by servants from the sideboard, though it may prevent fussiness, is decidedly unsocial. While taking exceptions, I may notice one radical defect in our system: it is that of allowing the diners to carve. This is a tax never imposed on the continent, where the dishes are first displayed in tempting array upon the table, and then removed to a sideboard, to be dissected by servants. A lady presides most frequently at the head of our tables, and, consequently, has the most important dish to carve. The utter impracticability of the thing is shewn in the necessary politeness of her next male neighbour, who always relieves her of the trouble. This inconvenient system ought to be summarily abolished.

The charms of music are most properly invoked at the dinner-table. A song adds to the pleasures of the meeting, even if it be indifferently executed; for at such times there is generally a *gusto* and meaning thrown into it, that amply compensates any little musical deficiency. This remark does not, however, apply to part-singing. A glee should never be attempted, unless it can be guaranteed beforehand to be well in tune, and free from the slightest wavering in time. Speaking of time reminds me of a caution concerning punctuality, which ought to have been given earlier. The hour of meeting agreed upon should be most strictly kept. Ten minutes' law is the utmost a host ought to allow, either to his cook or to his guests.

Passing from town to country—from great to small things—let us just take a glance in at a cottage-door after morning-service on a Sunday. Is it possible to behold a more gratifying sight? The labourer and his family, all cleanly clad, are seated round the white dinner-board. This is the only time when they can all be assembled, for, during the week, their avocations lie miles apart. With what appetite they eat! What unalloyed cheerfulness sits upon each countenance! Their relish for the humble fare before them far exceeds that of a confirmed epicure over his most coveted dish.

And here I conclude my defence of dining. It is a custom which is, more or less, observed at some period of the day by every nation upon earth. I do not, therefore, see the justice of that raillery—good-humoured though it be—with which Englishmen are liberally assailed concerning this matter. The charge of dining overmuch I have endeavoured to disprove. All that our countrymen can be justly accused of, is a propensity for dining in crowds and parties.

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## THE PROCESS OF MACLOU GERARD:

### A MODERN CAUSE CELEBRE.

On the 5th of October 1819, a young man stood at the bar of the court of Montmersan, in the department of the Landes, accused of the commission of a serious crime. The history of the case may be best gathered from the following summary of the advocate's address to the jury in favour of the prisoner:—

Maclou Gerard was the only son of an humble but respectable farmer near St Etienne. At the age of ten, the youth left his home, being placed in the establishment of M. de Laborde, a wealthy proprietor of the Landes, who at first intended to train up Maclou as a domestic,

ing to make of him an attached and useful one. Erc-
g, however, the boy won so much upon the affections
his patron, that the latter resolved to give him the
antages of a superior education, and to take corre-
nding care of his fortunes in life. From that time
wards, Maclou Gerard became like an adopted child of
house, and grew up on terms of apparent equality
h Mademoiselle Marie de Laborde, the daughter of his
efactor. The children were mates at school and play,
ng nearly of the same age.

At sixteen, Marie de Laborde had sprung up into a
y lovely young woman, and Maclou Gerard, at the
e epoch, was even more peculiarly remarkable for
sonal advantages. He possessed, besides, a mind now
hly cultivated. He had acquired the dead and several
the living languages; was well instructed in drawing,
sic, and other accomplishments; and displayed an
gant taste for poetry. In short, the young peasant of
Etienne shewed no traces of the comparative humility
his birth and early breeding. Thrown constantly to-
her, in the case of these young people the usual and
ural consequences took place. They loved each other;
l M. de Laborde soon saw the error he had committed,
giving opportunities for such a result. Though at heart
od-natured, he was a proud and weak-minded man, and
an to treat Maclou in a very harsh way, as if the youth
s really the party in fault. At first, M. de Laborde
y grumbled and murmured against his poor protégé;
and by, he stormed against and insulted him; and,
ally, seeing matters not likely to be otherwise cured,
resolved to expel from his mansion the youth who
l, he said, behaved so ungratefully.

Mild in temper, and mindful of past benefactions, poor
clou Gerard confined to his own bosom his anguish
en M. de Laborde imperiously exacted from him the
lowing promises:—'You will go immediately to the
w farm which I have given to your father at a league or
's distance. You promise you will never seek to see
daughter, and never set foot in this village again?'

Maclou gave these promises with a sad heart.

'But if you would have me pardon your ingratitude in lifting your eyes to my daughter, you must do yet more,' said M. de Laborde.

'Would you have me dead?' asked Maclou mournfully.

'No; but I wish you to promise, that if you meet Mademoiselle de Laborde, you will not speak to her.'

Maclou Gerard gave the desired promise. On that same evening, divesting himself of the handsome attire which he owed to the former friendliness of M. de Laborde, he put on the garb of a peasant, and set off for his father's house.

For some time after his arrival there, the young man struggled earnestly to accommodate himself to his altered position. He had been wont to wield a pen—he took up in its place a hatchet; he had been used to labour in the field of letters and poesy—and he now set himself to toil on the sterile soil of the Landes. The rude jeers of the more skilful boors around him he bore unmurmuringly. In every respect, indeed, he made a manful struggle against fortune; but it did not last long. His spirits and strength gradually deserted him; hope gave place to despair; and it was soon apparent to his anxious father, that the very reason of his unfortunate son was tottering on its throne. One day Maclou Gerard proved the justice of these fears, by raising a weapon against his own life. By an accident, he did not injure himself; but the moment was a critical one. When the weapon fell harmless from his hands, his reason also departed!

It was afterwards said, by some persons concerned in establishing the opposite fact, that the young man had never lost his mental balance. This was an error. It is true that he was a monomaniac of the most harmless kind, gentle, tranquil, and melancholy; but he was not the less unsettled in his wits. He roamed the dark woods all day, and often through the whole night, talking to the trees, or to a beautiful vision which was ever by his side. The birds seemed familiar with him, and scarcely fled his approach. He was so perfectly innocent, that

ıe harmed him, but at the same time so weakened ıson, that the village-boys could make him dance to for hours; and many, many would gather to look ıe poor innocent, for he excelled in the accomplish-. He also sang beautifully, and the villagers loved to hear him. Strange to say, he still wrote songs, ongs that indicated a full sense of the sad state into ı he had fallen. A verse or two of one of his were produced in court, when his condition was wards inquired into.

Who, when he sees, at morning-tide,
The bird desert its nest,
Can make it warble by his side,
Or nestle in his breast?
It is Maclou, the innocent,
The crazy village-boy,
Who now pours forth a wild lament,
Now chants a stave of joy!

Who knows at evening-fall to sing
Such songs beside the hearth,
As can the tears to bright eyes bring,
Or children fill with mirth?
It is Maclou, &c.

What time the butterfly doth tower
With pinion bright in air,
As if it were a winged flower,
Who runs to cull it there?
It is Maclou, &c.

r two years, the mania of Maclou Gerard underwent ıange, until a strange accident wrought effects upon ɔndition at once happy and disastrous. Mademoiselle e de Laborde suddenly and unexpectedly paid a visit ; father's cottage. The young lady, in spite of the of her father, had latterly received a hint of the ıtate into which poor Maclou had fallen; and then the to see him, suppressed before with difficulty at her r's command, became altogether incontrollable. She ɔeen partly prepared for an alteration, but not such a ıs she found in Maclou. The countenance on which ight of intellect once played vividly, was mantled in

unmeaning smiles—the smiles of helpless imbecility. He gave Marie no other sign of recognition. Deeply shocked, and blaming herself bitterly as the cause of the ill, the young lady knelt on the floor before him, as if to ask pardon, and burst into a flood of tears.

The sight produced an instantaneous effect on Maclou. He knelt down beside her, and endeavoured, with trembling lips, to kiss away the pearly drops as they fell. 'You know me, then, dear Maclou?' cried the young lady, eagerly. 'Oh, thank Heaven! I am come to see you, to speak with you, to save you! Sit down by me, dearest Maclou; I will embrace you, because I love you—and yet I detest you!'

'Detest me?' cried Maclou in an anxious voice.

'I shall tell you wherefore,' answered Marie. 'The other day, I had walked and wandered till I came to the limits of the lands of St Magné. There I saw a young man lying on the ground; the birds seemed to flutter and warble close by him without fear. I knew him. Trembling with anxiety, I called to him: "Maclou! Maclou!" The ingrate heard me, and looked; but immediately afterwards he fled and left me.'

'It is true,' said Maclou, and he spoke the truth. The commands of M. de Laborde had been too deeply stamped upon his brain to be forgotten amid all his craziness.

Marie heard his answer, and resumed her discourse. 'Listen to me, Maclou. They wish to marry me to Monsieur de Lachapelle, a rich gentleman whom I have seen once or twice. He is very gallant, and tells me he will die without me; but I detest him. Are you pleased with me, Maclou?'

The poor youth, whose faculties seemed to have been wonderfully revivified by the presence of Marie, only smiled in reply.

Marie continued: 'Yes; this marriage never shall take place. My father cannot persist in what will kill me. And *for* you, Maclou, I have already spoken to an excellent *physician*; he will come every day to see you, and I shall

:oo. You will recover your strength soon; and as
:r can love any other, my father must consent to
:oming back to us, never to go away again. But
'e must part. Hold, however; I have a present—
knife, a knife for the woods, with both our initials
t, and a chain of silver.'
!' cried Maclou with a trembling voice, 'do not
to me, Marie; it is fatal as a gift! Sell it to me;
a piece of money for it!'
ll, well, dear Maclou,' said Marie, 'as you please.
continued she, turning with a joyful tear in her eye
father of her lover, who had witnessed the scene,
l him well and thoughtful. Come, I have a long
walk. Will you go so far with me?'
lou joyfully assented; and about six in the evening,
ir set out on their way, arm-in-arm. After a short
they reached the bank of the Gave, a stream which
as the boundary between the Landes and Basses-
ees. The Gave is in some places very deep, and
th which the lovers entered upon is a very narrow
y, closely overhanging the river. One only could
the path at a time, and Maclou was desired by
to go before her. He did so, and for a time they
l on, conversing kindly, until Marie chanced to
n M. de Lachapelle.
name jarred on the confused brain of the young
He stopped suddenly. 'Halt!' he said wildly;
s this Monsieur de Lachapelle?'
ld you, Maclou, that he was the husband my father
have me to take,' said Marie.
d you will wed this miserable man of wealth?'
the agitated Maclou.
ar Maclou,' answered Marie, somewhat alarmed
manner, 'you forget: I assured you that I would
marry him.'
u deceive me!' cried the youth; 'you are going
to wed him; he is waiting for you now.'
is our neighbour, and may be with my father just
said Marie; 'but I will never wed him, Maclou.'

'You deceive me!' cried the youth with increasing wildness of tone; 'you are about to abandon me! You shall return home no more!'

'Dearest Maclou, what mean you?' asked the alarmed young lady.

'You have given me a knife!' exclaimed he; 'it was meant to punish treachery, and I will use it.'

'Maclou! leave me, or I shall cry for help!' answered the trembling girl. 'I love you—I will never forsake you!'

'You will!' said Maclou.

He had now unsheathed the knife. Marie screamed loudly, and attempted to retreat; but the excited Maclou grasped her arm, struck her one blow, and she fell down the bank into the deep waters of the Gave.

Her screams had happily been heard. They were heard by one who, knowing the unsettled state of the crazed youth, had watched the pair on their whole route. It was the father of Maclou Gerard. He was near enough to rescue the young lady from the waters ere she had been there many minutes. Let the advocate for Maclou Gerard, at the trial which followed, tell the rest in his own words. 'Gentlemen, the young lady was saved. Beautiful as formerly, and in blooming health, she is now before you, and listens to me, alternately with sobs and smiles. She has long pardoned Maclou Gerard. But how am I to describe the effect of his wild act on the young man himself? Gentlemen, feelings of terror and remorse, and, above all, the spectacle of the young object of his love, bleeding, insensible, and apparently dying before him, had the effect of perfectly restoring the reason of Maclou Gerard, the shock operating apparently on his mental system as the electrical fluid acts on the organs of physical sensation.' The advocate then concluded by calling upon the public tribunal for that pardon which the condition of the youth had already gained for him from the private parties concerned. And a full acquittal was indeed the result.

Restored to reason, Maclou Gerard was also reinstated

in the favour and friendship of M. de Laborde, whom reflection had made conscious of his being the cause of Maclou's misfortunes, and who saw his daughter's attachment to be unalterable. A short term of prudent probation was all that the father demanded ere he sanctioned the union of Maclou and Marie.

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## A STORY OF TEA-POTS.

When Corfu was ceded to Britain at the general division of spoils in 1815, the troops that were first sent out to garrison the island found a melancholy destitution of all those little comforts and conveniences of life that John Bull and his wife know so little how to dispense with. Miserable quarters, every article of furniture scarce and bad, the most common utensils for cookery unattainable, and such wretched shops, that you left hope at the door when you stepped over the threshold. In short, the shifts to which they were put were often so ludicrous, that the laugh they got at their own expense was the only consolation they had in their misery. But of all the wants that afflicted their souls, none fell so heavily on their spirits as the want of tea-pots. Fancy any family in Great Britain without a tea-pot! Probably such an anomaly does not exist; but here there were three or four regiments—several hundreds of wretched Christians—without a tea-pot amongst them. But we are wrong when we say without *a* tea-pot—there was one tea-pot, a silver one, a piece of family-plate that the owner had brought out with her to be used on grand occasions. But what a life it led!—and what a life its mistress led! It was certainly a grand thing to be the possessor of the only tea-pot on the island—the position was imposing; but the glory, like many other glories, was onerous in the extreme, and many a day poor Mrs

R—— was induced to wish that she had hid
under a bushel, rather than have exposed her
eternally pestered for the loan of the tea-pot.
could not satisfy all wants; when Mrs A—— h
B—— was obliged to go without it; and when
sent for it, she was too often told that Mrs D—
had just carried it away. Then of course it o
lated amongst the officers' families; the u
soldiers' wives had not even the consolation of
have a turn out of it; they had all heard of
knew that the thing existed, but that was all—t
so much as got a glimpse of it.

Such was the condition of the community
fine morning, a small trading-vessel was seen t
the harbour. It was a country vessel, as ap
the rigging; and as they seldom brought any
was useful to the unfortunate exiles, there was
to be hoped from it. However, as the sma
would have been acceptable, as the beggars sa
G—— desired one of his sergeants to go down t
and inquire what they had on board. Picture t
reader, what must have been the feelings of
L—— on being informed by the captain that
freighted with tea-pots!

'What have you got?' said he.

'Tea-pots?' said the captain.

'You'll have plenty of custom, then, my fi
said the sergeant, and away he flew to spread
'It's the most providentialist thing,' he obser
ever happened;' and, indeed, so thought every

The blessed intelligence ran like wild-fire.
minutes, every woman in the garrison, high an
every bachelor that wanted to make a comfor
of tea for himself, might be seen rushing a
esplanade towards the quay pell-mell, all hu
anxious, pushing and driving, each afraid of
*lest* the supply, being limited, should be exhaus
*all* wants were satisfied.

'Which is the ship?' cried a chorus of ea

——, who, flushed with conscious importance, procession.
her,' said he, as he stepped on to the deck of ader, accompanied by as many of his followers d footing, whilst the less fortunate candidates the side as close as they could, all with one erating: 'Tea-pots! tea-pots!—shew us the

s!' echoed the captain, nodding his head y.
*re* the tea-pots? we all want tea-pots,' cried

!' said the captain, with a smile and a bow— w repeated after him 'tea-pots!'
his time the extraordinary commotion had he shore, amongst other spectators of the rtain Italian cook, who, happening to have a both of English and Romaic, stepped forward services as interpreter.
he's freighted with tea-pots,' said Sergeant make him produce them.'
ve you brought?' said the cook to the captain.
!' replied the captain.
. the cook, turning to the anxious expectants, bring *tipotas*—dat mean, in his language,

## REMARKABLE TRIAL AT GIBRALTAR.

In the year 1841, at Gibraltar, there occurred one of those extraordinary cases, which shew us how ineffectively the romancist, even when his imagination is strained to the uttermost, can portray the extremes of passion of which human nature is susceptible. A communication, bearing date February the 20th, from the rock-built fortress which England keeps as a key to the Mediterranean, relates the following particulars:—

A respectable merchant, named James Baxwell, born at London, had removed in early life to Gibraltar, induced partly by the circumstance of his being of the same religious persuasion to which the people of his adopted country belonged. For many years he occupied a small dwelling near the base of Mount St Michael, so renowned for its caves and crystallisations. He carried on a successful traffic in all the articles of British manufacture introduced into Spain. He acquired, in truth, a very considerable fortune in this way. All the country knew that he had a large amount of treasure lying by him, not to speak of the capital belonging to him, which was embarked in commerce. His name was one of credit in all the principal houses of exchange in Europe.

James Baxwell had a daughter, an only daughter, aged seventeen, and of remarkable beauty. Her countenance and figure combined in a most agreeable manner the peculiar charms of the Englishwoman with the soft and languishing characteristics of the Spaniard. Young as she was, she had been for some two or three years an object of devoted admiration to all the youths around Gibraltar. At church they devoured her with their eyes: and many, many a one thought to himself that happy above all men would be he who could win the smiles of Elezia Baxwell. But Elezia bestowed her smiles upon no one. She seemed, to those whose involuntary sighs

she excited, to carry maidenly modesty to freezing coldness. At mass, *her* eyes were ever bent upon her book, regardless of all the glances cast upon her by others.

Such was at least the case till shortly before the events to be narrated. At length, however, Elezia did see one who awakened in herself some of the emotions which she had caused in others. At mass, one day, she observed the eyes of a young stranger fixed upon her with an expression of admiration and respect. To her he seemed a being superior to all the young men she had ever yet beheld. From that moment, her calm and self-possessed demeanour left her for ever. Abroad and at home, she was restless and uneasy. But, erelong, the stranger found an opportunity of being introduced to her, and mutual avowals of love followed at no great distance of time.

Assured of the affections of Elezia, the young stranger then presented himself to Mr Baxwell. 'I am named William Katt,' said he to the merchant; 'I am, like yourself, an Englishman; I am of respectable family and character, young, and wealthy. Give me your daughter —we love one another.'

'Never!' said James Baxwell, to whom the position and circumstances of the young man were not unknown; 'never! You belong to the dominant religion of England, by which my fathers suffered so much and so long. You are a Lutheran and my daughter is a Catholic. Such a union could not be happy; nor will I ever give my consent to it. Elezia shall never be yours!' The daughter, informed of this declaration, threw herself at the feet of her father, and endeavoured to move him from his purpose. Her lover did the same. But the father remained obstinate, and a violent scene took place between Elezia and her parent. The blood of the fiery south coursed in the daughter's veins, and she declared that she *would* marry the object of her choice, despite of all opposition. James Baxwell, on the other hand, declared that he would sooner *kill her* with his own hands, than see her carry such a resolution into effect. As to William Katt, who

stood by at this scene, he kept silence. What were revolving in his mind, it would be difficult

Two days afterwards, an alarming noise was the neighbours to issue from a cave immediate ing the merchant's house, and used by him domestic purposes. The noise consisted at fir cries, which gradually became fainter, and at l altogether away. The auditors looked at each amazement, and many were the conjectures as to of the sounds alluded to. A solution of the my not long in suggesting itself. Elezia had disappe was no longer to be seen about her father's hou many low murmurs had circulated, the father rogated respecting his daughter. He said the missing, certainly; but whither she had gone, not. He had nothing whatever to do, he said, disappearance.

This explanation was not satisfactory. Th went abroad that James Baxwell had assass daughter, to prevent her marriage with Wil and, ultimately, this conjecture was so forcib on the attention of the public authorities, that compelled to arrest James Baxwell, and inqu matter. The dwelling of the merchant was but nothing criminatory was found. 'The cav is the place!' cried some of the crowd. The then descended into the cave, and there, on loose stones, they found a portion of El sprinkled all over with blood. They also small quantity of hair, clotted with gore, was recognised by many as having been to head of Elezia.

Baxwell protested his innocence. But th strong against him, and he was regularly t The result was his conviction for the daughter, and his condemnation to death.

On receiving sentence, the unhappy me to excess, and afterwards seemed utterly the dreadful nature of his situation. H

ə almost of total insensibility during the interval
veen his trial and the day appointed for his execution.
the morning of the latter day, the jailer came to
ɔunce to him, for the final time, that the moment of
was at hand. The merchant was seized again with
arful trembling, and he cried, what he had reiterated
l who saw him in his confinement: 'Before my Maker,
'ear that I am guiltless of my child's death!'
hey led him out to the scaffold. There he found,
ng others, William Katt, who, it should have been
, was the most important witness against him at his
, having repeated to the court the threat of assassi-
on which had been uttered by James Baxwell in his
ience against Elezia. No sooner did the doomed
chant behold Katt, than he exclaimed, at the very foot
he scaffold: 'My friend, in one minute I shall be in
nity. I wish to die in peace with all men. Give me
r hand—I pardon you freely for the injury your
lence has done to me.' Baxwell said this with some
posure, but the effect of his words upon Katt were
r striking. He became pale as death, and could not
ɔeal the depth of his agitation.
axwell mounted the steps of the gallows slowly, and
ə himself up to the hands of the executioner, to
ergo death by the rope. According to the ancient
om of Gibraltar, the executioner commenced his last
es by crying in a loud voice: 'Justice is doing! Jus-
is done!' He then placed the black bonnet on the
l of the condemned merchant, and pulled it down in
t so as to cover the eyes. He had just done this,
n he was stopped in his proceedings by a loud cry
n the side of the scaffold: '*It is I who am guilty!—I*
*ɐ!*'
his cry came from William Katt. The magistrates in
ndance instantly called him forward, and demanded
explanation. The young man avowed that he had
ied off Elezia, with her consent, to be his wife, and
she was now residing not far off, in concealment.
to her he did not communicate other measures which

he had taken, chiefly to revenge himself for the scorn of her father. He had contrived to cut off a portion of her hair while she slept. He had clotted it with the blood of a lamb, and had also sprinkled in the same way a part of Elezia's dress, which he had purloined. These articles he had placed in the cave, and there, also, had he emitted personally those cries, which had borne so heavily against the merchant. The generous pardon which the merchant had bestowed on him at the scaffold, had awakened (the young man said) instantaneous remorse in his breast, and compelled him to avow the truth.

This confession was partly made at the scaffold, and partly afterwards. As soon as Katt had spoken out decisively, the executioner had turned to James Baxwell to take from him the insignia of death. The merchant, almost unobserved, had sunk down into a sitting posture. The black bonnet was drawn by the executioner from off his eyes and head. It was found that he was a corpse! No exertions had the slightest effect in awakening in him the spark of life. The physicians, saying all they could on such a subject, declared that he had died from the effects of strong imagination.

William Katt was conducted to prison amid the clamours of the populace, there to await judgment for his misdeeds.

Elezia, the unhappy daughter of an unhappy father, retired to a convent for life immediately on learning all that had passed.

## )OTE TOLD BY THE LATE DR MACINTOSH.

ho remember the fund of humour possessed by Dr John Macintosh of Edinburgh, so eminent for ssional knowledge, will alone be able to conceive n which he threw around such anecdotes as the ', introduced by him in rich profusion, both into te conversation and into his medical lectures to ls. In the latter case, he always contrived to ;m illustrate and enforce some point of practical ;o his hearers.

.ng of the amount of physical pain which man is )f enduring, and of instances of constancy under .ls, Dr Macintosh used to say that one case had ler his own notice, which seemed to him scarcely ı parallel in all the annals of 'Greek and Roman Dr Macintosh had served with our armies abroad, )acity of regimental-surgeon, or assistant-surgeon. nced on one occasion,' said he, 'to be stationed in quarters, at a place affording considerable oppor- or our enjoyment of the sports of the field. These ities were not let slip. All the officers of our contrived to furnish themselves with horses, and set to the fields, to rouse up the fox, wild-boar, .ng that came in our way, being perfectly regard- ; the chase was, provided we had but the exercise excitement. The officers "of ours" were all with the exception of a young ensign and myself, ; Scotsmen. Hence my story.

ad not been long in the field, ere some prospect caused us to put our steeds to their mettle. They kward brutes, and perhaps we, being of a foot ;re awkward, or, at least, not freshly-practised However this may be, it so happened that my untryman, to whom I have alluded, got a serious

le. It took place in sight of the whole party, and, as
as very generally liked, they came to a pause almost
, man, and crowded round him. I was soon at the
t with the rest. From the appearance of the sufferer,
d his involuntary movements and writhings, it was
ain, not only to my own practised eye, but to every one
resent, that his shoulder was dislocated. "Here is the
doctor!" cried a dozen voices; "take off his coat!" I,
myself, without thinking for a moment of being refused,
also begged him to allow me to assist him in getting his
coat off. To the surprise of all of us, he drew back, and
said firmly: "No! there is nothing the matter. I will
have it looked to afterwards, but not now. It is but
bruise at most." The position of the injured limb, stic
ing out angularly from the side, and the depression abo
convinced myself that this was nonsense, and that a
location downwards into the armpit had been the c
quence of the fall upon the shoulder. Even the c
saw, and were persuaded of this fact; and the involu
writhings of the sufferer, with the large drops of p
ation upon his brow, confirmed every one in their
tion. "My dear fellow," was the general and ki
"the thing will grow worse and worse, and your
be doubled by delay." I, also, as became my
earnest in my entreaty that he should allow me
and examine the arm. He thanked us for ou
but his answer was still "No;" and our reiter
ties could not move him one whit from his re
'We were naturally all surprised, and grea
'by this conduct. But there seemed no hel
the rest of the officers slowly betook them
horses, in order to resume their route.
astonished man of the whole, as being the
what had taken place, was the last to tu
I had not mounted, and had just wheeled
last glance at my countryman, when a p
motion of his hand caught my atte
llowed the rest to ride away, and

tumble. It took place in sight of the whole party, and, as he was very generally liked, they came to a pause almost to a man, and crowded round him. I was soon at the spot with the rest. From the appearance of the sufferer, and his involuntary movements and writhings, it was plain, not only to my own practised eye, but to every one present, that his shoulder was dislocated. "Here is the doctor!" cried a dozen voices; "take off his coat!" I, myself, without thinking for a moment of being refused, also begged him to allow me to assist him in getting his coat off. To the surprise of all of us, he drew back, and said firmly: "No! there is nothing the matter. I will have it looked to afterwards, but not now. It is but a bruise at most." The position of the injured limb, sticking out angularly from the side, and the depression above, convinced myself that this was nonsense, and that a dislocation downwards into the armpit had been the consequence of the fall upon the shoulder. Even the others saw, and were persuaded of this fact; and the involuntary writhings of the sufferer, with the large drops of perspiration upon his brow, confirmed every one in their conviction. "My dear fellow," was the general and kindly cry, "the thing will grow worse and worse, and your pain will be doubled by delay." I, also, as became my place, was earnest in my entreaty that he should allow me to undress and examine the arm. He thanked us for our kindness, but his answer was still "No;" and our reiterated entreaties could not move him one whit from his resolve.

'We were naturally all surprised, and greatly surprised, by this conduct. But there seemed no help for it, and the rest of the officers slowly betook themselves to their horses, in order to resume their route. I, the most astonished man of the whole, as being the best assured of what had taken place, was the last to turn to my steed. I had not mounted, and had just wheeled round to cast a last glance at my countryman, when a peculiar look and motion of his hand caught my attention. I stopped, *allowed* the rest to ride away, and then walked up to *him*.

ow," said he, "I will allow *you* to look at my arm.
re my countryman; these are all English: and I
n eruptive affection on my arm which I would not
to any one but a countryman. You know how
ur beds have been for three or four nights. In
quence of sleeping in them, it strikes me, I have
ed an affection which appeared yesterday on my
and which has spread so rapidly, that I have not
d time to speak to you. I was about to do so, how-
this very evening. You know the paltry scandal
t our country about eruptions of this kind. Our
iates—good fellows as they are—might have pitied
mpathised with me just now, but we should have
end to their jocularity. No, no! I would go with
m dangling by my side all my days, ere the honour
Scotland should be tarnished in me!"
ould not help admiring the noble young fellow,
ical in some respects as his conduct and notions
nay have been. All the while, too, he was suffering
ee of torture with which few bodily pains are com-
e—the torture of a violently dislocated joint. How-
I wasted no time in words, but immediately set
attempting his relief, for the perspiration was still
g from his brow. Unfortunately, assistance was
the question in the case; we were alone. Never-
, I contrived to strip him, and directed him to lay
f down upon the ground on his back at length. He

I then laid myself down by his side the reverse
nd, placing my foot in the armpit of the dislocated
took hold of his hand. One pull and a firm push
ed the limb to its place. He was afterwards able
k home with me in comfort, and his cutaneous
on, a simple matter, was easily cured, freeing him
ll risk of what he thought a disgraceful exposure in
ay for the time coming.'
was the doctor's story. Would that many more
good ones which he told were preserved also, and
bler way!

## A STORY OF MODERN ROME.

SOME years ago, there dwelt in Rome a baker called Tomaso Paffalto, who had a daughter, an only child, and who was of great service to him in the way of business. Tomaso was very proud of his young Lucia, not, however, from any superior mental qualifications, but from her exquisite personal beauty, which assisted not a little in attracting customers to his shop from the highest classes in the city.

As may easily be supposed from these premises, the young fornarina, or bakeress, had plenty admirers, and could have commanded a match considerably above the station in which she professionally moved. Among the host of youngsters who sighed in vain for the hand of the fair Lucia, was Giachimo, who had for many years been in the service of Tomaso: and though of daring disposition, felt that he stood at too great a distance below the object of his attachment to make his feelings distinctly known. Not that he did not get many a smile and a kind look from her, but the fornarina bestowed smiles and kind looks upon all men; and this Giachimo knew, and daily saw, and he had therefore discretion enough left to build no castles on such shadowy foundations. Besides, Giachimo's situation was a very humble one: he was but a journeyman; and having no friends that he knew of in the world likely to give him any assistance, he had little prospect of mending his position. Added to all this, the fair Lucia, as he learned, was on the eve of matrimony with Pietro Botta, a husband selected for her by her father. Tomaso had for sometime found himself getting old and very fat: and his wife having been long dead, he began to feel the charge of watching over his beautiful daughter a little irksome. Besides, he could *not help* sometimes reflecting seriously on what might *be her* fate were he to die and leave her unmarried.

is true her conduct had hitherto been quite blameless; ır had she ever even evinced the slightest preference : any one of her admirers—a singularity which might ;her arise from a natural coldness of temperament, from having her attention distracted by so great a mber of danglers; also, from there being no leisure r opportunity left for any individual to acquire an luence, or stamp an impression deep enough to be ıting.

Certain it is, whatever were the cause, that, although e fair Lucia was in the daily practice of serving out her *ni buffetté* to the most accomplished cavaliers in Rome, ıose visits, she was well aware, were in reality so many mages paid to the perfection of her beauty, rather than the excellence of her father's oven, yet when old ımaso made known to her his intention of bestowing r fair hand and the shop on Pietro Botta, she made not e slightest opposition to the arrangement.

With respect to the second clause of the agreement, ımaso was actuated by no romantic generosity, but by calculating spirit of foresight. He knew very well that ı daughter was his real property, and that the shop and en were merely accidents attached to her, and which, th the whole train of customers, would follow wherever e went. So he transferred the entire concern to the idegroom, merely stipulating for a liferent for himself t of the proceeds, sufficient to maintain his declining ars in case and leisure. The marriage, accordingly, took ıce with the usual festivities, and all parties seem to ve been pleased on the occasion, except the forlorn achimo, who, resisting all offers to be continued in his uation, as well as all the kind remonstrances of his ɔther journeyman, Guiseppe, resolved to depart from ıme, and visit the scenes of his infancy in a distant part the country.

With respect to the progress of events for a few months er the marriage, they require no particular detail; and is only necessary to say, that La Bella Fornarina, now Signora Botta, who, as formerly, acted shop-mistress,

continued to attract purchasers to which she so elegantly presided.

Matters, however, did not go or married pair, as the father, in his expected. In short, the plain and was anything but an agreeable p her part, took small pains to conc she felt towards one whom she wa love and obey. The imprudent cor in flirting before the very eyes of various individuals of noble lineag part of the higher order of Rom character, added another cause of of pique, seeming to take a kind vexing her husband on this tender which followed was altogether so necessary to prepare the mind of that it was an actual occurrence.

Signora Botta's waiting-maid v scientious personage than her mis private correspondence by means less intimate of the family, nam one day seated himself in the coffee-house, to watch for the and humble bearer of the furt lad whose duty was to suppl with bread. By a singular c had in the meantime returned the same coffee-house; and wl ance approaching, and obvior letter, he imagined it was a from Guiseppe. Without r the absurdity of the suppos his arrival, and before th window of the coffee-house rushed into the street, and him and seizing the lette paper snatched by anothe same moment grasped f

amazed and terrified, dropping his load, took
ɔnly to his heels, and rushing through the street
ıut even turning to look behind him, never stopped
ə had crossed the Bridge of St Angelo, and had taken
e in the house of a friend on the other side of the
. Indeed, he had good reason to be frightened, for
ssailant was no other than Pietro Botta himself, who,
ıg had his suspicions awakened, had followed the lad
f the house, and, by a *coup de main*, had thus pos-
ł himself of the letter, and seized, as he supposed,
erson to whom it was addressed, being, unfortunately
Hiachimo, in too great a rage to wait till he had
tained the fact by referring to the superscription.
th under the influence of excessive irritation—the
ınd from jealousy, and Giachimo from the assault
ıatred of the assailant—a violent altercation ensued,
ein free use was made of their tongues, but none of
hands; for they were each unarmed, and Italians
ɾ strike with their fists. In the course of this war
rds, many threats of ulterior vengeance were thrown
ıy both parties; and when at length, having pretty
exhausted their vocabulary of abuse, they parted,
s with a mutual declaration that the quarrel, far
ending there, could only be terminated by a final
mmation that each was warned he might speedily
for; and accordingly the bystanders entertained very
doubt, that one or the other of them, before many
ıad elapsed, would be despatched either by the dagger
ɜ adversary, or by the weapon of a hired assassin.
ıgst the witnesses of this scene was Paolo Peverino,
not knowing who Giachimo was, nor understanding
ɔurce of his attempt to possess himself of the letter,
ɔt very well comprehend it. He naturally supposed
the stranger was a rival, and therefore, whilst he
stly hoped that Giachimo would fulfil his threats
respect to Pietro, he felt very desirous that Pietro
d have an opportunity of returning the compliment.
ə most urgent point, however, for him to attend to
ə moment was his own safety; for, as he had not

obtained a view of the letter, he could not be certain whether there was anything either in it or on it indicating to whom it was addressed. He therefore hastily quitted the spot, and proceeded to his own lodgings, where, having clothed himself in female attire, being always provided with such disguises in case of emergency, he thought he might venture an attempt to communicate to the attendant of the fornarina what had happened, and endeavour to obtain some information with respect to the appearance of the mysterious stranger, and the amount of his own peril.

With a dagger concealed about his person in case of danger, he sallied forth, and proceeding cautiously along the Strada del Bobbino, towards the Strada del Croce, he approached the baker's shop. It was now night, and the lower windows were closed; but he descried a light in a room above, which he knew to be the one occupied by the fair Lucia. Whilst he was looking up, and wondering whether she was alone, and considering how he could attract her attention to his presence, the door opened, and Pietro Botta himself stepped out; and having locked it behind him, turned down the street, and walked away. What was the amount of information derived by Paolo at the house of the baker, it is of little consequence to speculate upon, and it will suffice to say, that he departed under the impression that Botta, believing that his attentions were insidiously directed towards his wife, sought to do him a mortal injury. Oppressed with heavy thoughts, he betook himself on his way homeward. Let us now leave him, and see how Giachimo had in the meanwhile employed himself. As soon as he had freed himself from Pietro's grasp at the door of the coffee-house, under the influence of rage, he flew to the nearest armourer he knew of, and provided himself with the means of fulfilling his threat against his detested assailant. At that time, however, it was yet daylight; and Pietro having, luckily for himself, gone home in the interval, the adversaries *did not* meet while their wrath was upon them; and as Giachimo's spirit was by no means an implacable one, by

the time he had called on a friend or two, and looked out a lodging for the night, his anger had completely subsided.

It was night; and pondering on what was past and what was to come, and keeping in the middle of the dark street, from the recollection that he had an enemy in the city, Giachimo was stepping cautiously along, when, just as he reached the end of the Vicolo dei Greci, a woman, running at full speed, came in violent contact with his person, and nearly upset both him and herself. She, however, recovered her equilibrium, and, without pausing to apologise, rushed forwards; whilst he, after stopping a moment to look after her, moved on the way he was going. But he had not advanced many yards, when curiosity induced him again to turn his head in the direction in which he still heard her receding steps, and at that moment, whilst he was walking blindly forwards, he stumbled over something on the ground, and fell.

That it was a human body that had arrested his steps, it needed no light to tell him; but whose it was he might not so soon have discovered, had not the words 'Accursed woman!' which broke from the lips of the dying man, told him too truly that the victim was no other than Pietro Botta himself.

In an instant the whole extent of his own danger rushed upon his mind; and leaving his hat behind him, which had fallen from his head when he stumbled, terror lending wings to his feet, he fled. But, alas! he was not fated to escape so easily. He had not proceeded far, when, as ill-fortune would have it, he ran right against the horse of the commander of a troop of carabineers, who happened just then to be going their rounds.

'Seize that fellow!' cried the sergeant, irritated by the unpleasant shock which had nearly unhorsed him.

'I swear before Heaven I did not do it!' cried Giachimo. 'It was not I that murdered the man! Ask him yourselves! For the sake of the blessed Virgin, let me go! I call all the saints to witness that I had no hand in it!'

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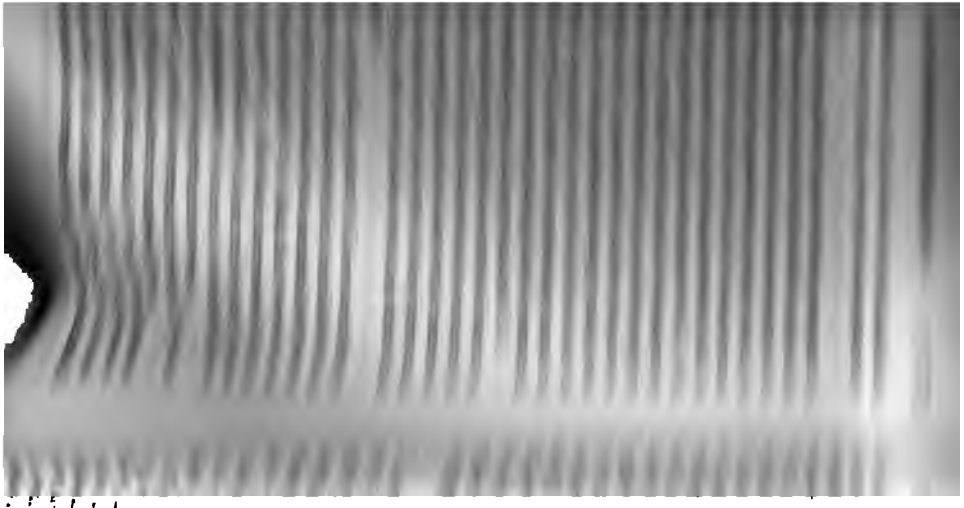

and swore to the qua
quent purchase of the dagger, no sha
the minds of his judges.

There was but one circumstance in his
was, that the dagger he carried was not
blood, and that the one which occasioned
was found sticking in his body. But Gia
have provided himself with two; at all even
circumstance in his favour was not considere
weighty to overbalance the strong evidence
He was pronounced guilty, and condemned

All was ready; the priest had listened t
asseverations of innocence, and was in the act
his last exhortation and blessing before he
scaffold, when the sound of horses' feet ap
full speed, and the echo of many voices, drew
of the crowd, and arrested the proceedings of
The republican army of France was adva
city; and 'The French! the French are at
the astounding cry—'in another hour they
gates!'

Who could stop to think of beheading
*such a moment*? Some ran one way, so
*whilst* he was dragged back to his prison,

retain his life till a more convenient opportunity offered for taking it away.

The history of the French occupation does not concern us further than as it regarded Giachimo; and it therefore suffices to say, that as soon as the invaders had established their sway, and arranged their more urgent affairs, the French magistrates ordered a revision of all the unexecuted sentences, and that such as were confirmed should be forthwith carried into effect; and amongst those that were looked upon as admitting of no question, was this of Giachimo's, who was, therefore, a second time ordered for immediate execution.

But, in the interim betwixt the last day of execution and the one now appointed, Giachimo had found friends, who, though with little means, had every desire to serve him.

Pending the confusion that reigned in the city during the early days of the invasion, the prisons were less strictly guarded than they had been; and the fornarina, by the aid of her purse, and her beauty's persuasive eloquence, had contrived to obtain an interview with the prisoner, and had not only satisfied herself of his innocence, but was also equally assured of Paolo's guilt, the circumstance of the woman that Giachimo had encountered just before he stumbled over the body, bringing conviction to her mind on the subject. Her strong suspicions were confirmed by her assistant Guiseppe, who, on being shewn the dagger that had been the instrument of murdering his unfortunate master, declared that he had frequently seen it in the possession of Paolo. This confirmation of other circumstances appeared to them sufficiently important to authorise their communicating their suspicions to the authorities; who having, by due interrogation, extracted the principal features of the case, took an opportunity of visiting Paolo's lodgings in his absence, where they found, amongst many other disguises, a suit of female attire, corresponding exactly with that which the waiting-maid and her mistress had described Peverino as wearing on the night of the

murder. Moreover, the garment was stained with
and, above all, in the pocket of it was found th
letter which Pietro had, in evil hour, snatched fr
boy, in presence of Giachimo, and which the for
swore to her husband's having had about him wl
left her, after their last sad interview.

Paolo was seized, condemned, and executed
intriguing correspondent was dismissed from the
of her mistress; whilst the love and sufferings
faithful Giachimo found their due reward in the h
the beautiful fornarina, who, under the more ju
management of an affectionate and reasonable hu
became a prudent woman and an exemplary wife.

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# THE HONEST WIDOW:

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

THE Irish character has afforded subject for
masterly and graphic sketches; yet in the delin
the real is so often blended with the caricature
sonation, that the Irishman is at a loss to rec
his own features in the portraiture. The followin
tale of facts, which recently occurred in humble li
from which the reader may derive a lesson of disinte
generosity. The noble and upright conduct of the
who disdained to augment her daughter's income
injury of the brother and sisters of her proposed
law, is worthy of imitation in any station. The res
the sketch may possibly compensate for its defic
in construction, and the want of character and inci

In the southern part of the county of Wexford
is a small water-mill at the junction of two streams,
take their rise in the so-called mountain of Forth (t
its elevation is of the most diminutive character
after running in their narrow channels through a

' country for some miles, fall into an arm of the sea. ndy Furlong, the owner of this mill, had a snug farm in mnection with it, and had passed there, in the twofold iaracter of miller and farmer, nearly half a century, ith an unimpeachable character for probity. By the ecessitous, Andy was especially beloved, for though a iller, he never ground *them*, in seasons of scarcity and stress, as rogues in grain so often do to the poor and edy; he never exacted more for the labour of his wheel the season of want than in the days of plenty; and as ie good turn deserves another, every one who wanted a rn of the mill-wheel came to him: he had plenty of grist.

Andy, however, was not very successful in saving—he as too *good a fellow* for that; he gave the best dinners any man in the parish to the priest, and expended a od deal in the improvement of his farm; his landlord ing a just man, and he himself a regular and solvent nant, he was not afraid of losing his land at the expira- on of his term, and felt confident that his family would ap the benefit of his outlay.

But, like every one else, he had a 'besetting sin,' and d no desire to call upon Father Mathew to remove it: e liked the company of some of his jovial neighbours far etter than any of the teetotallers, and in consequence, ecame indolent and of a full habit. This constitutional ertness, perhaps, was the cause of his dislike to the ecution of his will; or he might have thought—as many wiser and better-informed man has—that signing a will as a certain forerunner of death. Alas! the older we ow the greater is our attachment to life. This disin- ination to make a formal testament was the more to be plored, as Andy had a wife and four children. He had ten declared his *intentions* to his neighbours as to the sposition of his affairs, which were, that his wife should ave the mill and farm during her life, and that after her mise his eldest boy, Nicholas, should have them, with other incumbrance than the payment of fifty pounds to s *brother* and each of his sisters.

*That son* was a smart, intelligent lad, very keen, thrifty,

clever as a miller, and therefore a great favourite with his father, who deferred very much to his judgment. One Sunday, on their return from mass, as they both walked home together, and got into chat about the farm and some improvements in the machinery of the mill which Andy had designed to make, Andy, turning suddenly to his son, said: 'But maybe, Nick, I'd never live to see them finished —there's no knowing when one's to die—and I have never spoken to you yet on a thing that's near my heart: somehow or other, Nick, I never liked making my will, but I think that your father's son will do justice to his mother without being tied by parchment. I told Father Devereux what I wish to have done, and every one of the neighbours knows my intentions: will you promise to act up to them?'

'I will, father; sure I love my mother, and James, and the girls.'

'Well, well, that's enough,' said the other; 'the honest thing for ever! I always thought well of you, and I'll not begin to think otherwise now.'

Some months elapsed after this brief conversation, when one evening Andy was sitting over his tumbler, and, in the midst of some foolish argument with a neighbour about the produce of a field of oats, laying down the law with tipsy wisdom, he seized his half-full tumbler, and spluttering and stammering, drained its contents at one gulp. The blood rushed into his face, shedding a purple hue over his entire countenance, the protruded eyes rolled in agony, and he fell down in a fit of apoplexy. I pass over the subsequent scenes of sorrow as briefly as possible. Andy was carried to his bed, whence he never rose: he lingered speechless for twenty-four hours, and then died; was waked with the usual disgusting accompaniments of whisky-drinking and tobacco-smoking; and was buried.

When Mrs Furlong had sufficiently recovered to take the active duty that devolved upon her, she became the nominal mistress of the place; but Nicholas was so active and vigilant, that everything, in reality, was done as he wished. At first his conduct was excellent—submissive

to his mother, kind to his brother and sisters; his determination to fulfil his father's wishes was sincere. But gradually the demon of self-interest took possession of him, and the consciousness that he was *master* made him occasionally imperious in his directions to his family; but at first only so when his mother's back was turned. His filial respect for her, and the knowledge that a third of the property was legally hers, if any altercation took place between them, and she chose to enforce her claim, made him obedient. Indeed, the idea of not acting as his father enjoined, probably did not enter into his mind for a considerable time; the *possibility* of it at length occurred to him—but for a moment at first—gradually it became more familiarised to his contemplation, and less revolting to his conscience. Years passed on, and during their progress Nicholas had impressed his mother with such an opinion of his management, that everything proceeded under his direction; his first encroachments were met by concession, and by degrees she became reconciled to his control, as his conduct was so artful that she had nothing tangible to complain of.

But this state of things did not long continue. Mrs Furlong was seized with a malady, which rapidly ran its fatal course, hardly allowing her an interval of cessation from pain, and reason to converse with Nicholas about her other children. What did pass upon the subject, however, was brief and emphatic.

'My child,' said she, 'I am going to leave you.'

'Maybe not, mother; perhaps you'll mend again.'

'No—I feel it here,' placing her hand upon her throbbing heart; 'death is coming, and I am going to *him* who was a loving husband to me and a kind father to you; but Nick, dear'——

'Well, mother.'

'I'm uneasy about James and the little girls; you'll make my mind quiet if you'll get a deed drawn, as you promised, and settle the fifty pound apiece upon them. *Do, my good boy,* and you'll have my blessing; but sure *you'll have that* whether or not.'

'Why, mother,' replied Nick, after some hesitation, 'sure my father never bound me, and why should you doubt me? Besides, a hundred and fifty pound is a large sum of money, and how could I put so much together?'

'I thought we made more than that by the mill since *he* died,' feebly and slowly articulated the dying woman.

'So we did, mother; but then I paid heavy charges for my father's berrin' and *memories*, and the new stones and wheel for the mill cost a sight of money; and then, if you die now, the cost of *that* will fall upon me too.'

'It's true, it's true, my poor boy; but then, Nick dear, sure you wouldn't have the heart to leave the other children without their share? They won't press for the money—just give them the bit of writing for it—do, and God bless you.'

'Why, mother, don't be disquieting yourself—don't misdoubt me; they shall have their share, but I don't like to put my hand to a paper. I'm my father's son in *that*.'

Mrs Furlong was too much exhausted to say more, and she died in the hope that her other children would be justly dealt with by their eldest brother.

At that time Nicholas was sincere, and resolved that the adjuration of both his parents should not be in vain. But good impulses are evanescent where no solid principle exists to make them durable. After a few months, fraternal affection was overpowered in the heart of this young man by the basest selfishness, and the gradations in his manner, from kindness to austerity, were rapid.

After the first surprise at the total change of deportment in his brother, James, who was a high-spirited lad, remonstrated, and asked for his portion of the property, with the design of leaving his brother's roof. Nicholas was at first disposed to evade the subject altogether: an angry discussion then took place. James indignantly asserted his right to fifty pounds, and accused Nicholas of

being forsworn to both his parents. His complaint might have been couched in the words of Orlando in the opening scene of *As You Like It*:—'But I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me—he lets me feed with his hinds, and bars me the place of a brother.'

The dispute was long and stormy, and ended by Nicholas refusing to give James anything, and James swearing that if there was law or justice in Ireland he would have it. He immediately went for advice to Father Devereux, who told him he was in his brother's power, and recommended him not to break with him entirely, but to return. With difficulty he persuaded the irritated and justly incensed young man to resume his galling servitude.

Discontent, disunion, and unhappiness, were the results of these family divisions; the house, from having been the most cheerful, was now the most uncomfortable; constraint was apparent in everything; a sullen silence was preserved between the brothers, proving, by contrast, the beauty of the inspired sentiment—'How good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!'

Matters went on in this state for some time. At length, Nicholas began to absent himself a good deal in the evenings, never mentioning where he went: his absence, however, was rather a relief to the other inmates, and they hardly thought of inquiring into the cause of it.

One morning, at breakfast, he dispelled the mystery, and told his sisters to prepare for a mistress, as he was going to get married to Mary Murphy. This intelligence was conveyed so abruptly and ungraciously, that the poor girls *burst into* tears: the idea of a stranger occupying *the place which* their mother had so recently filled, *overpowered them*; and without a word they left the room.

consult with James, who, knowing that something decisive must be done, went instantly to his intended sister-in-law, whom, with her mother, he found in their little parlour. He gave them a full and feeling statement of his brother's conduct; asked Mary to consider whether a bad brother would make a good husband; implored them both to use their influence over Nicholas to a good purpose, and to make him provide for his orphan sisters. For himself, he said, it was not much matter—he could 'list.' He urged all his arguments as forcibly as he could —Mary only interrupting him when he said anything very harsh of Nicholas—and, begging of them to consider them, departed.

Everything at this time had been arranged between Nicholas and Mrs Murphy respecting the marriage. Mary liked the young man so well, that she had no objection to take up her quarters in the mill-house in the double capacity of wife and mistress; but she was a good-hearted girl, and had no notion of the unhappiness that existed there, nor of Nick's dishonesty.

When James had gone away, her mother looked hard at her, as if anxious to ascertain her thoughts on the subject; and perceiving that the poor girl looked disappointed and ashamed of her lover's conduct, said: 'It's true enough, child, Nick Furlong isn't the honest boy I thought him.' Mary put her apron to her face, and wiped her eyes. 'His father was honest, and his mother was honest, and the whole breed of them was always honest; but Nicholas isn't doing the right thing to James and the girls.'

'But, mother,' said Mary, catching at a straw, 'there are two sides to a story; maybe old Andy Furlong never left it upon Nick to do as James says, and that if he wasn't taken so short and so rough about it by James, *he'd do* it of his own free-will.'

'*Whist*, whist, child; all the country knows that Andy *Furlong* left the three younger children fifty pounds *apiece*; and why not? and more shame to the son that *would* deny his father's words. Well, well, I never knew

was a lawyer before. What difference does the
and the squeezing of wax make to an honest
Shame, shame upon him!'
y had a great mind to cry, but refrained. 'What
e do, mother?' said she at last.
must pay the one hundred and fifty pounds to
and the two girls, or he never darkens my door
said Mrs Murphy; 'and then we'll consider about
natters.'
ı mother and daughter then became silent. Occu-
ith their respective thoughts upon the subject, they
ed from any further allusion to it; but the elder
ı looked as if she felt honest indignation, and her
er appeared heart-stricken. When Nicholas made
)earance next day, Mrs Murphy hardly addressed
nd Mary did not receive him with her usual
ess and unrestrained familiarity. The young man
aghast, for he had no notion what had passed; but
Iurphy very soon explained the cause of her
sure.
ıolas admitted his obligation in *equity* to provide
family, but sheltered himself under the letter of
· the violation of it. He seemed at least to think
) was not bound to pay quite so much as the sum
his father had stipulated for the younger children,
ng that if he did, Mary and he would not have
. to begin life with. Mrs Murphy assured him with
nergy of manner, that unless he fulfilled his father's
hough it was but a verbal one—he should never
Iary with her consent.
she nobly kept her word and determination: to
ıuggestion of a compromise she turned a deaf ear.
uld not be laid to her child's door that she or any
hers was richer to the injury of the fatherless,
.lly when the children of her old neighbour, Andy
g, were in question. Andy would have been the
have got their rights for her children, if they
*ronged* and he to the fore.' No selfish considera-
*ghed* an instant with her; and so much was she

dissatisfied with Nick for hesitating a moment on compliance with her injunctions to 'do the honest thing,' that she dismissed him very unceremoniously, and in great apprehension that he was not to be the husband of Mary.

That affectionate girl, however, did not intend willingly to break her engagement with him, and took an opportunity of suggesting—as his property was not altogether in ready money—that her own hundred pounds should be handed over to a trustee for Nick's sisters, on their coming of age or obtaining husbands to his liking, and that James should be paid his share, 'down on the nail at once,' by Nicholas himself.

And so it was arranged: James got his money, and took a small farm and a wife to himself, and his sisters went to live with him.

Instead of being in a state of animosity and feuds, the two families are now on very happy terms; 'bygones are bygones' with them. Nick is now a very fair character, and the sisters-in-law are especially attached to one another, and no doubt very grateful to the HONEST WIDOW who effected so much harmony and happiness.

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## JOKES FROM THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.

### AN ABERDEEN WONDER.

JOHN BERVIE, an honest, industrious man, who lived in a landward parish not far from the 'auld toon o' Aberdeen,' had, by dint of industry and frugality, so far succeeded in his wishes as to give his only son a tolerably good education; and the young man, after being fully qualified, set off for London, where he soon got into a comfortable situation. After being properly settled, he, like a wise and grateful son, remitted to his father from time to time small sums of money, as he could spare them from his salary. On one occasion, he sent by the hand of a friend

a guinea to his worthy father, who kept it like the apple of his eye, and would by no means part with it, however hard he might be pressed. At this time gold was a great rarity in the 'north countrie,' and it was the custom of honest John to take his guinea to church with him every Sabbath-day, and shew it to his astonished neighbours as a 'wonderfu' wonder;' for which sight he was sure always to charge a penny from each individual who wished to see the 'gowd guinea.' But evil times came, and poor John was under the dire necessity of parting with his darling guinea. Sabbath came round, and John appeared in the church-yard as usual, but not in his wonted mood, for, alas! the precious coin was gone, and John felt as one bereaved of a friend who had long been dear to him. His neighbours flocked around him, as was their wont, wishing another sight of the guinea; but John told them, with a sorrowful heart, and as sorrowful a countenance, 'that he couldna let them see't ony mair, for he had been obligated to part wi't at last, and a sair partin' it was to him.' His acquaintances, grieved and disappointed, both on account of John's hardship, and of not having their own curiosity gratified, began to disperse, when John bethought him of a plan by which he might partly satisfy them, and likewise put a few pence into his pocket. 'Come a' back, lads,' cried John; 'come a' back, fat are ye a' gaen awa' for? gin I canna let you see the guinea itsel' for a penny, I'll let ye see the cloutie it was rowed in for a bawbee!'

### CROSS-QUESTIONING.

The Rev. Mr L——, of E——, in going the rounds of his parish, accompanied by the elder of the district, called on a kind of half-conscientious Sawney, who, when asked if he kept worship in his family morning and evening, equivocated thus: 'Ye see, sir, I'm often awa' frae hame—I maun be aff in the morning before the weans are out o' their bed, and when I come hame at night, they're a' skeepit again—*and I maun say*, sir, deed maun I, that it's maistly on *Sundays*.' '*But*, John, you must surely be sometimes

present with your family both ends of the day, and I hope on those occasions you do not omit the performance of this duty?' John, who could not afford to tell a lie, although he could omit the duty, still waived the question. 'Ay, it's a' true, very true, sir, but really ye see, sir, as I was saying afore—I maun say—it's maistly on Sundays.' The next person visited was an Irishman, who did or did not everything, positive and negative, as he thought might please his reverence. 'Do you read portions of Scripture morning and evening to your family?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you inquire whether they understand what you have read to them?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And you never omit family worship morning or night?' 'Never, sir.' This was all beautiful to Mr L——; but the elder knew the world rather better, and after leaving the house, he remarked: 'Weel, sir, if ye dinna see ony difference between thae twa men that ye hae visited, I do. The first canna tell ye a lie, though he would let ye gang awa' believing ane; the ither is everything, according to himsel', that ye could wish; now, to my certain knowledge, the Bible and he seldom shake hands thegither, though he says otherwise to you. I wouldna speer owre mony questions; just caution them weel.'

### CHURCH-GOING.

An old man, who had walked every Sunday for many years from Newhaven to Edinburgh, to attend the late Dr Jones's church, was complimented by that venerable clergyman for the length and regularity of his appearance in church. The old man unconsciously evinced how little he deserved the compliment, by this reply: 'Deed, sir, it's very true; but aboon a', I like to hear the sugh and jingling o' the bells, and see a' the braw folk.'

### A TASTEFUL TRANSLATION.

During the Reform mania, a person in a news-room at Beith read aloud, for the general benefit, an article in which the value of the franchise was strongly and repeatedly insisted on. This word he pronounced fran-

sheese, which one of the quidnuncs, who was ignorant of the term, mistook for French cheese. His national pride being offended by the supposed preference given to the foreign commodity, he exclaimed: 'They hae a puir taste that say sae muckle about fushionless French cheese; I wadna gie ane o' our ain Dunlap kebbucks for a hail cartload o' them.'

### A CONVENIENT SYNONYM.

A native of the county of Fife, while on a visit to a friend in London, who was one of the directors of the Cutlers' Company, was requested to accompany his friend to the annual dinner given by the members to the president and directors. After the list of toasts was exhausted, and the set of songs of the evening performed, the draft was made on the guests for volunteers, and the man from Torryburn had to exhibit in turn. 'Clean pease strae' was the selection made by him; and after the concluding lines of the chorus—

> Though ye should cuddle down at e'en
> 'Mang clean pease strae—

the chairman, apprehending the term cuddle to be the Scotch synonym for cuttle, 'returned thanks to his friend from the north for the excellent song that he had composed, and sung so admirably in honour of the Cutlers' Company!'

### THE DEAD DEFUNCT.

A learned weaver, in stating his case before the provost of a certain western burgh, having had occasion to speak of a party who was dead, repeatedly described him as the defunct. Irritated by the iteration of a word which he did not understand, the provost exclaimed: 'What's the use o' talking sae muckle about this chield you ca' the defunct?—canna ye bring the man here and let him speak for himsel'.' 'The defunct's dead, my *lord,' replied the* weaver. 'Oh! that alters the case,' *gravely observed* the sapient provost.

### A CONSULTATION.

The late Lord Auchinleck had several times sunk a shaft, with the expectation of getting coal on his own domains, but in every case had been disappointed; he at last invited the most experienced of his tenantry to meet together on his grounds, to give their respective opinions. The parties met, and proceeded to inspect the places which were most likely to contain the black diamond, when Will Speir also made his appearance, and offered his counsel to his lordship. Tapping Lord Auchinleck on the shoulder, Will began by saying: 'May a daft body hae a word o' ye, my lord?' 'By all means, Will.' 'Weel, my lord, you're gaun down for coal, are ye?' 'Yes, Will, I mean to try again, for as often as I have been disappointed.' 'I was just gaun to say, my lord, sin' you're set on gaun down again, do't in Aird's Moss east by there—gin ye shouldna get coals, ye'll get plenty o' gude peats at ony rate!'

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